



Strawberry Plains "Valley Forge," Tenn.
"A LIVING PICTURE ON MEMORY'S WALL"

FROM DIARY OF 1862-1865

... - List. - Civil war - Personal
- Ohio Infantry, 11th Regiment
H. H.

Gaskill

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FOOTPRINTS THROUGH DIXIE

EVERYDAY LIFE OF THE MAN
UNDER A MUSKET

ON THE FIRING LINE AND IN
THE TRENCHES

1862-1865



By J. W. GASKILL
ALLIANCE, OHIO
1919

C

H.C.N.



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DEDICATION

To the children and grandchildren of my eighty-seven comrades who have answered the final roll call, and to my twelve surviving comrades of company "B" 104th, Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, who near three score years ago marched out one hundred strong in defense of the Union and to my brave and loyal East Tennessee and Kentucky comrades of the 23d Army Corps who suffered persecution rather than forsake their state, and their country's flag; driven from devastated homes, secreting themselves in caves and fighting their way through mountains in endeavor to reach Union lines, forming into company's and regiments, gallantly fighting and making the sacrifice of life in defense of their State and Union, this little volume is dedicated.

Alliance, Ohio, August, 1919.

PREFACE

WRITERS of war history necessarily confine themselves to causes of war, the movements of armies, the results of battles and matters of major importance making for the weal or woe of contending forces engaged, history that goes down through ages and lives long after those who bore the storm of shell and fire, felt the pangs of defeat or joined in the shout of victory, have returned again to their kindred dust.

But there is another history, an unwritten history. It is the story of the every day life of the soldier in arms, the lights and the shadows of the men on the field and in camp, the life and work, the heart-beats and throbs of the men on the firing line, the history as only those engaged as comrades know it and which largely finds expression only at campfires as they meet in after years.

It is this history, the story of comrades in the ranks, this little volume records, a history compiled from a diary, the notes made day by day through the years of service by the author himself. It is the story of battlefields, character sketches of types found in every company, incidents grave and gay of comrades who met face to face the grillings, hardships and dangers of military service.

In the belief that it might prove of interest to comrades who are still living and to kindred and friends of those who have passed away, with the further hope that it may prove of value as a family heirloom with a record entered therein showing the valor and daring of fathers, brothers or husbands, typical of the character and life they lived and duty performed in a nation's trying hour, has this little volume been written and sent adrift to the world by the

—AUTHOR

SERVICE RECORD

This space is for filling by comrade, widow or children of departed soldier, or soldier of our country's wars as a record or heirloom for the passing to posterity in the way of family history—something that cannot other than become more a pride with the passing of years.

WAR OF REBELLION

Name

Date of Enlistment.....

Date of Discharge.....

Company *Regiment*.....

Brigade..... *Division*.....

Army Corps

Date of Birth.....*Date of Death*.....

SERVICE RECORD

WORLD'S WAR

Name

Date of Enlistment.....

Date of Discharge.....

Company *Regiment*.....

Brigade..... *Division*.....

Army Corps

Date of Birth.....*Date of Death*.....

WAR WITH SPAIN

Name

Date of Enlistment.....

Date of Discharge.....

Company Regiment.....

Brigade..... Division.....

Army Corps

Date of Birth.....Date of Death.....

OTHER WARS

Name

Date of Enlistment.....

Date of Discharge.....

Company Regiment.....

Brigade..... Division.....

Army Corps

Date of Birth.....Date of Death.....

Name

Date of Enlistment.....

Date of Discharge.....

Company Regiment.....

Brigade..... Division.....

Army Corps

Date of Birth.....Date of Death.....

INTRODUCTORY

"We are Coming Father Abraham, Six Hundred Thousand More."

It is now nearing three score years since we responded to this call and marched out to meet a threatened invasion of the North by insurgent forces who had driven our forces northward threatening Washington City and Cincinnati, Ohio.

This history is compiled from a diary written while serving in the ranks with the 104th Volunteer Infantry, 23d Corps, Army of Ohio, throughout the last three years of the war in the middle western Army.

First year we were engaged in drilling, cleaning up camp grounds, dodging, chasing and being chased by rebel cavalry and wearing out shoe soles on the hot and dusty pikes of Kentucky, in the meantime burning up many top rails from plantation fences.

Then with General Burnside, from Kentucky through the Cumberland mountains to Knoxville, Cumberland Gap, siege of Knoxville and operations in East Tennessee. After about six months service in this state we entered upon the Georgia campaign and united with Sherman, forming a part of his forces concentrated near Chattanooga, Tenn., and on to Atlanta, Ga., and back to northern Alabama. Then under General Thomas at Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin and Nashville, Tenn. The Confederate army having been driven from the southwest we accompanied General Schofield on a mid-winter trip from Clifton, Tenn., to the Atlantic coast, via Washington, D. C., and down the Potomac river, Chesapeake Bay and Atlantic coast on transports to Cape Fear, N. C., and through this state to Wilmington, Goldsboro, Raleigh, ending with the surrender of enemy forces at Greensboro, N. C., and end of the struggle.

Almost incredible, it now seems, are the memories these old diaries awaken as I scan their faded and time stained pages. The incidents and scenes recalled seem as a dream of the past. Reading over the pages noted down day after day recalls to mind many incidents not recorded at the time and apparently forgotten.

Again I see tear stained faces of mothers, sisters and wives as we wave farewell from the train bearing us to the seat of war, the youthful and beardless faces of comrades who if now living have passed the allotted years given to man. The camping grounds and tented fields spread out before me. I hear the patter of rain upon our tents, or upon our ponchos under which we often sleep without other shelter—the tattoo, the reveille and assembly call—the call of the company roll from Adams on down the line to Zentz.

I see ill fed and half clad boys facing blasts of winter in Tennessee, the exhausted and footsore soldiers apparently on the verge of collapse, yet pluckily keeping their place in ranks during our

Footprints Through Dixie

forced marches in withering heat of a Georgia midsummer sun. I hear the beating of the long roll, the snapping of the bayonet along the line as we await the bugle call, the scream of shot and shell, the rebel yell as they advance upon our works. I see dead and wounded on the field and hear agonizing appeals for help and for mercy. Memories of all these are vivid. These scenes again pass before me as a motion picture film thrown upon the screen.

To the young these diaries of half a century ago are a fragment of ancient history. To the survivors of the civil war it seems but yesterday when we responded to the call of Lincoln for "six hundred thousand more." Yet looking backward over intervening years and noting the great progress of our country with its trebled population, its advancement to a well-earned position among the leading nations of the earth, the application of electricity and arts that benefit mankind, we know that these and hundreds of other achievements the mind of man has wrought could not have been accomplished without much time and energy. Messages then transmitted by wire with dots and dashes now fly through space by some invisible power and unknown channel. Telephones were unknown, gasoline and electricity were unknown as a controlled power to supply heat and light. Men who were bold enough to attempt to work out the problem of navigating the air were sometimes railroaded to insane hospitals.

The close of the conflict of 1861-5 was the beginning of a new era. Our united country with its blight of two hundred years or more removed, is working in harmony for the good of mankind. The unity of the states is firmly established. That we have lived to see all this and feel that the man in the ranks with his able commander have contributed to the welfare and progress of the country is a pleasing recollection during the closing years of our lives.

History makes scant note of the every day life of the man under a musket upon whose courage, vigilance and stern sense of duty the safety of the army depends, either in battle or during the sentinel's lonely vigil in the dark forests of the enemy's country; always on the alert to give warning of the enemy approach or movements—not knowing when the scouting foe may be drawing a deadly aim. The every day life of the man in the ranks, while on the march, in the camp, on the firing line and in the trenches cannot be given by the historian. A history of the war will never be written. Tortures of Andersonville and other prisons or the sufferings endured during active campaign in a hot blistering climate cannot be expressed in words but are deeply impressed on the minds of all who passed through the experience. No hours are fixed for the bugle's assembly call or beating of the long roll calling to arms. From reveille to tattoo and from tattoo to reveille the soldier must be ready to answer the call of duty.

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No attempt is here made except in a general way to give account of the movements or manipulations of the army to which we belonged. To get a clear understanding of the purposes and results of these movements the reader and writer must refer to history for information. A man in the ranks is but a small part of a mass forming a unit operated by his commander, therefore he is not in a position to give reliable information showing movements or details of engagements in which he takes a part. These are left to the historian who has access to documents in the war department or possibly to him who directs the movements of the forces under his command. A man in the ranks sees but little that occurs outside his company or regiment. Assaulting the enemy line or defending our own is an exceedingly busy time, as well as exciting, and always alarming. We look neither to the right or left, but straight ahead delivering and dodging ammunition, forgetting for the instant that dodging at the "zip" of the ball or explosion of the shell is a vain effort to escape injury.

If the writer gives his experience in the army more prominence than is given to other members of the company it is not because he performed more or better service than did his comrades. In fact, the contrary will be shown as the personal records of the soldiers are shown further along. This diary was a private record giving the writer's personal experience, and events coming to his notice, adding as much of the record of members in the company as could be obtained from other sources. It is not aimed to impress readers with the idea possessed by the boy who, after years of listening to his father's daring exploits, the doubting son wanted to know if "dad didn't have some help in putting down the rebellion." The old veteran probably now realized the fact that his absence from the army would not have changed the course of events during that trying time.

The writer's experience was practically the experience of all who answered the call to duty during campaigns in Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and North Carolina. The same routine of duties was performed and the same discipline prevailed throughout the infantry branch of service, the measure of discipline enforced, depending somewhat upon former training of commanders.

It is now over half a century since the survivors of the regiment were mustered out of service. Of the one hundred men belonging to Company "B" thirteen are now (1919) believed to be living. The writer has aimed to give a correct record of the service of each member of the company as these records are shown by the Orderly Sergeant's daily report, showing the number of months each man was in line with his command ready for action when called upon to perform duty with his company and covering the time from the day he shouldered his musket and marched into the unknown until his death or discharge from service.

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The few survivors of the regiment are living near their old homesteads in Stark, Columbiana and Portage counties, Ohio, together with their descendants and the descendants of those who have answered to the final roll call. To these this little volume may be of interest showing the part their ancestors took "That the government of the people, by the people and for the people might not perish from the earth."

Thirty-three members of this company enlisted from Marlboro township, twenty-two from Paris township, nineteen from Lake, seven from Plain township and Canton, Stark county, eleven from Columbiana county and the others from townships adjoining.

During our two years' and ten month's service, the average time of service given by the three commissioned officers on duty with their company, was nine months, and of the thirteen non-commissioned officers nearly fifteen months. The average time of service given by the eighty-four private soldiers was nearly nineteen months. The average age of the commissioned officers was thirty-one years and of the non-commissioned officers about twenty-five years. The average age of the private soldiers was under twenty-two years. Forty of the latter were twenty years of age and under, and twenty-three were under nineteen years of age. Ten of these boys had not arrived at the age of eighteen years, and three had not reached their seventeenth year.

But few escaped the ills incident to military service when on active duty in the field and in camp life. This was due to the change from home food to the army ration, to irregular eating and impure water. These conditions together with the hard marches and exposure, brought on fevers, rheumatism and bowel troubles that sent, perhaps, ninety percent of the men to the hospital at some period during service, and many to the grave. Unless seriously ill those reporting at the morning sick call were cared for in the field hospital or left to remain at their quarters and report to the surgeon for treatment. Others were sent to the general hospitals. Of the latter a few returned for duty and the others were either discharged from service or transferred to the Invalid Corps and placed on light duty in the rear of the army as guards over commissary or ammunition stores, nurses and helpers at hospitals, etc.

At the close of the first year's service the company had lost but two men in battle, yet it was found it had been reduced about one-half from its original number. Eight had been discharged for various reasons, five had died, seven were transferred to the invalid corps, four had deserted, one resigned and fourteen were either on detached service or in hospitals. Referring to the roster of Ohio soldiers it is found that at the close of the first year's service less than one-half of the commissioned officers in the regiment were with their commands. Favoritism or political pull seems to have placed too many straps upon the shoulders of privates. Five of these offi-

cers had died, three were on detached service and fifteen had resigned. Taking the experience of the company and regiment as a basis to figure from, it appears that less than fifty percent of the officers and men who entered the army were left to face the rough and tumble of field service throughout the war.

About the same condition existed in the ranks. To detect the infirmities of those afflicted with chronic weariness, or the cunning dodgers of duty was beyond the ken of examining surgeons. The surgeon did not demand certificates showing the characters of recruits examined. He merely wanted to satisfy himself that recruits were sound in wind and limb and possessed home-grown teeth sound enough to tear a cartridge or crack a hardtack. This was sufficient. Horses and mules passed about the same examination with fewer mistakes perhaps.

Sixty eight members of company "B" were boys from the farms and country villages, many of whom were strangers to the outside world and its ways. These boys were sometimes afflicted with homesickness, a malady that would not yield to doses of quinine and had to run its course. They found trouble in adjusting themselves to changed conditions and modes of living. It required an effort to change from mother's comfortable bed, her bread and butter, pies, dumplings and doughnuts and many other good things often dreamed of but never found on the quartermaster's bill of fare. Fat and rusty bacon, pickled pork, hardtack and black coffee served any old way was a poor substitute for mother's good cooking with her full rations served on the table and a chair at the accustomed place. The soft side of mother earth (very soft at times) with cartridge box or knapsack for pillow, with snakes, lizards and bugs as occasional bed-fellows was a trying experience for boys not far past the spanking age. Mother wasn't there to tuck in the blanket or with extra covering when needed. The sudden change from quiet home life to the activities and excitement of military service was not fully realized until a gun was placed in the hands and military discipline exacted. At home when dad called in the morning to get up, curry and feed the horses and get out on the plowing job, the boy promptly answered "y-e-s," then with a snort and a yawn he just rolled over and slept on. Dad would sometimes stand for several of these repeated calls, but with Uncle Samuel, it was different. The reveille was the first and last call. Uncle never called reveille twice on the same day. All he did was extra duty for the sleeper with a promise of a lot more extras if the offense was repeated. He was an expert at breaking boys into habits of prompt obedience, with no apologies, excuses or back talk allowed.

From this raw material made up from enlistments in the rural districts of the west, middle west and border slave states were men of endurance, self reliance and pluck. After a few months these boys having become inured to military service and discipline, those re-

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maining were ready and willing to answer to the call of duty and when it came to the matter of rations it was quantity they were looking for instead of quality. They seldom turned over for another nap at reveille and at roll call were present or accounted for. They served under Thomas, Sherman, Wilson, Schofield and others during the last years of the war, eating the vitals out of rebeldom and finally bringing under subjection the entire southern confederacy, outside the state of Virginia. The fact that the western army met with but few defeats seems to warrant the conclusion that success was due to the power of endurance and fighting qualities of the hardy western soldier and his able commander.

At the time of enlistment the war had been under way over a year. A few victories had been won in the west. When it was not "all quiet on the Potomac" we knew who was responsible for the disturbance. It was the prevailing opinion the war was on in earnest. Yet, at the time of our muster in at Massillon, Ohio, Governor Tod was present and made a speech to the regiment predicting that the war would soon be over and we would all be at home in time to partake of the usual turkey dinner on the following Christmas day. We cheered the Governor, of course, yet we believed he was "stringing" us concerning an early closing of the war and Christmas turkey. The governor was an accomplished politician, one who could make a pleasing and plausible as well as a promising speech without disclosing any more facts than would serve his party's purpose. Inadvertently, perhaps, the governor became "mussed" up in his speech and thought he was talking to constituents instead of soldiers; hence he believed a promise of some kind was necessary. The desire to cheer the governor might have been inspired because of the nerve he displayed in giving us this line of talk at a time when Lee was trying to overtake the army of the Potomac and was getting dangerously near to Washington, and a rebel army was almost within shelling distance of Cincinnati. Even the copperheads in the governor's own state were rallying at "Fort Fizzle" to resist a threatened draft.

Notwithstanding the governor's speech the outlook for an early closing of the war did not look promising to us. Boys who left their comfortable homes to enter the service were not moved by rash promises, or to make this sacrifice through excitement, a spirit of adventure or of gain. About forty cents a day was not an alluring inducement for one of sound mind to become a target, or to endure the hardships of active military service. It was evidently an earnest sense of duty and devotion to the Union and the cause of freedom that inspired these boys to offer their services. They were needed at their homes to help till the soil and many were needed in the school room to complete their education, an opportunity that was lost because of the sacrifice they made.

They knew the primary cause of the war was slavery as it then

existed in the south. They knew slavery was protected by the laws of the country, yet was a great wrong that reason could not defend. They believed the beginning of the war was the beginning of the end of slavery and a firmer unity of the states should the northern army prevail. With no thought of reward these boys answered the call of their country, yet believing that the south would carry out its determination to fight to the last ditch before submitting to the humiliation of defeat.

At the final roundup, when the rebel army in the west was almost destroyed at Franklin and Nashville, Tenn., and the western army had marched thousands of miles throughout the confederacy destroying and capturing the enemy's source of supplies, we found ourselves confronting his "last ditch" near the border line of North Carolina. A war of attrition conducted in Virginia had reduced the Confederate forces to about fifty thousand men, consequently the services of the Western Army was not needed or desired.

It was then conceded that the enemy had carried out his "last ditch" proposition and Governor Tod's reputation as a forecaster of events suffered a severe jolt, for Governor's Christmas turkey was about three years older than when he "jollied" at Massillon, Ohio.

Government statistics show the result of this "before Christmas" job, in the Union army, as follows:—

Killed and died of wounds 94,311. Died of disease, 237,374. Total deaths 331,685. Total wounded, 272,083; prisoners, 212,608. Total casualty, 816,376. Number of graves in National cemeteries 313,555, of which 172,500 are marked "Unknown."

Number of Union officers killed was 6,365. Among the latter was 39 Generals. Number of Confederate generals killed was 57. Total casualty among the general officers in both Union and Confederate armies was 218, of whom nearly one hundred was killed in battle.

The wounds of the past are now healed. We sometimes meet in friendly fellowship with our former enemies whose sons and grandsons are touching elbows with our sons of the north while fighting a world's war. Near three score years ago many of our adversaries sincerely believed it their patriotic duty to support designing politicians in their attempt to disrupt the Union and establish a system of human slavery, but right and justice prevailed and time has convinced them they were wrong.

But our work was well done yet at this great cost of loyal men. The crisis predicted by Lincoln had been reached and passed. The nation was saved and the bondman given the rights sought and won by our forefathers who startled the world by declaring that "governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed; that all men are created equal and endowed with the right of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness," the Golden Rule of Democracy, a brief sentence with a far reaching purpose, now reaching throughout

royalty ridden Europe. With many self evident rights and abuses in view, and enumerated at the time, a new Nation was then founded to which these forefathers pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. At the close of a long and painful struggle a new Republic was recognized among the world's nations, the excellence of which these forefathers were unaware and could only live to witness a small measure of the wonderful development of their handiwork.

Eighty-five years later we answered the call of Lincoln and marched out to battle, there to determine whether a government founded upon these principles could long endure. After four years covering the darkest page of our country's history that government was sustained, treason was destroyed and the unfinished work of its founders completed.

And now, to meet the greatest crisis in the annals of history we renew to our allies the pledges given their country by our forefathers and send our sons and grandsons to establish principles, the founders of our government so wisely conceived and proclaimed to the world. That liberty, right and justice may reign over the destinies of nations millions of lives and billions of wealth have been sacrificed while battling a decaying heritage of the dark ages, one that defies treaties and laws of civilized warfare in its barbarous struggle for supremacy.

We have reason to be proud of our country's achievement in mobilizing, training and equipping over two million men in so short a time. From civil pursuits these boys have been called and from this raw material trained soldiers have been sent from three to four thousand miles and placed on the firing line giving timely aid to our sorely pressed allies.

While portions of a war stricken country are in an uproar threatening renewed wars and revolutions in an effort to build free governments upon the ruins of autocracy, able statesmen from all nations are struggling with the greatest problem of the ages hoping to establish a league of nations that gives promise of peace on earth and good will to all men, yet we again hear voices from narrow gauged partisans that sound like a far away wail from the tomb of of Vallandigham, types of soap box orators and wiseacres inspired solely because of partisan affiliation and prejudice.

Men who have passed over battlefields and witnessed the harvest of death, heard the moans and prayers of the maimed and dying victims, forced to battle and death by war lords to gratify ambition or commercial greed, cannot object to some form of international agreement that will forever put an end to this barbarous method of settling differences, or the bartering and parceling out of lands of weaker nations to conquerors.

Let us hope that the dawn of a new era has arrived and that the United States, whose principles and tenets have ever been favorable

to the weak and downtrodden, in favor of right as against wrong, may lead the way to a new birth of the world, one that may develop into a more perfect union for the liberties and protection of all the peoples of earth.

We saved a nation from destruction and gave liberty to millions. All honor to the boys who have gone to offer their services and lives in this great struggle for "The common rights of humanity against the divine right of kings," and bring lasting peace to the world. When this is accomplished their names will go down in the world's history as heroes of the ages, while our services in suppressing a huge rebellion or family quarrel will be but a fading memory after we have passed away.

We are pleased to know that our boys, gone out to battle for these great principles are not called upon to face the dangers from disease due to exposure and many of the hardships that fell to the lot of the Civil war soldiers over half a century ago. Then there was no conservation of food except in the army; in fact much of the food we ate would have fed garbage cans at home. There is nothing too good for the men on the firing line and in the trenches but under conditions existing during the Civil war comforts could not be provided. Today our boys are supplied with improved arms and equipment and means of protection so needful while with us many died in field and hospital for want of the efficient care that is now given.

With the good shelter, abundance of wholesome food and water and many of the comforts of home, with warm meals served in the trenches, comfort kits, camp entertainments, cigarettes, chocolates and all day suckers, we envy these boys their opportunity of seeing something of the old world and contribute our bit toward removing a bunch of titled parasites and placing them in a position to earn an honest living. When democracy rules the world thousands of royal derelicts will be thrown upon the American market at panic prices.

During the passing of fifty-four years since we were mustered out of service we find that it has truly been said that "Dangers shared breedeth friendship," and as the years pass this feeling of friendship increases as the rapidly decreasing number in our ranks grow.

While in service it was a common remark (closely bordering upon a threat) that when this cruel war is over and we are safely at our homes, should Mort. Tony or Denious or any one armed with a fife drum or bugle ever "loosen up" in our presence with their brands of music and instruments of torture, he, or they would be shot on the spot. It was declared that a dinner horn was the only musical instrument that would be allowed to become noisy in our presence.

Some such feeling as this existed at times when these boys with

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their fifes, drums and bugles were pestering us when we sorely needed sleep and rest. We might have endured this punishment more patiently, perhaps, had we not sometimes seen the boys creep back in their bunks after inflicting their punishment. They didn't have to drill, go on picket or carry a gun. As we then viewed the situation, it was the special duty of these boys to make trouble.

But it's all over now and we take back all the hard things we said while the boys were inflicting their punishment. They performed their duties as faithfully as we and did no more than obey orders. We had to blame some one and dared not talk back to the one who was responsible so the boys got it because they were caught in the act.

But this abuse never disturbed their rest, neither did it worry them. They never lay awake nights because of what we said to them or about them.

Yes, this bond of comradeship that had its beginning in the ranks grows with the passing years. Reunions of companies and regiments and annual encampments, that must all pass away within a few years, are attended by the few survivors. Here the old familiar notes of fife and bugle and beat of drums with Old Glory are now hailed with delight and lusty cheers. The bugle call of reveille and tattoo, and music of the sheepskin band awaken memories of years when the screaming of shot and shell mingled with the bugle call, now bring tears to eyes of aged survivors of our Nation's struggle for its life. A generation grown up since this struggle for national unity and freedom are sometimes amused at hearty expressions of joy shown by comrades who meet after many years separation. These old comrades who stood shoulder to shoulder on the firing line and in the trenches, possess a strong feeling of comradeship unknown to those who have not passed through a like experience. They drank from the same canteen, shared each other's blankets, perhaps cared for each other when sick or wounded. Notwithstanding this trying experience they delight in meeting and recalling the lights and shadows in the everyday life of the man under a musket, recollections that will never grow dim, memories of the trials and triumphs of a half century ago. They are now marking time—

"Their arms are grounded and their ranks are broken,

The brazen bugle sounds the charge no more,

They're waiting orders 'till the word is spoken,

To join their comrades on the other shore."

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION OF REGIMENT AND COMPANY

Among the troops responding to a call made by President Lincoln for six hundred thousand men to assist in putting down the rebellion were those forming the One Hundred and Fourth Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

A sufficient number of enlistments having been obtained to organize a regiment of one thousand men, the recruits were ordered to assemble at Massillon, Ohio, on August 12, 1862, where the regiment was organized with the following field officers:—

James W. Reilly, Colonel, Promoted to Brigadier General, July, 1864. Resigned April 1, 1865.

A. S. Mariner, Lt. Colonel, Discharged January 2, 1863.

L. D. Woodworth, Major, Resigned December 9, 1862.

K. G. Thomas, Surgeon, Resigned December 27, 1862.

M. W. Dallas, Chaplain, Resigned January 31, 1863.

Walter McClymonds, Adjt., Mustered out at close of the war.

Jacob Shaffer, Quartermaster, Mustered out at close of the war.

N. McKinsey, Asst. Surgeon Discharged January 31, 1863.

R. P. Johnson, Asst. Surgeon, Discharged February 5, 1863.

Stanley Humiston, Sergt. Major, Mustered out at the close of war.

After the ten companies organized and formed into the One Hundred and Fourth regiment, it remained at Massillon, the men awaiting inspection, physical examination and supplies. In the meantime drilling in squads, company's battalion and on the skirmish line occupied the time in preparation for coming events.

During this time a meeting of the recruits enlisted by Captain Jesse K. Coates is ordered for the purpose of electing first and second lieutenants to serve in the company. At this election Franklin A. Perdue of Paris township is elected first lieutenant and Andrew J. Southworth of Marlboro, second lieutenant. By virtue of the date of his commission Captain Coates became second ranking captain in the regiment which gave his company the letter "B" and places us on the left flank of the regimental line.

August 30, the regiment is ordered in line where we are inspected and receive the usual examination and then are sworn into United States service for three years or during the war, unless sooner discharged. After this examination our company is found to be short the required number of men, when the following recruits enlisted by

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Captain Coppock of Salem, Ohio are transferred to our company:— Thomas R. Adams, Stanley Humanson, Cicero Hawley, John F. Heacock, William Little, David C. Martin, Joseph Robinson, George Ritchey, George Schooley, George Stratton and Joseph Stuart.

Having drawn our equipment we find ourselves armed with Austrian muskets with heavy sword bayonets, the latter almost as heavy as the naked gun, while the muskets are wonderful and painful kickers and look as though they had seen service before. Men who wish to escape a broken jaw or dislocated shoulder soon become wise enough to hold the musket hard against the shoulder before firing; in fact either end of the musket is more or less dangerous. Our uniforms consist of navy blue suits throughout, crowning us with tall semi-stiff hats generously decorated with feathers, brass eagles and wreaths with letters and figures indicating company and regiment.

Fully equipped with all this harness and brass, with guns and well filled knapsack, a rush is made for the photographer where full length pictures are ordered for the folks at home.

September 2, orders are issued to be in readiness for a movement to Cincinnati, Ohio, where the rebel General Kirby Smith is reported to be threatening that city and is now occupying the hills on the Kentucky side of the Ohio river.

The last days in camp at Massillon before leaving for the seat of war are full of interesting and sometimes pathetic scenes. With the many gifts from friends we are provided with almost every article needed for housekeeping which, added to clothing and equipment provided by the government, packed in knapsacks, then strapped upon our backs gives us somewhat the appearance of pack mules as we file down the streets of the city to the railroad station. As the time for our departure draws near hundreds of friends have assembled in camp to bid us goodbye. The touching scenes witnessed at the parting of sons from fathers, mothers, sisters, the husband from wife and children need no description to the reader.

The good ladies of Marlboro present to Company "B" a silken flag made by their own hands, for which they are heartily cheered by the boys, and the flag accepted with an appropriate speech delivered by the captain. As the flag cannot be carried with us it is left in care of the ladies who presented it.

September 2, we are called into line and after listening to a speech delivered by Governor Tod in which he very confidently predicts an early close to the war, we bid farewell to home and friends and march down through the city to the railroad, board the cars and after a tiresome and tedious trip of about twenty-four hours arrive in Cincinnati. On arriving at this city the regiment forms in line and marches to the Ohio river which we cross on pontoon bridges to Covington, Kentucky, and find quarters in a large hall. Afternoon we cross the bridge over Licking river to Newport, Ky., and through



Austrian Musket in Action

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this village to a point about three miles distant where we bivouac, for we have not yet been provided with tents. (Bivouac for the soldier with crackers, coffee and bacon, and a "handout" and "flop" for the modern hobo are about one and the same as far as accommodations go.)

Martial law has been proclaimed in the cities of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport and business suspended, all now under control of the military with General Lew. Wallace in command. The mayors of these cities have issued orders for all able bodied citizens to assemble at convenient places to aid soldiers in defending the state from invasion by the enemy, while troops and squirrel hunters are assembling from all quarters. Saloon keepers who do not wish to be put out of business with confiscation of their stock in trade must keep closed during the enforcement of military orders.

This camping ground is called "Camp Rough," the name probably being suggested by the lay of the surrounding country. Soon after arriving in camp we are ordered on picket duty and informed that our position will be fronting the enemy lines. This information together with all this excitement while troops are pouring in, with the beating of drums and bugle calls, impress us that this is not a safe time to do any napping while on duty. When our squad is placed on duty I find myself located on a steep hillside, a portion of which is used as a cemetery, and instructed to parade back and forth from a gate leading into these grounds to a certain tombstone a few rods distant, then given instructions in the manner of challenging anyone approaching my station. During the night pickets are instructed to challenge intruders at a safe distance by exclaiming, "Halt! Who comes there?" If the reply comes; "Friend with the countersign," the picket then commands, "Advance, friend, and give the countersign," which must be given over the point of the sentinel's bayonet, and if correct the person or persons are allowed to pass through the lines. Should the intruder be without pass or countersign he is held by the sentinel and turned over to the corporal and taken to headquarters for examination.

In obedience to orders and instruction the sentinel becomes autocrat over the station he occupies. To one who fails to respond to his challenge to halt, and without further parley or argument he is expected to shoot down the intruder regardless of the latter's station or rank. Should he find it necessary to do this the sentinel's act will be looked upon as evidence of devotion to duty.

The hours on duty for our relief are from six until eight o'clock p. m., then from twelve until two o'clock a. m. The first "trick" on duty is not an unpleasant experience though it seems to be an exciting time with the bugle calls, beating of drums and loud commands sounding in the hills bordering the river and adjoining camps where troops are taking positions on the line. Finally all becomes quiet save the croaking of frogs, and occasional distant baying of hounds,

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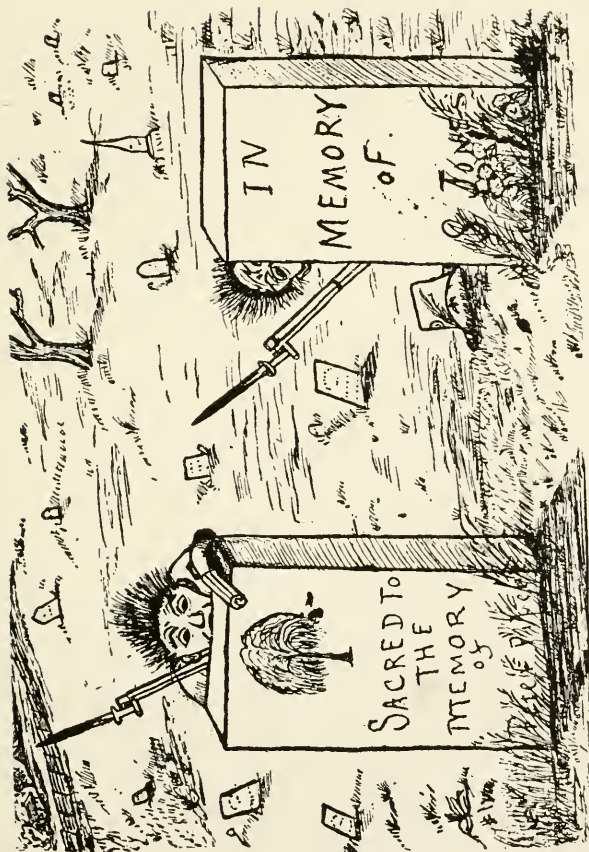
perhaps on the trail of some fugitive slave. Light of camp fires are also seen lighting the hill tops.

While walking our stations we feel a measure of responsibility in holding the enemy at bay and protecting the city of Cincinnati and state of Ohio from invasion. At the close of our two hours on duty we are relieved by the second relief and march back to the reserve where pickets on each relief assemble to rest and sleep during their four hours off duty. We now prepare beds by laying rubber ponchos on the ground, then with knapsack for pillows and blanket covering we lay down for rest and sleep. We are almost asleep when my chum jumps up very suddenly and yells out that "some d— thing that felt like an icicle ran across his face." I indulge in a hearty laugh at his expense but did not mention the fact that his sudden outburst had caused a momentary panic for I was sure the enemy was upon us. After shaking our bedding we bunk down again and sleep until twelve o'clock, then are awakened by the corporal and return to our former station relieving the picket who has served out his two hours on duty. Now it is dark and quiet and the weird surroundings with tombstones on all sides with occasional noises heard outside the lines the situation is anything but pleasing. A little relief is occasionally found by stopping at the connecting ends of our stations for short chats with neighboring pickets. This is contrary to orders but as no one is looking and cannot see us if they are, we indulge in these brief social visits which seem to have a bracing effect amid these doleful surroundings. Strange noises heard outside the lines and thoughts of the enemy creeping upon us disturb our peace of mind somewhat. Dread of firing those vicious muskets may have saved the lives of cattle or horses that occasionally create a disturbance in adjoining fields. We talk over the situation, my neighbor picket and I, he then informing me that he had been in service before and knows I am but a very raw recruit. He then goes on to tell me that these Austrian muskets are what is known as repeating guns and the repeat is noticed as soon as the gun is fired. Then as soon as the operator regains consciousness," he says, "he can repeat the operation." Of course, I knew he was "stringing me" but didn't let on for he seems to take delight in giving information and always has an answer to every question asked and during our hours on duty I gather much valuable information concerning the situation of the armies now defending and threatening the city. He seems to know the exact location of the enemy lines and number of forces and has the time set for the great battle that seems near at hand "Unless we defeat the enemy" he says, "we will be driven into the Ohio river and all who are not killed will be drowned for there is only one narrow pontoon bridge over which we can make our escape."

He now goes on to tell me about his military experience which began at the beginning of the war when at the age of seventeen he ran away from home and enlisted. After drilling in the ranks a few weeks his mother appeared in camp and secured his release from

the army. On his way home he was much disturbed over the reception his dad would give him. He felt that now he was almost a full grown man and had been in military service it was unbecoming for a soldier to submit to the "lickins" he had been accustomed to receive at home. He goes on to inform me that his dad is a combination farmer and Baptist preacher who believes that a free use of the rod and baptism by immersion are the only means of salvation, adding that the use of the rod on some one of the boys comes about as regular as morning prayer; that this expounder of Holy writ "can lick harder and pray louder than any man on his circuit." As soon as they reached home he knew by the set of dad's jaw what was coming, and accepted his invitation to retire to the barn. The boy had fully made up his mind to scandalize the family and neighborhood by giving his dad a good dressing down, a trimming that would break up the governor's rawhiding habit. He believed he was prepared to do this job for while in camp the boys had been practicing the art of boxing and he prided himself on being quite handy with the "mits." "The first time dad wrapped the blacksnake whip about my legs" he says, "I landed a stiff uppercut on his jaw that staggered him." "Here" he said "is where I made a mistake for dad didn't follow Queensberry rules but just cracked me over the head with the butt of the blacksnake and then changed ends, roared like a bull and let on more steam and until he was winded the noise sounded like several men were on that barn floor threshing out oats with flails." "I tell you" he added, "that lickin I got was awful but—

"Halt! Who goes there" is the voice of a sentinel heard far down the line. We don't understand this for it isn't time for the next relief. Some one passing through the lines, perhaps, though we hear no reply to the sentinel's challenge. We listen intently, fearing the worst. Not another word or movement for some time when my neighbor picket ventures to whisper that he does not understand why this disturbance. It must be— "Halt! Who goes there," is again heard a little plainer than before. We hear no reply to this challenge, though we can hear men talking. We faintly hear the steady tramp of an approaching army and are busily and quietly discussing our perilous situation. My neighbor picket, who is familiar with military operations, is now convinced that the rebel army is making prisoners of the picket line. "The enemy is slipping upon us," he says. We are now silent and panicky, each busy with his own distressing thoughts. Only two days from home and a rebel prison now staring us in the face. Yes, we would be tempted to sacrifice all the patriotism we now possess for a hiding place in the hay mow at home. The situation is certainly alarming yet rather than go to prison we decide to put up a fight and let the Austrian musket do its worst. As well have our heads knocked off with these "repeaters" as be sent to prison. A pair of very "raw material" with an attack of buck fever fortify themselves at two of the larger tombstones and prepare for battle. My neighbor picket now reaches inside his blouse



JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE
Raw Material Defending Cincinnati.

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and produced a "pepperbox" revolver he brought from home with him, a dangerous looking piece of artillery resembling a car pin, and about as heavy. The struggle is now at hand for we hear the tramp of the rebel army when:—"Halt! who goes there" is heard; another challenge from a picket not far distant. Our guns are quickly pointed in the direction of this noise when-

"Officer of the day with the grand rounds," comes the reply to the picket's challenge.

"Advance, officer of the day and give the countersign," the picket replies.

Such a wonderful transformation. We instantly brace up and hurriedly take our stations on the line, bold and fearless. We are in such a happy frame of mind we challenge the grand rounds with commanding voices and a great show of bravado.

Grand rounds is a feature in military service we know nothing about, but when the officer's reply to the picket's challenge is heard we then "caught on" and the grand rounds of ten men more is saved. At two o'clock we are relieved and return to the picket reserve to bunk down for the remainder of the night or until six o'clock.

My neighbor picket, who is versed in all rules and customs of warfare, had fully made up his mind to show no quarters to these rebels if they were sneaking upon us in the way he suspected for such methods, he declared, was obtaining prisoners under false pretense, or words to that effect. He had planned to get as good aim on the rebel lines as possible in the darkness hoping to kill a portion of the rebel army, then with "pepperbox" in one hand and sword bayonet in the other he expected to "jump in" and exterminate the whole bunch. Then he hesitated to hear my plan of battle. But I was sleepy and did not care to discuss the matter and did not feel that I was called upon to confess that I was more concerned in what the enemy and the Austrian musket might do to me. I probably would have fired on the enemy and permitted the recoil of the musket to land me in a new position out of enemy reach. I passed off to sleep before he had completed the annihilation of the enemy, satisfied that my neighbor picket had other accomplishments aside from being a military strategist.

Our regiment is relieved from the picket line on the evening of September 4 and we return to camp where we remain performing picket and camp duties until September 9. Here we remain without shelter, but the weather is hot and dry and our sleeping quarters are all that can be desired in warm, dry weather although beds are not soft as the kind mother makes, but we have abundance of fresh air and mosquitoes.

September 4, while at this camp, David Reichard of Lake township is placed on detached service as teamster where he serves during his entire term of enlistment and is mustered out with the company at the close of the war.

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Richard Mason, ambulance driver, of Marlboro is sent to the hospital and returns to the company for duty at Frankfort, Ky., January 1863. From here he is again sent to the hospital at Lexington, Ky., from where he is discharged April following, after two months service.

September 5, 1862, Ashur Sandles of Marlboro is placed on detached service as teamster where he remains until June 1863 when he reported to the company for duty while encamped at Mt. Vernon, Ky., February 26, 1864, he is again detached for same service, remaining here until the close of the war after service in the ranks of seven months.

FORT MITCHELL KENTUCKY

On the afternoon of September 9, 1862 we are ordered in line and march to Fort Mitchell, Ky., a distance of about five miles down the Lexington pike. On the morning following arrival here, we are ordered forward and bivouac in line of battle fronting the enemy lines. On the morning of September 11, we are ordered forward on the skirmish line and while deploying along a rail fence we are fired upon by the enemy who occupies timberland along our front. Firing at long range on the skirmish line continues until late in the afternoon.

During this engagement William Taylor of Marlboro receives a gunshot wound through his bowels and is carried from the field. The surgeon pronounced his wound fatal and gives but little attention to his case, all expecting Taylor would die in a few hours. Much to our surprise he survives throughout the day and on the following day is sent to the hospital in Cincinnati where he finally recovers and is discharged after service of ten days in the ranks.

In the evening an armistice is agreed upon between our officers on the line and officers commanding the rebel skirmishers, to terminate at nine o'clock on the following morning which was faithfully kept by both parties for in the meantime the enemy evacuates his line during the night and retreats southward.

During this skirmish Elias Haines of Marlboro, shot a finger from his hand while drawing a load from his gun. After recovery he is detailed for duty with the supply train where he served until December 29, then deserted while we are encamped at Richmond, Ky. He afterward enlists in a cavalry regiment and serves until discharged from the army.

In this engagement the regiment loses one man killed and five wounded. As before stated the enemy retreat during the night following this skirmish, falling back along the Lexington pike and is followed by our cavalry, bringing in a number of prisoners.

This is our first experience under fire and coming within ten days after leaving home and with a strong force of the enemy in our front indications pointed to an early trial of our metal. As the hills fronting the enemy lines are now well covered with union troops with

thousands of Squirrel Hunters well fortified on the Ohio side of the river, the rebel commander seems to abandon his northern raid and is heading his forces southward.

We go into camp at Fort Mitchell and are supplied with Sibley tents, a large cone shaped tent affording room for a dozen men or more. Here we remain fortifying and drilling until the morning of September 18, 1862, when we march forward down the Lexington pike in the wake of the retreating enemy.

CAMP SNOW'S POND

After a two days march, passing through Florence and Chittenden, Ky., we arrive at Walton and go into camp known as "Camp Snow's Pond." Here we pitch tents and settle down to hard drills in squads and by companies, and occasionally battallion drill. With our camp guard duties and on the picket line with guard mountings and dress parades we are surely kept busy during a season of heat and drouth.

While at this camp Monroe Whitmire of Lake township is detailed as guard at headquarters, returning to the company for duty at Lexington, Ky., October 25 following. Whitmire is slightly wounded at the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864. after thirty three months faithful service in the ranks he is discharged at the close of the war.

John W. Raber of Lake township is sent to the hospital at this camp and discharged from service at the General hospital in January, 1863, after two months service with the company.

Our brigade is now placed under command of one Brigadier General Judah, a runty officer of the regular army, one who cares about as much for the health and comfort of men in the ranks as he would for a drove of animals. This martinet has issued orders forbidding soldiers from trespassing on private property, thus shutting us away from wells and springs along the highway or near our camps and severely punishes soldiers who violate his infamous orders. A member of our company is picked up by a patrol guard for trespassing and for this great crime he is placarded on the back with the word "thief" and drummed before the regiment to the tune of the "Rogues March."

Fowler and I pick up a few apples from under trees along the roadside and for this great crime are yanked up before Judah who calls us about everything except nice boys. Of course it is our duty to stand and take all this without an opportunity to say a word in defense or argue the case for to do this would only invite additional trouble. During this interview we take the abuse patiently, meantime sizing up the bombastic "nubbin." We find that if Judah was divested of immense shoulder straps, buttons, badges and other decorations there is but little left except a hooked nose and mass of black

kinky hair, yet he is now a striking reminder of a premium Jersey Bull at a county fair.

Judah has headquarters in a fine old plantation mansion that is said to be occupied by a rebel claiming loyalty to the Union, and protection for his property. With his fine old whiskey it is said that he keeps Judah keyed up to a savage point ready to inflict punishment upon soldiers for slight or imaginary offense. Boys are threatening to shoot the tyrant and have laid in secret places to bushwhack him but he displays good generalship in movements for his own safety.

While Judah's infamous orders are being issued and enforced Colonel Reilly is having considerable trouble in smothering his wrath. The limit is finally reached when the colonel in passing down the line finds that two of his men have been ordered bucked and gagged by the detestable Judah.

Reilly now roars out an order to the captain of the company to which these men belong to release them at once, and on learning by whose order this punishment is inflicted he immediately goes on the hunt of Judah. When Reilly becomes maddened clear through he ranks everybody. The Irishman soon corners the Jew and the line of cuss words he fires at the latter convinces all within hearing of the colonel's voice that he is mighty handy in delivery of this line of elocution, winding up his tirade with a threat that he will let daylight through the Jew's hide if he ever repeats such tyranny in the colonel's regiment. Reilly carried the map of old Ireland right under the brim of his cap, including the galway whiskers. When in anger or deep earnest he has a penetrating voice and piercing eye that strikes terror to the object of attack. The burley and brainy son of the Emerald Isle with his bushy head and characteristic wobble of the race, now under high pressure, seems to have scared all the fight from Judah, so the "interview" ends in a war of words and gestures between the Irishman and the Jew. Reilly is probably the only colonel in the Union army who can cuss a brigadier general and get away with it, for it seems that Judah never entered complaint.

Kentucky has not seceded from the Union, yet it is thickly honeycombed with rebels who demand protection of their property and our officers are instructed to forbid trespassing upon private property. This order has given Judah an opportunity to exercise his tyrannical nature. It seems that both Judah and these disloyal citizens enjoy seeing soldiers suffer for the want of water during this season of drouth.

Water in the ponds where supply for cooking is obtained is so vile that we are obliged to boil and skim it before using for coffee or cooking beans and meat. A green scum covers a portion of the pond where tadpoles, frogs and wigglers are abundant. We are suffering for the want of drinking water and boys are making wild threats against the tyrant commanding our brigade. We make quite free to

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violate these orders that drinking water may be had and take our punishment when caught. A small spring is finally found in a woods about a mile from camp where soldiers are lined up day and night awaiting their turn to fill canteens or quench their thirst.

During our stay here we are kept busy in all the drills known in infantry tactics and during the night are frequently called out by panicky cavalry pickets who like the Camp Rough pickets draw on their imagination when danger is suspected. On one occasion the entire brigade is called out at midnight in defense against a few calves that awakened and drew the fire from cavalry pickets while these calves were frolicking through the brush. We seldom fail to give those cavalymen the call of the calf when they pass by.

The vile water we are using is now getting in its work. Many are becoming afflicted with bowel trouble and typhoid fever and are sent to hospitals, myself among the number. The more severe cases are sent back to the General Hospital at Cincinnati, while others are left at the field hospital and moved along in ambulances as the command moves southward.

October 6, we are gratified to learn that Judah has been removed from command and is superseded by General Burbridge who now commands our brigade. During my illness with typhoid fever the command moves forward to Camp A. J. Smith, remaining here until October 12, then onward to Camp Wells. Here it remains until October 17, then advances to Camp Jones, and remains until October 20, then forward passing through Georgetown and on to Lexington, Ky., where it arrives October 22. During this forward movement the sick in the overloaded ambulances are suffering and a number are dying for want of proper care and treatment.

Rebel cavalry is operating in our front while watching our movements as they retreat southward.

At Camp Wells we are introduced to another pest, a little less severe, perhaps, than Judah, but with better staying qualities, the indestructible and prolific grayback. As a stayer his equal cannot be found. At night time he marches in battle array over the soldier's body drawing sustenance therefrom. The biting frosts of winter or torrid heat of southern midsummers disturb him not, and at roll call he is ever present for duty. As the rebel army recently occupied this camp ground it is believed we have fallen heir to a portion of their property. All attempts to keep clear of the new enemy ends in failure. Clothing is boiled and treated in many ways, but in a few hours they or others are back on the job.

September 25, 1862, Lieutenant Frank Perdue of Paris township is placed on detached service in the Ordnance department. He remained in this service until the close of the war and is mustered out after twenty days duty with his company.

October 21, Sergeant Oliver Coates of Marlboro is sent to the hospital, returning for duty November 11 following. March



HE FINDS ONE

"Py Shiminy, I finds vat vos sthingin' me unter my belts all tay."

22, 1863, he is again sent to the hospital where he died April 5 following, after six months service with his company.

October 31, Thomas Barnes of Paris township is detailed for guard duty at brigade headquarters, returning to the company November 17, and is appointed corporal, soon after being appointed color guard where he remained until the close of the war and is mustered out with the company.

In spite of rough treatment while moving from camp to camp in an ambulance, and neglect on the part of nurses, I am able to report for duty November 10.

The day following our arrival at Lexington we move camp to higher ground south of the city. We are now placed under command of Colonel Gilbert, who has relieved General Burbridge, the former an officer of the regular army, who now commands our brigade consisting of the Forty-fourth, One Hundredth and One Hundred and Fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Nineteenth Battery and Tenth Kentucky Cavalry. Here Gilbert enforces very strict discipline. We are now ordered to fall out under arms at morning roll call, fully equipped for march or battle should necessity require either movement. At the close of roll call we are drilled twenty minutes before breakfast. This is all. Gilbert can't think of any other punishment to inflict until after breakfast. In addition to our other duties we are drilled six hours each day with one hour for dinner. This falling out at roll call under arms and knapsacks starts groans of protest among the boys—but not in Gilbert's presence. Occasionally a boy or two takes chances on another nap at morning roll call and fail to line up with the company. The first offense generally draws a little extra duty. If this does not effect a cure the offender is sometimes permitted to carry a rail or well loaded knapsack for a few hours with a guard following along to protect him and see that he keeps in motion. Standing on a barrel for a few hours is not a favorite way among the boys of paying off the debt because this prominent position attracts too much attention and too many remarks from passing comrades who frequently call for a speech or a song. Continued disobedience sometimes brings a long guardhouse sentence with hard labor or court-martial with loss of pay. The guard house is usually occupied by one or more disobedient boys.

Each morning a certain number of men are detailed for guard and picket duty, usually from two to four from each company. These details with a corporal or sergeant report to the adjutant at regimental headquarters and guard mounting follows. Each detachment is then sent to stations assigned. Pickets forming the outer line of guards are placed a mile or more from camp. If attack from the enemy is expected the pickets are deployed as skirmishers and cover the entire grounds surrounding the army, otherwise they are placed in squads of four or more on all roads leading to camp. On approach of the enemy, pickets are expected to give an alarm and hold the enemy in check as long as possible thus enabling the forces to get in position to give battle. Camp guards are deployed surrounding the

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camps in the immediate vicinity of the forces, walking a station or "beat" of ten rods or more. These camp guards are instructed to keep soldiers within range of their quarters unless provided with passes, and during the night none are allowed to pass without giving the countersign. Guards and pickets serve on duty twenty four hours, and each sentinel on duty two hours and off duty four hours. At the end of twenty four hours all are relieved by other details and return to camp and are excused from duty twelve hours.

The first death in the company is that of Joseph Holibaugh of Marlboro. On the morning of November 28, after coming off guard duty he walked to the company cook's quarters and while standing there he suddenly and without warning fell forward into the fire. He is quickly removed by comrades and the surgeon is called, who pronounced his death due to apoplexy. Comrade Holibaugh's body is sent to his home and buried near the village of Marlboro.

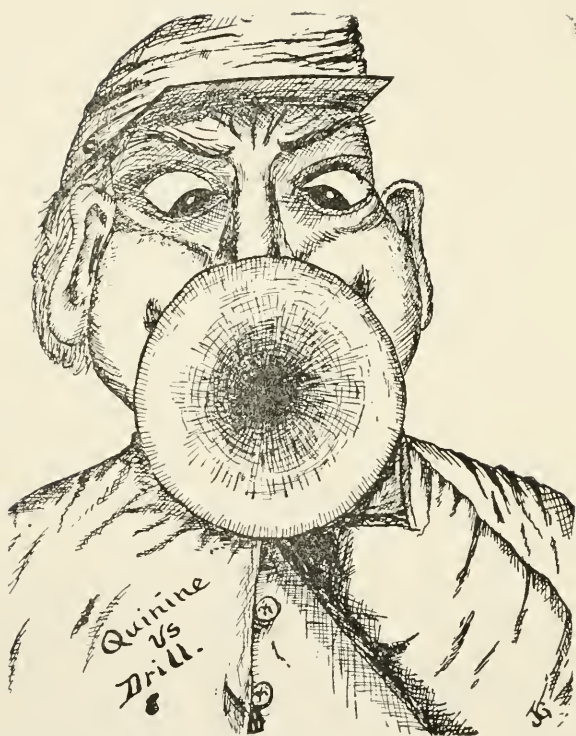
At the same time Peter Seacrist, fifer of Marlboro, is sent to the hospital where he died December 18, 1862. His body was sent to his home and buried at Marlboro.

November 17, Captain Jesse Coates of Marlboro is discharged from service on surgeon's certificate of disability, after three months service with his company.

Lieutenant Perdue, though absent on detached service is now commissioned captain of the company and Second Lieutenant Southworth is commissioned first lieutenant. These changes bring Orderly Sergeant Nelson in line for promotion when he is commissioned second lieutenant. Corporal Henry Vick is then appointed orderly sergeant over the heads of several ranking non-commissioned officers. This appointment is a surprise to members of the company and is believed to be an act of injustice to others among the non-commissioned staff who are amply fitted to fill the place of orderly sergeant.

November 15, 1862, Lewis B. Slack of Paris township is sent to the hospital, returning to the company for duty December 27 following. January 30, 1864 he is detailed for guard duty at brigade headquarters and returned March 9, following. March 13 he is again placed on this duty, returning to the company September 15, while the command is encamped at Decatur, Ga. He was mustered out with the company at the close of the war after twenty-four months' service.

At this camp a negro slave, called Andy, deserted his master and is adopted by our mess as private quartermaster. He is allowed to occupy our tent much to the annoyance of Taggart who disliked "niggers" as much as he disliked soldiering, yet our private q. m. soon became the most popular man in the mess. The supplies he gathered in are obtained at plantations adjoining our camps, usually during the dark of the moon. A "stand in" with a camp guard passes him through the lines at night and often when we awake in the morning we find hams, chickens, honey and other delicacies to add to our bill of fare. We are very devoted to Andy, and he grows more popular every day until an order is issued forbidding slaves within the lines; also that all slaves now within our lines must be delivered to their masters if called for, or expelled from our camps. This



order brings protests from officers who have employed these slaves as hostlers, cooks, etc. To our mess the idea of falling back on plain army rations brings forth lamentations. Even Taggart, who persecutes Andy because of the former's rheumatism and his dislike of his colored brother, is disheartened. We determine not to be entirely outflanked by this unpopular order, however, so as soon as darkness sets in we load our private quartermaster with a haversack of rations and revolver, then point out the North Star as a beacon to lead him to liberty, bid him goodbye and good luck. The slave was not heard from afterward.

Our time at this camp is crowded with camp duties and constant drill. First comes reveille, then roll call not forgetting the twenty minutes before breakfast drill. Then comes sick call to which the boys have supplied the words, in part as follows:— "Are you sick-sick, are you sick-sick, come and get your quinine or else go and drill," etc.

Then comes guard mounting followed by three hours' drill, followed by dinner and three hours' drill in the afternoon; then dress parade, supper and roll call, ending with tattoo and all must become quiet. Sunday inspection and religious services. This is the order of the day, weather permitting. While resting (?) we clean our guns and accoutrements. Discipline severe, but not of the Judah type. We are taking orders from an exacting regular army officer. Just what we need, perhaps, but we don't see it that way. Ritchey is delighted with the discipline and his first steady job and the boys call him names in variety. Reilly's wabby head and pointed reprimands alarm delinquent boys. Delinquent officers, including the chaplain, get their's just the same. Reilly is no respecter of persons when the pressure is on. Weeding out of the ranks goes on by reason of sickness and discharge from service of soldiers who are unable to perform duty. Soldiers in the ranks can't resign but a number of officers are taking advantage of this privilege. A few soldiers to whom the strenuous duties of military service is distasteful resort to all manner of schemes to secure discharge or positions on detached service. Schneid is a type of soldier whose infirmities cannot be detected by the examining surgeons. Schneid and the surgeon disagree on the surgeon's diagnosis of the former's ailment. The surgeon says he has no authority to discharge men afflicted with chronic weariness or absolute worthlessness, but thinks this should be allowed for the good of the service. Schneid also complains to the cook because of the small amount of rations given him. His daily complaints of both cook and the surgeon becomes a byword in camp. Boys in the company who have attempted to diagnose Schneid's malady and have noted his habits and symptoms cannot agree. The cook feels quite sure that he has been foundered, while Ritchey believes Schneid is afflicted with hog cholera. After the first pay day, Schneid deserts the army and is allowed to go in peace for a tracer never followed him.



Schneid answers all dinner and quinine calls

CHAPTER II.

RICHMOND, TO MT. VERNON, KY.

December 10 marching orders are issued and we are on the pike a little after midnight heading southward and arrive at Clay's Ferry on the Kentucky river and go in camp. We pass Ashland, the Clay homestead, now owned by an officer in the rebel army. Here at the cross roads we see sale bills posted announcing public sales of negroes. "Likely wenches and desirable field hauds" on easy terms are offered to the highest bidder. Other bills with flaming headlines offer liberal rewards for arrest and detention of runaway slaves, with all ear marks and brands carefully described. At the head of these bills are pictures showing the fugitive with bundle swung over his shoulder.

RICHMOND, KENTUCKY

On the following morning we continue the march to Richmond, Kentucky where we camp near the village. During our march over the heights bordering the Kentucky river outlines of the Cumberland mountains are plainly seen. Our time here is occupied in building fortifications near the field where our forces were defeated last August. Word comes from home that friends are sending us a large box of clothing, together with a supply of good eatables for a Christmas dinner.

Two new regiments of infantry have been added to our brigade and join us on this march from Lexington, the One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois and Twelfth Kentucky.

This cold wintry weather and diseases due to exposure found necessary in active military service is thinning out the ranks, sending many who are physically unable to meet these conditions to hospitals.

On leaving Lexington, John Barnett of Plain township is left sick at the hospital, returning for duty at Frankfort, Ky., January 25, 1863. At Knoxville, Tenn. he served a short time with the pioneer corps. With the exception of this short absence he served his entire term of enlistment with the company and is mustered out at the close of the war after thirty-two months' service. John is one to whom short rations is a sore trial, for when the opportunity is given he fries three or four of the No. 1 sized hardtacks in sowbelly grease then with the bacon, pan of beans and quart of black coffee he makes out a fairly good meal if nothing else is handy. John frequently visits the sutler and invests his thirty-six and two-third cents daily salary in pigs feet

REWARD



SLAVE SAM. MARKS. About 20 Yrs Old

*Dark Mulatto, weight about 160 lbs.,
height 5 feet, 10 inches. Scars on head and back.
\$25 REWARD.*

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as a side dish. In spite of all this John lives to see the end of the war and now, (1919) is one of the few survivors of the company, hale and hearty and apparently as sound as a hound's tooth.

December 19 Joseph Spangler of Plain township is sent to the hospital from where he is discharged on surgeon's certificate of disability, after three months' service in the ranks.

John Taggart of Paris township and William Snyder of Marlboro township are sent to the hospital from where they are discharged January, 1863, after three months' service with the company.

William Little of Damascus, Ohio, is sent to the hospital at Cincinnati, Ohio, and discharged after four months' service.

December 29, Abram Hoover of Plain township is sent to the hospital, returning for duty at Mt. Vernon, Ky. May 1, 1863. September 28, following, he is detailed as nurse at the hospital in Knoxville, Tenn., where he died April 3, 1864, after eight months' service with his company.

January 1, 1863, John W. Stevenson of Marlboro is detailed as orderly at brigade headquarters, returning to the company March 28 following. April 4, while encamped at Crab Orchard, Ky., he is sent to the hospital and returns for duty at Mt. Vernon, Ky., June 30. August 15, 1864 he is again sent to the hospital from in front of Atlanta, returning to the company for duty September 18 following. After service in the ranks of twenty-seven months he is discharged at the close of the war.

December 24, 1862, David B. Newhouse of Marlboro is appointed corporal. He is slightly wounded at the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14, 1864. March 18, 1865 he is sent to the hospital at Kinston, N. C., from where he is discharged May 4 following, after thirty-one months' service in the ranks.

While at this camp Surgeon K. G. Thomas and Major L. D. Woodward resign and return to their homes.

No word received from the box sent from home which should have reached us before Christmas. It is said that these boxes frequently fall into hands of surgeons at hospitals where contents are appropriated under pretense of using for the sick and it is quite probable our box has been disposed of in this way, much to the delight of surgeons and hospital attendants.

December 29, 1862 we received our first pay for three months' service, amounting to thirty-three dollars for each man. During the night following a number of men desert the regiment and among these are five members of Company "B". Under the president's proclamation issued a few months later, pardoning deserters who return to their commands within a certain time, one of these members of our company returns and serves faithfully until his death. Another enlists in a cavalry regiment from where he receives an honorable discharge. During three months following these desertions their names are called at roll call as usual, when a sergeant responds as follows: "Cowardly deserter; deserted Camp Richmond, Ky., December 29, 1862."

December 30 the bugle sounds "strike tents" and we are soon on the pike headed westward arriving at Danville, Ky. on the evening of the 31st. We notice that boys in other companies are yet enjoying some of the delicacies sent in their Christmas boxes. Many are

Footprints Through Dixie

provided with warm mittens and gloves and other clothing to make them comfortable during this wintry weather.

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

We remain in camp at Danville during a few cold and disagreeable days then on January 4, 1863 our march is continued to Frankfort, Kentucky, where we arrive on the evening of January 7 and camp near the city. During our stay here the weather is wintry and considerable snow falls. Companies "D" and "K" under command of Captain Jordan are sent to guard bridges over the Kentucky river while the other companies of the regiment are performing provost duty in the city with Colonel Reilly as provost marshal. But little drilling is done here, our camp and provost duty with snow clad camping grounds saving us from much of these tiresome drills. When the weather is favorable we have a little target practice with our new Enfield rifles for which we were pleased to exchange our vicious Austrian muskets. Here for the first and last time whiskey rations are issued but these rations are not dangerously large and no harm is noticed.

While at this camp Robert Whitaker of Marlboro is detailed as nurse at the hospital in the city, returning to the company for duty May 5, following. While encamped at Mt. Vernon, Ky. August 5, he was granted a furlough for fifteen days and returned to the company, September 10, at Cumberland Gap, Tenn. August 6, 1864 he is sent to the hospital from in front of Atlanta, Ga., returning to the company at Nashville, Tenn., December 3, 1864. He is mustered out with the company at the close of the war after twenty four months service in the ranks.

Secession sentiment in strong in the city where a rebel governor was inaugurated but a few weeks ago, but since that time the governor and other state officials have moved and the affairs of the commonwealth seem to be all balled up, though members of the legislature seem to be on duty and are closely watched by federal officials.

February 21, Sergeant Philip Triem of Marlboro is sent to hospital at Frankfort, Ky., returning to the company for duty at Crab Orchard, Ky., April 9, following. June 24 he is granted a furlough of fifteen days and returned to the company July 24. September 8, 1864, at Decatur, Ga., he is appointed orderly sergeant. After service with his company of thirty one months he is mustered out at the close of the war.

Elias J. Clark of Paris township is left sick at Frankfort, Ky., February 21, 1863, returning to the company for duty August 1 following at Camp "Dick," Ky. September 15, 1863 he is again left sick at the hospital in Knoxville, Tenn., where he died January 16, 1864, after six months service with his company.

Joseph Minier of Marlboro is left sick at Frankfort, Ky., where he died March 9, 1863, after six months service with his company.

While at this camp Lieutenant Colonel Mariner and Chaplain Dallas are discharged from service. This sudden departure is a sub-

ject of considerable discussion among the soldiers. If anyone regretted their departure, they did not make it known.

February 6, 1863, George Haynam of Paris township is detailed as ambulance driver where he served until June following when he reported to the company for duty. November 30, 1864 he is killed at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. During a lull at the time of this engagement his brothers Thomas and William with the aid of comrades dig a shallow grave for the body from where it is taken after the battle of Nashville, Tenn., and sent to New Franklin, Ohio, for burial.

While encamped near the capital city of Kentucky the legislature is in session. A detail of men from the regiment is sent to the state house where a few guards are left outside, while the others with bayonets fixed follow the commander of the squad into the building. When the legislative chamber of these lawmakers (or law breakers) is entered they do not wait for a motion to adjourn but hurriedly leave from all doors, a few being arrested. It is reported that this assembly was called for the purpose of taking some action toward voting the state out of the Union.

February 2, 1863, Albert Davis of Paris township is sent to the hospital, returning to the company for duty at Camp "Dick" Kentucky, August 4, following. December 6, 1863 he is again sent to the hospital at Knoxville, Tenn., where he remained until the close of the war, having served nine months on duty with the company.

FROM FRANKFORT TO CRAB ORCHARD

February 21, 1863 we leave Frankfort in light order and after a short march we find quarters in a large academy building. Very early on the following morning we start out and celebrate Washington's birthday anniversary by making a march of thirty miles on the pike leading to Danville and late in the evening camp near Harrodsburg, Ky. During the day snow was falling and melting as it fell, leaving the pike in bad condition for this long trying march. When we halt for the night and stack our arms it is found that about one fourth of the company had fallen by the wayside. During the night these stragglers were dropping into camp, being hauled in wagons and ambulances. It is noticed at roll call that many of the big husky fellows were missing while the young wiry boys from the farms answer to their names. The march was a severe test of physical endurance made, we are told, to meet a threatened raid by rebel cavalry. When a detail for picket is made, it is my misfortune to be one of the number. This is tough luck but there is no help for it and no one has offered to take my place, though I am generous enough to give it up. Footsore and alone in the darkness, four hours are spent during this dreary chilling night, almost too tired and footsore to stand during these hours on duty. An attack from rebel cavalry is looked for and pickets are frequently visited by officers mak-

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ing the rounds to see that all are vigilant in performing their duties. At four o'clock in the morning our squad is relieved and return to the reserve station at a toll gate on the pike. On removing shoes and socks my toes are found worn raw at the ends and bleeding and now dried fast to my socks. This trying experience was shared by many during this hard march. I have fallen victim to a "dodger," a few of whom are found in every regiment in the service. They have studied the art and in various ways impose their duties upon others, and continue the practice until they either dodge out of the army by desertion or dodge into some soft snap where the dodging is easier. Details for duty are made in alphabetical order and by watching the run of these details made by the orderly, then by dropping out of ranks, feigning sickness, or in other ways the purpose is accomplished.

The one who "handed it to me" dropped from the ranks a short time before we camped at the end of this march. This class of soldiers secure jobs in the rear bummers' brigade, and others unable to stand up under hard marches and exposure receive discharges or transfer to invalid corps leaving the rough and ready, robust boys, to weather out the storms to the finish.

Early on the morning of February 23, we are called out in battle line expecting an attack from rebel cavalry but the cavalry do not come nor did we send for them. We remain in camp here until February 26, then march to Danville, Ky., and find quarters in a large church building where sufficient room is found to accommodate our regiment, remaining until February 28, when an early start is made in the direction of Camp Dick where we arrive late in the evening and pitch our tents. March 1 we continue on to Lexington and find quarters for the regiment in an engine house until the following day when we move out and are again "tenting on the old camp ground." Here we settle down performing our usual camp duties, and drills when the weather permits.

While at this camp Thomas B. Gaskill of Marlboro is sent to the hospital from where he is transferred to the Invalid Corps, remaining here until discharged from service, having served with the company six months.

Henry Haag of Marlboro is also sent to the hospital, returning for duty at Camp Dick August 6, following. August 6, 1864 he is killed during a charge on the enemy works near Atlanta, Ga., after faithful service of twenty months with the company.

March 22, 1863, at an early hour the bugle calls us in line when we march to the railroad, board a freight train and are taken to Nicholasville, Ky.

On arriving at this village John Jackman of Ironton, Ohio, is sent to the hospital, returning to the company for duty August 6 following. August 17, he is detailed as teamster and returns to the company for duty in September, and remains until the close of the war having served in the ranks twenty nine months.

At Nicholasville we leave the railroad train and start out on another foot race in an effort to run down rebel cavalry raiders. A



"He ran because he couldn't fly."

forced march is made in the direction of Camp Nelson. Crossing the Kentucky river at this place, we continue on to Danville and camp near the village.

While on this march, M. M. Southworth, drummer, of Marlboro, is sent to the hospital, returning to the company for duty April 8, following, while encamped at Crab Orchard, Kentucky. He is again sent to the hospital from Jonesboro, Ga., returning in about one week while the command is encamped at Decatur, Ga. He was mustered out at the close of the war, having served with the Band over thirty three months. Now one of the survivors of the company.

On arrival at Danville, Ky., William O. Spellman of Marlboro is sent to the hospital and while there is taken prisoner. A few days after this he is paroled by the rebels and sent to Camp Chase, and from there is furloughed home to await exchange. After exchange he returned to the company, reporting for duty while the command is encamped at Stanford, Ky., July 19, 1863. August 6, following he is again sent to the hospital from where he is transferred to the Invalid Corps, after eight months service with the company and four months as paroled prisoner of war. Now one of the thirteen survivors.

At last we have found what we have been looking for, or rather, the rebels have found us. On the morning of March 24, we are routed out by firing on the picket line where rebel cavalry has captured about twenty-five of our pickets. We are quickly lined up for action but the Confeds, don't attack. It seems that after a hurried consultation our officers have concluded that inasmuch as the rebels have permitted us to chase them over the state during the past three months it will be an act of kindness to extend a like courtesy, and a hasty retreat is ordered. Every encouragement is given by the rebels to quicken this movement for they crowd our rear keeping our lines well closed up, so close, in fact that on several occasions we are wheeled into line of battle with guns capped and bayoneted expecting a charge by the enemy. It seems that the "Johnnies" are not as anxious to capture us as they are to capture our bacon (wagon train) for they only skirmish about our flanks and rear. We break our record as pedestrians until Camp Nelson is reached, when the enemy gives up the chase while we pass into our fortifications and save our bacon. But few of the pickets fronting the enemy line escape capture. One who escapes thus gives his experience in getting away: He is a firm believer in the claim that a good run is better than a bad stand, and in order that the run might be a good one, an early start is decided upon. He sends in a shot, at long range, on the charging rebel cavalry and "lit" out for the command. He believes he is keeping ahead of any bullets coming his way until a spent ball lands a stinging blow near his cartridge box. "From that time," he says, "I had no recollection whatever of touching the ground until I reached the regiment." Members of Company "B" captured at this time are Jacob Acker, Thomas Adams, and William H. Barker. A few days after capture these boys are paroled by the rebels and return to the regiment, then are sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, to await ex-

exchange. From here they are furloughed to their homes until exchange is made

Jacob Acker of Lake township, after his exchange returned to the company for duty at Camp Nelson, Ky. August 1, 1863, and served until the close of the war. No record is made showing that he ever was absent by reason of sickness. At this time (1919) he is living at his old home in Greentown, and this eighteen year old boy of that time, now surrounded by three generations of children, is as jolly and generous as ever while performing the duties of one of the town dads.

Thomas R. Adams of Salem, Ohio, after his exchange is detailed as clerk at Columbus, Ohio, where he remains until April 10, 1864, reporting to the company for duty at Cleveland, Tenn. He is again detailed as clerk at headquarters where he remains until the close of the war, having served with the company seven months and four months as paroled prisoner.

William H. Barker, of Marlboro returns to the company for duty July 4, 1863, at Stanford, Ky. He is on detached service several months after enlistment not being able to perform duty in the ranks. An overgrown seventeen year old boy, he is sorely afflicted with the prevailing camp disease yet makes no effort to secure a discharge and serves in the ranks whenever able to perform duty. After service with the company of sixteen months, and four months as paroled prisoner he is mustered out at the close of the war.

March 26, 1863, Adam Zentz of Marlboro is sent to the hospital. He is afterward transferred to the Invalid Corps where he remains until the close of the war, after seven months service with the company.

John Markel of Paris township is discharged from service on surgeon's certificate of disability after two months' service with the company. He is discharged April 9, 1863, at Lancaster, Kentucky.

April 5, 1863 Owen Stackhouse of Paris township is appointed sergeant. March 17, 1864 he is sent north, while encamped at Knoxville, Tenn., on detached service, returning to the company for duty at Cartersville, Ga., May 22 following. August 1864 he is sent to the hospital from where he returns to duty in a few days. He is slightly wounded at the battle of Franklin, Tenn. November 30, 1864, and is mustered out with the company at the close of the war after thirty-one months' service.

While at this camp we receive two months' pay and, as usual, a generous portion of this is turned over to the sutler. This sutler is a friendly merchant who extends credit to the boys. By getting an order from company officers we present these orders to the sutler for which he issues checks. An arrangement between the sutler and paymaster saves us the annoyance of handling payments due except the balance, if any, left after taking out his share. He is generous and kindhearted in extending credit for he is dead sure of his pay and no one kicks on prices. He keeps careful track of all checks issued and promptly informs us when we have reached the limit of our credit. Sometimes rebel raiders put him out of business but he stocks up again and keeps right on doing business—and the boys. With a salary of about thirty-seven cents per day it is an easy matter for a number of the boys to turn over all their earnings to the sutler. He keeps a supply of almost everything a soldier needs and

Footprints Through Dixie

considerable that he doesn't need. Among his canned goods we occasionally find canned fruit preserved in brandy, instead of syrup. A soldier gets a can of this preserved fruit, then he gets drunk. He also gets a guard house sentence with hard labor attachment and the sutler gets a "hearing" from Reilly that the former will not soon forget.

During our stay here we lose no time on the drill grounds and but little grass can grow in the vicinity of our camp. We make one more move to fresh grounds where camp is cleaned up and are kept right on the job of wearing out shoe soles until the sixth of April when the bugle sounds "Strike tents." It doesn't take long to break up housekeeping and load ourselves with household effects, so we are soon in line headed southward, continuing our march until Crab Orchard, Ky. is reached, where we camp near a small stream and repair a bridge the rebels have partly destroyed.

CRAB ORCHARD, KENTUCKY

It now appears that the order of military operations has changed and for a time it will be our privilege to act as rear guard for the enemy. After repairing the bridge we move up nearer the village, remaining here until April 18, then move forward again and reach Mt. Vernon, Ky., in the afternoon and camp in a brier patch.

CHAPTER III.

MT. VERNON, KY., TO KNOXVILLE, TENN.

These grounds are cleared up and make a fine camping grounds where drill service continues. Here we receive orders to turn over our Sibley tents and receive in exchange Wedge tents, sometimes known as "pup" tents. These tents consist of two pieces of heavy drilling a little over one yard square, one piece to each man. Two of the pieces can be buttoned together, then with upright forks and ridge pole the tent is staked down. We now drop down upon all fours and move into a small and well ventilated sleeping apartment with entrance front and rear. To provide frames for these sleeping apartments we depend on getting these at camping grounds. In time of fair weather and our stay but temporary we use these tents with blankets and ponchos as bedding and sleep without other shelter. In this situation we are sometimes caught in rain storms at night that arouse the boys when some erect their tents by using the bayoneted musket as upright stakes and fix up their tents in a variety of ways to afford shelter. Others wrap their ponchos about them and sleep while rains beat upon them, or, perhaps sit about the camp fires and sing "Home, Sweet Home," or "I want to be a soldier," etc., while Ritchey is saying hard things about the fellow who borrowed his umbrella.

While at this camp Oliver Denious of Lake township is detailed as bugler at brigade headquarters where he remains until the close of the war, having served in the ranks with the company eight months.

April 23, Company's "K" and "B" under command of Captain Jordan are sent out on the hunt of bushwhackers who infest the foothills and mountains of southern Kentucky. At the close of the first day we reach Wildcat, a hamlet now almost deserted by its former inhabitants. Here we camp until April 25, in the meantime divide up in squads and scour the hills and valleys in this benighted region, the haunt of bushwhackers and outlaws who are hidden in caves and on the hills watching for straggling soldiers and loyal citizens who fall victims to these bands. These hills, caves and other hiding places are familiar to these bands and it is a difficult matter to find them. From some hill top they probably watch and locate us with better success, and by watching our movements easily evade discovery.

Footprints Through Dixie

Failing to get trace of these men we return and reach the regiment on April 29.

During this time Colonel Gilbert never becomes lax in enforcing strict discipline. Sundays are set apart for inspection, and religious service in the afternoon. On these inspections all are expected to be present with clean hands and face and present, as far as conditions warrant, a tidy appearance. Even Joe and George always make it a rule to wash their faces and hands before Sunday inspection. Unless they are caught in a rain storm, water seldom gets as far back as their ears and neck. Our ammunition and muskets are inspected by a white gloved exacting inspecting officers, who with considerable vim seizes our muskets, examines the locks, sounds the barrel with a rammer to see the gun is clean inside and then hands the musket back with considerable more vigor than when he seized it. The inspector now passes up the rear of the line, opening cartridge boxes to see that ammunition is there and in good order. Brass U. S. plates and buckles, guns, rammers and bayonets are expected to be clear of rust, and shining. The inspector then passes down the line giving a hasty glance at knapsacks now opened and lying on the ground before us. When through, if the inspector does not find his gloves reasonably clean there is some back talk coming, and this always travels in the direction of the man in the ranks. The fact that a duty is neglected is sufficient. The whys and wherefores are not allowed unless called for. Seely takes a chance on an answer tinged with impertinence and escapes punishment. Seely is averse to carrying heavy knapsacks. The weather is warm and but little bedding and clothing is needed. He can sleep while hanging over a stump or rail fence. His clothing and household goods are discarded beyond the limit. As the inspector passes along the line he halts suddenly in front of Seely's lank knapsack. Then the inspector looks at Seely and again at the knapsack. Then again looking at Seely very severely the inspector inquires, "What have you in that knapsack?" "Von teck of carts and von tirty shirt" replies Seely. The inspector's attempt to suppress a smile is a failure as he passes on down the line. Seely escapes punishment occasionally because of his aptness in making amusing replies and because of his childlike look of innocence when accused of neglecting duties. His flash of wit probably saved him this time but I could think of nothing along that line to save me from a guard house sentence for appearing on inspection with twenty rounds of ammunition instead of forty as required.

During our long and tiresome drills twenty rounds of ammunition is removed from the lower chamber of my cartridge box, thus reducing the weight of the box somewhat. These are left in my tent during drill hours ready to replace in case of emergency, but I wasn't prepared to meet this emergency.

I neglected to replace this ammunition when called out for inspection and while the inspector examines my cartridge box I felt impressed that something undesirable would be coming my way.

The inspector's call for an explanation comes so suddenly that no answer but the truth is available so the case is lost. Disarmed, dishonored and accompanied by a guard, quarters is found in the guard house and the fighting strength of the army is impaired and its discipline improved and for three days thereafter the colonel and myself are the only men in the regiment who enjoy the distinction of being under the protection of guards walking a beat in front of our tents. But the sting to this punishment becomes less painful when it is found that these offending prisoners are relieved from all duty. No drilling or guard disturbs the culprit and rations are issued as usual; neither is his rest disturbed by bugle calls unless the army moves. At night the prisoner sometimes hears the pattering rain on the tent and his sympathies go out to his guard and protector who is facing the storm. Of course, boys passing the guard house tent sometimes say things that irritate these suffering (?) prisoners, yet they enjoy this period of rest and playing seven-up with the guards between their "tricks" on duty. But one thing that disturbs his peace of mind when nearing the close of sentence is the parting words delivered by Reilly whose penetrating voice leaves a lasting impression. This humiliation is about the only punishment inflicted for offenses of this kind, though sometimes offenders find recreation in picking stones and cleaning up camp grounds accompanied by a guard to see that his prisoner does not overwork himself.

June 6, Wilbur F. Kurtz of Paris township is appointed corporal. March 24, 1864, he is sent to the hospital where he remains until August 15 following. After service in the ranks of twenty nine months he is mustered out with the company at the close of the war.

A few days after this inspection we move east of the village of Mount Vernon near a small stream of water where we clean up a new camp and build bunks about one foot above ground and use our tents for covering. While here I become ill and report to the doctor who examines tongue and pulse, then passes out a few quinine powders when I return to quarters. While sitting on the bunk on the following day a sensation of something or some things creeping along my backbone is noticed. This being so unusual (?) my shirt is removed when bunkmate immediately diagnosed my malady as measles which are now coming out. To make sure he is not mistaking other eruptions as measles the surgeon is called, who confirms bunkmate's statement. After a few days under the doctor's care, duty in the ranks is resumed. There's nothing like quinine to drive out measles.

The weather is hot and water in the little stream is warm and stale, and many are afflicted with bowel troubles and fever. June 1, 1863, Joseph Johnson of Marlboro township is taken to the hospital tent with typhoid fever where he died on June 8. During our visits at the hospital it is seen that he is neglected by nurses who are more interested in idling around and reading novels than caring for the sick left in their care. Comrade Johnson's lips and mouth are parched with fever and his nostrils coated with blood left to draw flies he is unable to drive away. He tries to talk

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with visiting comrades but is unable to articulate words plain enough to be understood. His appealing look tells of suffering and neglect he fully realizes. To enter complaint by comrades for this treatment and neglect on the part of nurses is only to invite trouble to one who attempts to interfere. Comrade Johnson gave his country ten months honest, faithful service, during the time he was permitted to remain with us. His body was buried with the honors of war near our camping grounds from where it was afterward removed and sent to the home of his parents and buried in the Marlboro cemetery.

Thus it is too often the case that worthless soldiers in the ranks are detailed as nurses at hospitals where they become more than worthless nurses because of their laziness, indifference and neglect of sick placed under their charge. At Lexington, the writer while in hospital and delirious with fever was found crawling on hands and knees near the guard lines and returned to the hospital tent by a guard, where the nurse was found asleep, he supposed to be caring for a number of patients occupying the hospital tent.

On the night of August 8, I am on guard duty and stationed at the hospital where my lonely vigil of four hours is passed near where the body of my late comrade rests in its plain pine coffin, and where the moans and cries of suffering comrades are heard coming from hospital tents nearby.

With a Mother Bickerdyke located in every hospital tent thousands of lives might be saved. Mother is a terror to worthless doctors, hospital stewards, nurses and hangers on. Her hands never become entangled in red tape. She never fears or sizes up a man by the shoulder straps he wears and is always ready with an argument in defense of the man who carries a musket. Even Sherman admitted that Mother Bickerdyke ranked him. In this way the general rid himself of complaining surgeons who sought to have her removed. She watched these surgeons and nurses so closely that they can not always get away with delicacies sent by Soldiers Aid societies for sick and wounded soldiers.

May 20, a detail is made from our regiment to man company "D" First Ohio artillery, William H. Kahler and George Stratton of our company being detailed for this service and remain on this duty until July 16 following, when they report to the company while encamped at Stanford, Ky.

William H. Kahler of Marlboro was one of the five boys who was absent without leave after the company left Bellaire during the winter of '64 and '65. He returned to the company for duty at Wilmington, N. C., March 1, after an absence of about one month. He was mustered out with the company at Greensboro, N. C., after service of 33 months.

George Stratton of Franklin Square, Ohio, served with the command twenty six months and eight months on detached service and in the hospital. He was mustered out with the company when the war closed.

While at this camp a Cornet Band is organized by the officers of the regiment who purchase instruments and employ a leader to

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instruct members of the band, who are selected from the ranks of the regiment.

Reverend Buell Whitney, a private of company "I" receives a commission as chaplain of the regiment and faithfully performs the duties of his office throughout his term of service.

We are kept constantly at work during the hot month of June in battalion, company and skirmish drill and the practice of falling out at roll call under arms is not neglected. Inspections, guard mountings and dress parade in addition to these drills are kept going with painful regularity. This daily routine of duties is never neglected unless storms, marching or movements of rebel raiders demand our attention.

Natives frequently visit our camps offering pies and other eatables for sale. These delicacies (?) are sometimes bought by wicked soldiers with money known as Ohio Bookbindery currency, a very good imitation of Ohio State bank bills. Yet the natives do not lose much in the deal for this bookbindery currency comes about as near being the genuine article as the pies and doughnuts do. The shortening seems to have entered the dough the long way and filler in the pies is sometimes a mystery, though dried apple and elderberry are names, under which they are sold. Apples are dried by stringing the quartered fruit on threads, then suspended to decorate walls, ceilings and over fire places there to remain through the drying period to breed worms and afford resting places for flies. These elastic pies are made with both crimped and plain edges, distinguished by boys as "pegged and sewed," yet soldiers sometimes eat them and sometimes they are seen impaled on bayonets as we march along. One of these wicked soldiers buys a roasted chicken for which he gives the farmer a one dollar bookbindery bill and receives twenty five cents change in good money. This deal shocks the conscientious sergeant who straightway visits the tent of the offender with exhortations and threats of punishment, but the sergeant soon returns to his tent with an eased conscience and a portion of the chicken.

Planters are not altogether satisfied with the kind of protection we are giving them for they frequently visit camp with complaints against soldiers who are accused of visiting truck patches, chicken roosts, etc., also that cows are failing in their flow of milk. Boys who have a hankering for chicken cannot be too careful when disposing of feathers, for a few downy feathers found on Jack's blouse leads to conviction and this discovery is made when Jack had almost established an alibi. Jack pays the planter, also the penalty of his crime with a guard house sentence and is now relieved from all other duty and for several days he languishes in the guard house at his ease while watching us good boys sweating on the drill ground, yet dreading an attack of "prickly heat" that will be administered by Reilly at the close of his imprisonment.

Two boys who are supposed to be protecting property of Ken-

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tucky citizens visit a plantation in the dead of night and carry away a hive of bees. While on their way to camp with this precious burden the baying of blood hounds is heard coming from the direction of the raided plantation. With a sensation of those savage animals tearing at their flesh and without time to discuss the situation the bee hive is quickly dropped, and as the boys describe it, "but few high places are touched between the starting point and camp." But, "the wicked flee when no man persueth" for it was found afterwards that these hounds were on the trail of other game.

Slaves have shown us scars left from attacks of these savage animals, also welts upon their backs, the latter made by the lash applied by master or overseer. These slaves are now giving their masters considerable trouble for many are watching opportunities to gain their freedom. At night while on picket we hear the baying of hounds on the trail of fugitive slaves trying to reach the Ohio river where they are often captured before reaching the goal. For this offense slaves have heretofore been sold to planters in the cotton and cane states farther south, separated from their families, chained together in gangs and transported down the river there to spend their lives in unrequited toil, and ill treatment.

We who have lived and been educated amid anti-slavery influences now more clearly see the evils of human bondage. We meet slaves who though uneducated are men of intelligence, yet subject to the will of masters who hold the same title to these human beings that are held to horses and cattle, a system founded in selfishness and continued until it is believed by their owners to be a sacred right. These slaves fully realize their condition yet many are devoted to masters and mistresses and seem content with their lot and will probably remain on the old plantation.

We have orders to protect property belonging to citizens of the state against rebel raiders and when slaves are lost, strayed or stolen all citizens as well as soldiers are expected to aid in restoring this property to its rightful owner and when found within the Union lines are delivered up if called for or expelled from our camps.

As a further protection many secession families possess both Confederate and Union flags which are displayed to passing Union or rebel armies as evidence of loyalty as occasion requires.

Boys do considerable growling because of these orders protecting property belonging to planters known to be in sympathy with the enemy, and property needful to add to the army ration is secretly declared "contraband of war." When the loyalty of a planter is in doubt soldiers sometimes take the benefit of this, along with other things, such as potatoes, apples, poultry, etc.

Our movements up to the present time have consisted largely of foot races. As the enemy we are contending with is mounted on horses we seem to be operating at a disadvantage for the rebs commit depredations and then escape our infantry with ease, while at

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times it is necessary for us to get an early start to escape the enemy when on our trail. Camps Dick Robinson and Nelson are fortified camps used as base of supplies, also our place of refuge whenever the enemy's turn comes to "run us in."

We have now been in this camp about five weeks. The constant drill and camp duties become monotonous and tiresome. The weather is hot, camping grounds are stale, and water getting low in the little stream, is impure. The grass in the vicinity of the camping grounds is tramped to death. We want a change of scenery and get it on June 29, when the bugle sounds "strike tents." All joyfully respond to the call, fold tents and pack household effects, then form in marching order. "Forward, M-a-r-c-h" is the command and all step off to the music of the new band, singing "Tramp, tramp the boys are marching," etc., continuing until evening, then bivouac for the night.

SOMERSET, KENTUCKY

On the following day we reach Somerset, Ky., and camp about one mile from the village. We afterwards move to a new position near by and clean up the camping grounds. We have now cleaned up a generous portion of Kentucky, removing stones, briars and underbrush, also top rails from any miles of fences, but are only allowed to remove top rails. This is a standing order that is strictly obeyed. As soon as camp grounds are selected we stack arms, break ranks, unsling knapsacks and stake down tents. "Chum" takes both canteens and goes on the hunt of water and I go after a top rail or two. A fire is soon started when chum returns with canteens filled. Sometimes he finds a cow and spring at the same time and now returns with a canteen of milk. Chum with others corner the cow, that, he says was "a bad actor." Two hold the cow by the horns and nose and one by the tail while two do the milking between kicks. When the cow tries to back, the boy at the steering oar gives the tail a twist, yet when milking time is over, he says, "the cow is as dry as a desert." Supper is soon over and a ditch is dug around our tents when we lie down for a rest. Details for guard and picket duty is called by the orderly sergeant and we escape. While congratulating ourselves on our good luck the second sergeant bawls out "fall in for police duty." There is no escape this time so with bundles of brush the entire camp is swept and cleared of brush and stones.

During these movements chasing after and from rebel raiders we are allowed to carry arms at will and march at route step. This permits us to carry arms in any way desired and to march along without keeping up snug in the ranks. On approaching villages or places where a favorable impression of "Yanks" is desired to be left, "attention" is called when we close up in the ranks and come to right shoulder shift then catch step with the tap of the drums or music un-

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til we have passed before both friendly and hostile inhabitants. After we have passed, "route step and arms at will" is resumed. During our marches most of the boys prefer to take this punishment in silence, but we have a few who look upon these route step periods as a time set apart to relate past achievements as hunters, rail splitters, wood choppers, etc., also to discuss important questions of the day. On reaching camp and before breaking ranks the chaplain often appears with our mail which is sometimes late in delivery because of our constant shifting from point to point over the state. Our letters are marked "to follow the regiment" and reach us sooner or later.

Today I receive a letter from home with the information that my brother belonging to the Thirty Fifth, Iowa, regiment was captured in Mississippi, and is now a prisoner on Belle Isle, Va.

Even this hot July weather does not move the commander's heart with pity. Daily duties and drills keep right on just the same. Company "B" is located on the left of the regimental line and when a "right wheel" of the battalion is ordered it is a game of crack the whip for company "B". Other evolutions made with a double quick movement gives us all the exercise needed and more than desired.

Cincinnati papers reach us daily and we get a little time to read while the bacon is frying. We are reading about the Morgan raid near our homes in Columbiana and Stark counties, O., also that the pope of Rome has recognized the southern confederacy and Jeff. Davis as its president. This is followed by New York city and Boston draft riots lasting three days where hundreds of lives are lost and millions of property destroyed, while the marching rioters hurrah for Jeff. Davis. Lincoln is denounced as a bloody tyrant and is being crucified between croakers and copperheads. Not very comforting news to read while we are toiling and sweating to suppress the rebellion.

Draft is on and the country is in a turmoil. Copperheads are organizing lodges of Knights of the Golden Circle to resist the draft, threatening revolution in the North with "Fort Fizzle" in Holmes county, Ohio as one of the points of rally and resistance. Opposition to Lincoln's method of carrying on the war, and inaction of the army of the Potomac is loudly criticised by many newspapers throughout the North.

CAMP NELSON, KY.

July 29, we again take up our line of march and reach Camp Nelson on the evening of July 30. Tired, hungry and footsore we drop down for a short rest before staking down our tents. During this march we suffer from the excessive heat, both from the scorching sun and hot dusty pikes. At times our hardships are increased by the company oracles who seldom become too tired to take these hard-

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ships seriously. Ritchey will endure punishment in order to add torture to others. On this march he expresses the opinion that this is good weather on growing crops. Though all seem too tired under this withering heat and sun to do aught but nurse aches and keep in the ranks these unfeeling pests break out in an argument, some denying, others affirming Ritchey's opinion until groans frequently escape the lips of persecuted listeners.

Two of these boys had been away from home before they entered the army, a fact they are determined to impress upon the minds of suffering comrades. A number of the bureaus of information spring from early German settlers in Stark county. Coming from the farms they are hardy, well seasoned boys, whose power of endurance seem almost marvelous. Inured to labor at home where they mauled rails and performed other hard work during long days and hunted coon at night, they are well equipped to meet conditions found in hard military service. They miss mother's good hog and hominy, ham and eggs, etc., yet uncomplainingly accept what the quartermaster has to offer. Seldom answering to the morning sick call they are always found ready for duty or an argument. During the time these boys have been traveling and a few months in military service they have developed into military experts and have gathered much valuable information all of which they generously divide as we march along or while in camp.

It seems that when "General" Smitty was about sixteen years of age he got into an argument with his dad and got the worst of it, then ran way from home. But in a short time he tires of the bumps and jars he finds among strangers in strange lands and determines to return to his father's house, believing that one good hard "lickin" at home was better than facing the cold world. Dad didn't meet him on the way with open arms or serve any fatted calf, except a narrow strip of the hide and this was served raw. Smitty got but little of this however for mother interfered before the boy hardly got a taste of it. Smitty's absence from home was crowded with adventures and these are passed out to his comrades without provocation.

"General Fritz," sometimes known as the "dutch yankee," assumes an air of superiority that irritates other oracles. Another brigadier under a knapsack, one who comes from old fighting stock for his grandfather's step brother served under General Jackson. Fritz, too, has traveled. He has McGuffey's speller committed to memory, also has geography and the multiplication table and all military calls set to music with which to entertain us. Not long before enlisting he visited an uncle down at Kishoquoquillas, Pa., and is the only boy in the company who can spell the name of this place correctly. Fritz remained away a week yet, he says, "the dog knew him when he returned home." He went the rounds shaking hands with neighbors, who had not missed the boy, but listen patiently while the great traveler unloads the information he has gathered in that far off country. Ritchey who has collected fragments of this oft repeated story with its many

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variations ventures the opinion that Fritz's uncle in Pennsylvania soon tired of the boy's "running off at the mouth" and turned the dogs loose on him and ended the visitation ahead of schedule time and would do so again if Fritz ever again infested that neighborhood." Fritz is mad. Then sergeant interferes and declares the boys out of order and all becomes quiet in the ranks.

These oracles appear to know more than is known at headquarters about past and future movements of the army. Wise predictions sometimes arouses the envy of other strategists and arguments follow. Distance between points over which we have traveled, the object of certain movements of the army, the virtue of peach sprouts in locating veins of water, the infallibility of the Lancaster almanac and signs of the zodiac are among the questions they try to settle. Almost daily while on the march these arguments are good for a chorus of groans from weary comrades.

General Burnside now appears and takes command of the forces in Kentucky. Rumors are afloat in camp an army is being organized to march through the Cumberland mountains to East Tennessee. We are delighted to hear of a change and any new adventure will be welcomed. We are tired of footracing over these hot and dusty pikes where little seems to be accomplished except to test our power of endurance while drilling, marching and protecting property belonging to the enemy as well as friends, against rebel raiders. Kentucky scenery does not interest us any more, though this scenery has been somewhat changed by the removal of acres of stones, brier patches and many miles of rail fences.

THROUGH THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS

August 4, we are again on the march and after crossing the Kentucky river we arrive at "Camp Dick" and pitch our tents. At this camp orders are issued that each man be supplied with a new suit of clothing, if needed, together with an extra suit and change of underclothing, one hundred rounds of ammunition, eight days rations and an extra pair of shoes. All this to be added to our supply of baggage Uncle Sam now proposes to heap upon our backs to be carried on a march of over two hundred miles through the Cumberland mountains to East Tennessee.

While at this camp William Smith of Marlboro is sent to the hospital. January, 1864 he is transferred from the hospital to the Invalid Corps where he remains until discharged, after eleven months service with his company.

At the same time George Zentz of Lake township is detached to headquarters for blacksmith service where he remains until February, 1864 when he returns to the company for duty. He is again detached for this service where he remains until the close of the war, having served on duty in the ranks fourteen months.

Drill at this camp continues until August 13. In the meantime



*"Come out from behind that Knapsack, Eli,
I know you're there."*

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further preparations are being made for the march to East Tennessee. On this date we start out on the Danville pike and arrive at the village in the evening and are "tenting again on the old camp ground" occupied on a former visit.

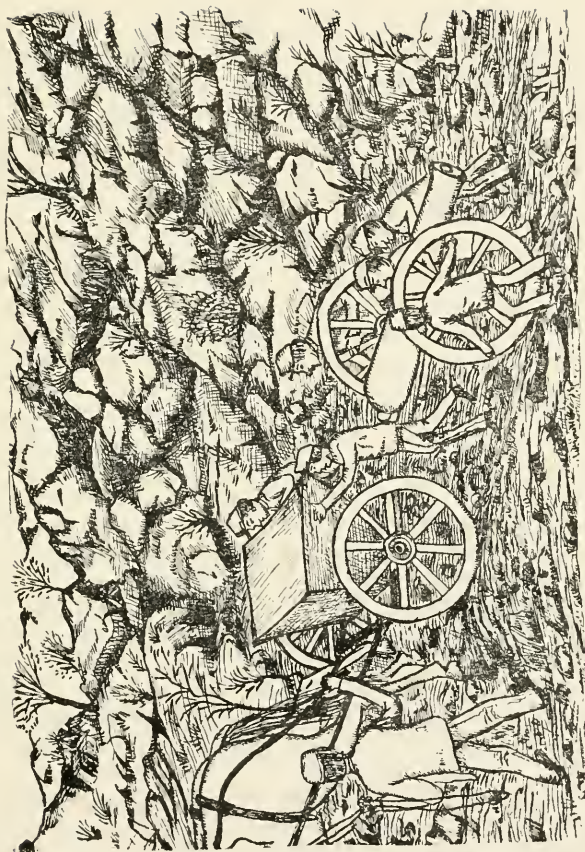
STANFORD, KENTUCKY

On August 17 our march is continued to Stanford, Ky., where we arrive late in the evening and pitch our tents. The march to Stanford will not be forgotten by all who suffered torment from the hot blistering sun on our heads and heat radiating from the dusty pike. Water is scarce and clouds of dust so heavy at times that one can scarcely see his file leader. The loads on our backs now weigh from sixty to eighty pounds and many who are overcome by heat or through exhaustion are loaded in ambulances or sent to the hospital where a few are reported to have died of sunstroke. The loads we are now carrying consists of one Enfield rifle, one hundred rounds of ammunition (one ounce balls), eight days rations, one extra suit of clothing with underwear, shoes, tent and blankets and poncho. These articles with canteen, frying pan, coffee cans and other equipment make up the loads we must "tote" over rough mountainous roads through the Cumberlands. Taking a rear view of Eli and Stevie of company "I", two seventeen year old boys, but little can be seen except this mass of baggage and the lower portions of their legs. These hardy dutiful boys measure five feet from heel to crown and are always found on hand at roll call until Steve falls before the enemy at Atlanta on the second anniversary of the date of his enlistment.

While encamped here, David Beltz of Marlboro is detailed as teamster and pioneer at brigade headquarters, remaining on this detached service until the close of the war, after eleven months service in the ranks.

August 19, 1863 the bugle calls "strike tents" and we are soon in line marching southward and shouting "On to Knoxville." Our first stop is made at Crab Orchard where we bivouac for the night, continuing the march on the following day, with our regiment guarding the supply train. After passing through Somerset and Wildcat Mountains we reach and ford Cumberland river and camp for the night. Our brigade is now made up of the Forty Fourth, One Hundredth, One Hundred and Third, One Hundred and Fourth and One Hundred Twelfth Illinois, Sixteenth Kentucky and Eighth Tennessee Infantry, the latter a new regiment of East Tennessee refugees who had been driven from homes to Kentucky and organized into loyal defenders of the flag, with Colonel Gilbert of the Forty Fourth Ohio in command of the brigade.

July 25, before starting out on this march Benjamin Bixler of Lake township was transferred to the engineers battalion where he remained until the close of the war. Since November 1862 he has been detailed as teamster where he remained until this



*We stack muskets and knapsacks to help
Artillery over the hard places.*

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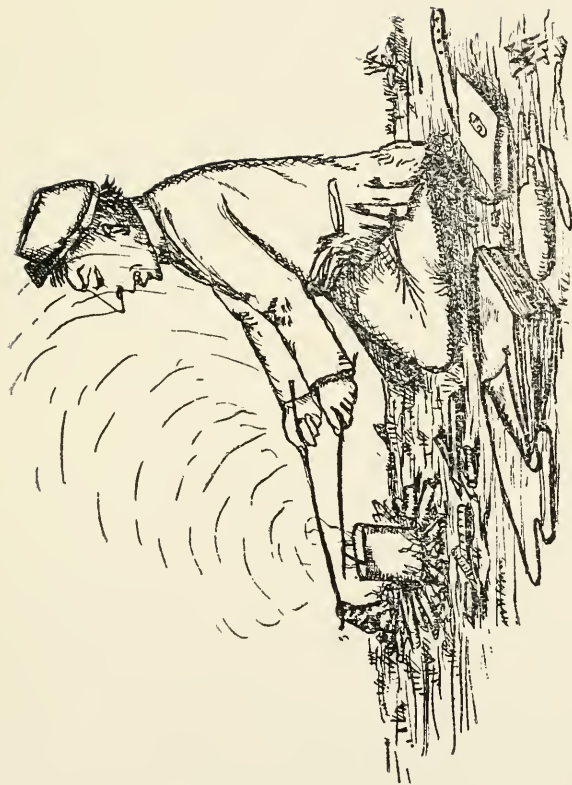
transfer was made. He was absent without leave a few weeks, finally reported to the company at Greensboro, N. C., where he was mustered out with his command when the war closed after service with the company of about two months.

August 27, Levi Seely of Lake township is detailed as teamster where he remains until July 20, 1864, returning to the company for duty at Chattahoochie river, Georgia. He is again detailed as teamster at Columbia, Tenn., January, 1865 and returned for duty February following and was mustered out at the close of the war after twenty two months in the ranks.

While at this camp John F. Heacock of Salem, Ohio, is sent to the hospital, returning to the company for duty at Knoxville, Tenn., September 13, 1863. May 2, 1865 he was granted a furlough while encamped at Raleigh, N. C., returning to the company at Greensboro, N. C., June 2. He was mustered out at the close of the war after service in the ranks of thirty two months.

Jonas Haag of Marlboro is sent to the hospital at the same time, returning to the company at Knoxville, Tenn., March 1864. He was mustered out of service at the close of the war after twenty five months service.

Seldom pitching our tents at the close of a day's march, we prepare suppers, then with knapsack or cartridge box for pillows and rubber poncho or tents for covering we lie down for a night's rest. During our march through this broken and mountainous country we are often ordered to unsling knapsacks, stack muskets and pass to the rear to assist wagons and cannons over these rough roads and steep hills. On the evening of August 26, we camp in the mountains and are promised a short rest, but this for some reason was not given and our march through this wilderness of hills, rocks and underbrush is continued to a hamlet on the Tennessee border called Chitwood where we arrive on August 29, too tired and worn to build fires until after a short rest when fires are built to prepare supper. Now we are to have a short rest, meantime the discovery is made that the mules dragging our supply wagons are about exhausted, and a number given out entirely. The discovery is also made that soldiers are about all able to stand on end. The problem is now solved by the quartermaster who issues eight days rations of crackers, coffee, sugar, salt, etc to each soldier. The mules are now relieved while we have about twenty pounds added to our loads and about the amount we had at the beginning of this march. We don't have to help the mules and horses over the hard spots now, but the mules are helping many of the boys who are climbing in wagons when exhausted and for a few days we notice an increase in the amount of clothing and number of blankets boys are leaving along the roadside. The rations are consumed by many in about one half the time the food is expected to last, the boys preferring to feast liberally rather than be burdened with their loads. Plenty of chinquopins and occasional patches of corn are found in the mountains, these helping along. We are given a ration of fresh beef each day from cattle that are driven along with the army supply train and slaughtered as needed. Company cooks are now relieved from duty and each man is supplied



"Serve Self"

with a small frying pan, and coffee can or boiler in which coffee is not only made but is coarsely ground with the heel of a bayonet.

On this march we are accompanied by the First Tennessee Cavalry under command of Col. Jim. Brownlow, son of Parson Brownlow. This father and son together with many members of this regiment have been driven from their homes in East Tennessee. Conscripting officers in Confederate service, and bushwhackers forced these men to either enter the rebel army or become refugees. The boys are now headed in the direction of their homes and little mercy is shown scouting rebel soldiers and bushwhackers that fall into their hands. They are keeping our advance clear of rebel scouts and spies and are delighted with the job. Parson Brownlow who accompanies the regiment hopes to reach his home in Knoxville where his family is suffering at the hands of Confederates who now occupy that city.

We continue on through this mountain wilderness, over rough and difficult roads where but few people live and the few male inhabitants who are able to bear arms have gone to war or organized into bushwhacking gangs. The sentiment of Kentuckians and Tennesseans is about equally divided between Union and secession and many are now fighting former neighbors and friends. During our march the past few days covering about thirty miles we continue to pass occasional clearings, cabins and small fields with brush fences on mountain sides and in narrow valleys. At the end of this march we find a number of these log cabins and brush enclosed fields where our army stop for dinner near a large spring of fine water. Here an aged man of the Rip VanWinkle type accompanied by a number of women and two or three generations of children and dogs make their appearance. Our army with the beating of drums, calls of the bugle and music of the band creates a great stir among the inhabitants, who for the first time behold the flag of their country. Though over 80 years of age the old gentlemen informs us he has never been out of the mountains and really did not know there was so many people in all the world. This is surely a hard road to travel yet it is some comfort to boys who are complaining with sore feet and stiffened joints to find that the oracle's guns have been spiked and but little of their punishment is inflicted as we march along.

Nick's loyalty is sorely tried during this march. He talks like a rebel. These hard marches over rough mountain roads with aching shoulders and blistered heels, seems to cool his patriotism. Nick is one of the light weights in company "B", one whose weight of harness and cargo strapped upon him, and his slender body are not so very far from being evenly balanced. Nick says "If this is the kind of country we are fighting for I am in favor of letting the rebs take their land and niggers and go to 'ell for I wouldn't give a bit an acre for all the land I have seen in the last four days." "For over a year," he says, "we have been tramping over hot dusty pikes or through snow and mud looking for something no one wants to find, and with the exception of two light skirmishes have found nothing to fight but

graybacks, and in the meantime earning wages of three bits a day for the benefit of our sutler."

September 1, 1863 we again move forward, fording Clinch river near Kingston, Tenn., and continue on through Clinch Mountain and Powell's Gap soon reaching a fine open country with well improved farms and promising crops of grain and fruits, thus ending our march through the mountains without serious interruption from the enemy, and on September 4 reach Knoxville, Tenn. A few days before our arrival the rebel General Buckner with his forces evacuates the city retreating eastward toward Virginia. Many loyal people in this portion of the state have assembled in the city and greet us with joyful demonstrations and where we see Stars and Stripes floating from homes, all denoting that a Union sentiment is strong in the city and throughout portions of the state through which we have passed. Raising of the union flag over courthouse and other public buildings starts another demonstration as the citizens once more see "Old Glory" floating to the breeze.

Here we go into camp and clean up preparing for inspection. On September 7, much to our surprise our bugler sounds the assembly and we are soon headed in a northerly direction, leaving the band with the disabled men and surplus baggage in the city. We are now making a flank movement on Cumberland Gap, sixty miles distant. We make this march in two and one-half days and on very short rations. Following so closely on our march through the mountains the task is a trying one and boys are wishing for some of the rations wasted while passing through these mountains. We again ford Clinch river and other streams, marching far into the night, stumbling over uneven and stony roads and tired, sore and hungry, we finally bivouac near midnight and long for a square meal. During the forenoon considerable discussion was carried on by our strategists concerning the purpose of this movement but no agreement is reached before exhaustion has stilled their voices. Yonie suffers in an argument with Fritz. The former declares it is "like casting pearls to swine," to try to hammer any information into Fritz's head.

On the following morning our march is continued at an early hour. Passing through Maynardsville and Tazwell, we arrive at the foothills of the mountains and camp about five miles from Cumberland Gap. For the rapidity of this flank movement and its results our brigade receive a complimentary telegram from President Lincoln which is read on dress parade.

Our brigade with Konkle and Shields' batteries make this march, with Colonel Gilbert in command of the brigade and General Burnside commanding the forces operating against the Gap.

On arriving at a point somewhat nearer the Gap on the following morning we form in line of battle expecting to attack the enemy advanced line of defenses and skirmishers are thrown out who soon engage the enemy picket line.

Cumberland Gap is a narrow roadway leading through the moun-

tains, a natural and strong fortification. The mountains on each side of this passage are about twelve hundred feet high and almost perpendicular in places. Throughout this winding roadway at every bend the rebels have planted their artillery in position to sweep our only route to meet them and to storm the heights where the force of the enemy occupy their main position looks about as difficult as to storm the moon. The Gap is defended by a force of over two thousand men and sixteen pieces of artillery, under command of General Frazier, Confederate States Army.

A demand is made by General Burnside asking surrender of the rebel force which is refused by the rebel general. We are now ordered forward and drive the enemy from his first line of works back to the fortification in the Gap and on the heights and hold our position awaiting orders. Following this, further negotiations are going on between the two generals in an effort to agree on terms of surrender. The time occupied in coming to an understanding are moments of anxiety to us, knowing that an attempt to carry the Gap by storm must be attended with great loss of life. We also feel quite certain that Burnside will order an assault if the enemy refuses to surrender. About four o'clock on the afternoon of September 9, loud cheering is heard along the line as the enemy is seen to lower his flag and fling a white flag to the breeze in token of surrender. It is reported that the fort is occupied by North Carolina troops, many of whom had been forced into the Confederate service against their will and are really loyal union men and when a battle seemed imminent a mutiny broke out in the rebel ranks.

Before dark the rebel force march down out of the mountain to a level plat of ground and stack muskets and our regiment is placed on guard over them until the following morning, when we are relieved by troops who conduct the prisoners to Camp Nelson, Ky. We now march up into the mountains and camp where the three states of Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee join. On our way through this mountain pass we meet other union troops who have been operating on the north side of the gap and are now on their way in the direction of Knoxville.

Among the supplies captured is found a quantity of flour, meal, bacon, dutch ovens and frying pans. These are all put to good use while we remain and a plentiful supply of rations is prepared for the return trip.

While encamped here Uriah Dennis of Paris township reports to the company for duty after an absence of fifteen days on furlough. June 1864 while advancing on the enemy lines near Kenesaw mountain, Ga., he receives a gunshot wound from which he died at the hospital at Knoxville, Tenn. Dennis served faithfully in all the engagements with his command up to the time of receiving his death wound.

Filling our haversacks with an ample supply of bacon and "home-made" corn dodgers we start on return to Knoxville early on the morning of September 11, 1863, entering upon the march in a much

Footprints Through Dixie

more jubilant frame of mind than when we started out on this flank movement. Our forces have captured about 2,300 prisoners, 16 pieces of artillery, seven flags and all the enemy's small arms and, best of all, a generous supply of provisions. Our oracles are now hilarious and each is striving to tell why the enemy surrendered such a strong position with ample supplies to withstand a long siege. Hi. is the loudest talker and gets the floor. Hi. is always loaded with theories and opinions and these are delivered freely and forcibly. The argument goes on as we march along rejoicing over our victory and escape from an ugly looking job, meantime patiently listening while these hardy boys relieve the pressure crowding their store of knowledge. The safety valve finally drops and all becomes more quiet in the ranks, much to the relief of all, save Ritchey. He won't stand for this. Ritchey is a splinter under the nail of Company "B". He now inquires of Yonie where the sign was when the demand was made for the surrender of Cumberland Gap when Yonie informs us that the sign on that day was in the head which caused contention in the rebel ranks. To this reply Ritchey inquires why this sign did not operate the same way in the union ranks.

Then up goes the safety valve and another argument is on under full steam and everybody "cusses" Ritchey, but he is happy nevertheless. Yonie will never break away from traditions and superstitions of his ancestors whose wierd pow-wow ceremonies are applied for the cure of diseases, removing warts, heading off carbuncles, curing heaves in horses, etc., and whose power to do these things is transmitted from father to son. The old reliable Lancaster almanac is a family guide and signs are closely watched when planting crops and weaning colts, calves and babies. When Ember days run low it is believed that the price of farm products is headed in the same direction. It was sometimes believed that a democratic administration was favorable to the growth of rye and wheat, while a Whig administration was believed to be attended with Hessian fly and other pests. Yonie has gained prestige in the ranks as a weather prophet and never fails to remind us when his weather predictions have been fulfilled. Another feature that adds lustre to his prestige is the fact that he is the only one among the younger boys who carries a visible moustache. He carries a small pocket mirror that is also visible much of the time. But Yonie can't be persuaded to pow-wow an ugly seed wart from Fritz's knuckle. He's not going to stake his reputation on so worthless a subject; in fact he would rather add a few more warts.

We reach Tazwell, Tenn., at the close of our first day's march and camp for the night. This village, the county seat of Claiborne county, has been partly destroyed by the rebels because of the loyalty of its citizens to the Union. Our march is continued on the following morning, passing through Maynardsville, county seat of Union county, another village that has suffered also because of the loyalty of its citizens to the old flag.

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We arrive at Knoxville on the evening of September 13, where we are met by the band and escorted through the village to a suitable position where we bivouac for the night. On the following morning we go into camp east of the city, near the Holston river, afterward moving to the west side where we clean up the grounds and go into camp.

September 15, 1863, George Lantz of Plain township is sent to the hospital at Knoxville, returning to the company for duty after two months absence. He served in the ranks until the close of the war and was mustered out after thirty two months service.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

On September 20, the bugle again calls "strike tents" when in light marching order we go to the railroad, board the cars and are taken to Henderson station, a village near the eastern border of the state. Here we leave the railroad, passing through Jonesboro, and march about twenty miles where we find rebel pickets awaiting us. The prospects for a fight look promising but after a little skirmishing the enemy's main force cross a bridge which they burn, then retreat into Virginia leaving their pickets to be made prisoners. Our work accomplished we turn our faces toward Knoxville with over 200 prisoners and on reaching the railroad, board the cars for that city, arriving at our destination on the morning of September 26. Here we march to the city and are placed on provost guard.

September 21, Sergeant Robert Chisholm of Lexington township is placed on duty at the city grist mill, returning to the company at Plain's Cross Roads December 21 following. June 6, 1864 he is reduced to the ranks by order of Lieutenant Colonel Stearl. August 10 following he is sent to the hospital from where he is transferred to the Invalid Corps where he remains until the close of the war, having served with the company eighteen months.

October 1, 1863, Thomas H. B. Correll of Canton township is detached for service in the Quartermaster's department from where he is discharged March 23, 1864 and receives a commission as lieutenant in the First Tennessee Heavy Artillery recruited here and made up of former slaves.

October 20, 1863, Lieutenant Nelson of Canton is placed on detached service in the Quartermaster's department and remains here until the close of the war, after thirteen months service with the company.

While performing these duties in the city we hear of the warm political campaign in Ohio between the exiled "martyr" Vallandigham and John Brough, candidate for governor. This Vallandigham has been tried for treason and found guilty then sent through the lines to his friends in Dixie from where he makes his escape and is now carrying on his campaign among friends in Canada. Here he finds support among sympathizing Britishers, rebel conspirators, bounty jumpers, and northern men who have taken up a temporary residence in Canada to escape draft. On election day our regiment is lined up to cast its vote and all vote regardless of age. Boys of

nineteen and twenty believe they have a better right to vote than the copperheads at home have to exercise this privilege. It is found that all these votes except four are cast for Brough and the boys are trying to locate the four rebel voters in the regiment but it can't be done and none are brave enough to plead guilty.

Vallandigham lacks something over one hundred thousand votes of being elected governor, the soldier vote having contributed largely in cooking the copperhead goose.

During our service in the city I am detailed for duty on the non-commissioned staff and placed in charge of guards at the city grist mill, which had been taken possession of to supply flour and meal for the army. We remain on this duty until our forces are driven in by the Confederates under General Longstreet who is preparing to take the city either by assault or siege. We are then sent to guard the arsenal located near the city limits. This is a large brick building containing machinery and a quantity of condemned arms and ammunition including the arms captured at Cumberland Gap. Soon after the enemy established lines he sent a detachment of troops who make a night raid on this arsenal when our sentinels give an alarm. We are quickly up and stirring, apply the match in a number of places and see that the fire is well under way, then make a hasty retreat to our lines with a number of whistling bullets traveling in the same direction that fail to overtake us. The building and contents are soon ablaze. Exploding shells and crack of musketry is heard coming from the buildings for several hours. We are now placed in the defenses surrounding the city and the siege of Knoxville is nearly complete. A few days after taking our position on the line I am sent with a squad of men to guard the citizen's prison containing a number of residents who are suspected of giving aid and information to the enemy.

A number of these prisoners have taken an active part in persecuting Union citizens, among them Parson Brownlow who is a strong and active union man and publisher of a paper in the city until rebel citizens destroyed his press, and after a term in prison compelled him to leave the city and become a refugee within the union lines. The parson has now returned and is getting back at a few of his persecutors. He leaves the city again before the beginning of the siege but while at home he exposes these traitors who are either imprisoned or sent through the lines to the Confederacy.

While on this guard duty I become acquainted with one of my prisoners, a very friendly sort of a rebel, whom I accompany to his home in the city a number of times. His family consists of two daughters and a young son. Here I am treated with the hospitality characteristic of southern people and provided with good dinners that are now greatly appreciated for our rations are growing less as the siege progresses. The father has nothing to say concerning the state of national affairs, while the girls make free to express their hopes and

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love of the "sacred cause," and seem pleased to find a listener who disagrees with them, one on whom they can give vent to their feeling toward "Lincoln hordes and hirelings" and express their great admiration for the great patriot Jeff. Davis and the "flag that bears the single star." These arguments are carried on in a friendly way, however and I am shown pictures of two "boys in gray" in whom the girls are interested and told that these boys are now with the forces that have formed a ring about the city expecting to starve us to the point of surrender. Yet these kind hearted girls have promised to intercede in my behalf when we become prisoners of war, an event they are earnestly praying for and believe will occur, either by assault on our lines or by starvation.

Shortly before the beginning of the siege Burnside with the Ninth army corps, who was trying to hold Longstreet's army in check, is slowly driven back by the enemy, and now occupies defenses about the city, arriving on November 10, 1863. The enemy now control all roads leading out of the city, cutting us off from all outside communication. The only line heretofore open was by wagon road through Cumberland Gap to Kentucky and this line is now closed by the rebel General Joe. Wheeler's cavalry. During the three weeks of this siege our allowance of food is gradually reduced until it reaches a very small portion of salt pork, and soggy bran bread of which the crust only can be eaten. I am fortunate in getting an occasional square meal from the friendly rebel family and fare better than the boys on the line or in camp. After our forces are driven back to the main lines defending the city the siege continues without much action except skirmishing and an occasional shot or shell sent in by the enemy's artillery posted on surrounding hills, until we have about reached the point of surrender or cutting our way through the enemy lines, when union scouts make their way through the rebel lines with the welcome tidings that General Sherman with the Fourth Corps is on the way to our relief. General Longstreet now aware of the approach of Sherman determines to carry our defenses by assault. Previous to this our men have cut away the timber fronting Ft. Sanders, located near the outskirts of the city and from this timber sharpened stakes are made and constructed into an abattis placed some distance out from the fort. Around these high cut stumps of trees are intertwined wires about shin high and running in all directions. The ditch fronting this fort is about ten feet deep and the embankment from ten to fifteen feet in height. Before day break on the morning of November 29, the enemy advances in three lines making a fierce attack when the obstructions in the way throw their lines into confusion, yet they continue to advance until the fort is reached and attempt is made to scale the walls where many are thrown in the ditch and slaughtered by hand grenades thrown among them by our troops. At a second assault by the reserve forces the entire attacking forces are again repulsed with a loss of over two hundred men. The enemy now retire and give up the battle and

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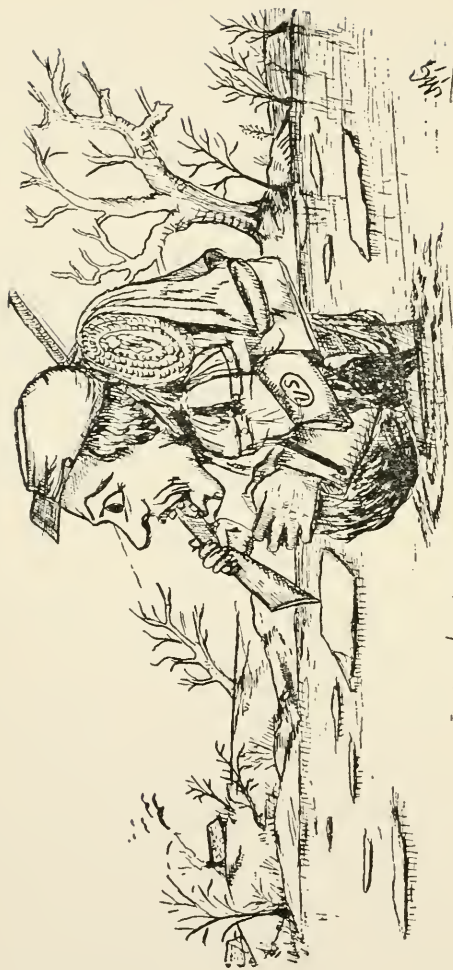
send in a flag of truce asking permission to bury their dead. The flag of truce is met by union officers and agreement is made that we deliver the enemy dead at a point between the lines there to be turned over to friends for burial. In the afternoon of this date I am sent with a squad of ten men to assist in carrying off the rebel dead to the point agreed upon. On arriving at the field we find that a number of places in the ditch the dead are heaped upon each other and others are lying over the field, the wounded having been removed and taken to our hospitals. A portion of our squad get down into the ditch and stand these stiffened bodies along the side walls of the muddy bloodstained ditch where they are taken out and carried to enemy soldiers waiting at the appointed place to receive them. A few prisoners not seriously wounded are placed in our charge when we return to the city.

Longstreet's failure to take the city by storm and the near approach of Sherman's army compels the enemy to abandon the siege and retreat is made eastward toward Virginia. Sherman soon arrives with a small amount of rations which are increased as soon as his supply train reaches the city. Our communications are now open with the north by way of Cumberland Gap, our mail is soon delivered and the boys get a shower of letters and packages from home. Folks at home seem to have kept right on writing, hoping, perhaps, that by some means their letters would penetrate the Confederate lines. Their anxiety and painful suspense during the siege can only be realized by those who have sons and brothers suffering and slowly starving in rebel prisons.

I make one more visit with my rebel prisoner to his home but the former cordial greeting from the girls is missing. Yes, the girls are angry and not the least bit sociable. Their "best fellows" have failed to keep their appointment and didn't even send regrets, but instead they are "hiking" Virginiiaward. I am wise enough not to refer to late events along the line for the girls really look dangerous. No fumes of the customary dinner is noticed and southern hospitality seems to have received a stunning blow. Our visit is brief and an invitation to come again is omitted on taking our departure.

Soon after the enemy retreat I am relieved from guard duty at the citizens prison and report to the company. Here on the outskirts of the city the regiment has built comfortable log cabins with double bunks along the sidewalls and fire places at the ends of these cabins to afford heat and for cooking, where boys are baking corn pones in the dutch ovens captured at Cumberland Gap.

On the morning of December 7, our brigade is called out early and take up the line of march in the direction of Strawberry Plains, a small station on the East Tennessee & Virginia railroad. After fording the icy Holston river we arrive at this station and bivouac for the night, continuing our march on the following day to Rutledge and from this village to Bean station, where we arrive late and go



Navigation - Open
On the Holston River.

into camp. On the morning of December 14, beating of the long roll lines us up in double quick time when we march eastward at the break of day and in line of battle. Our skirmish line soon meet the enemy and a brisk firing is kept up while our main line advance some distance, then we exchange muskets for shovels and axes which are handled until a light line of defense is built. This work is accomplished in a very short time and on very short rations for the issue of rations is now limited and uncertain.

Before our work is completed the enemy is driving back our skirmish line and the boys are coming in over the works at a lively gait as we pour in our volleys of cold lead which bring the rebels to a sudden halt, they finally retiring from their advanced position. The enemy soon rallies forces and makes another attempt to dislodge us but our fires seems to be too swift, for the enemy again falls back and acts as though not spoiling for a fight. The loss in our brigade is very light while fifty or more rebels are seen laying over the ground, or are being helped and carried from the field. Our skirmishers now move forward and take an advanced position, meanwhile our scouts report the enemy receiving reinforcements and changing position on our flank. We now change lines facing the enemy and are saluted with a number of cannon shots on December 16. In the meantime our pickets indulge in frequent spasms of firing. After dark we are permitted to build an unusual number of fires along the line. The object in building these fires is easily guessed for we have a scant amount of food to cook, and nothing to warm over, except our shivering and ill clad bodies. The problem is solved on the following morning when the enemy finds that nothing is seen but smoldering camp fires for while they are counting these fires during the night our brigade is headed in retreat at a lively gait in the direction of Blaine's Cross Roads. The rebels are so disgusted at this Yankee trick that they refuse to follow. Here we remain until December 27, 1863, then move forward and go into camp at Strawberry Plains, the *Valley Forge of the Civil War*.

STRAWBERRY PLAINS

The stations named are situated on the East Tennessee & Virginia railroad, with Strawberry Plains about fifteen miles northeast of Knoxville and at the time of sojourn here but little is found to supply the needs of a famishing army. We have no base of supplies and no communication with the north except over wagon roads leading through Cumberland Gap to Kentucky and are depending almost entirely upon the surrounding country for support. While the patriots of 1776 had good shelter and fuel in abundance, with wild game and acorns at Valley Forge, they could, at least, keep warm in their cabins. At this camp we have only an abundance of cold river water. fresh air and misery, plenty of pine cones, but no acorns. We have

near zero weather and muslin tents for shelter. Our clothing is ragged and threadbare for none has been drawn since leaving Kentucky in August and boys are longing for the clothing and blankets thrown away during the march through the mountains. One rubber blanket or poncho and well worn wool blanket for each man with other odds and ends of citizens clothes picked up is about the extent of clothes and bedding. A few boys have fragments of overcoats with tails more or less burned away while standing around fires. To find a measure of comfort we close one end of our pup tents with cedar brush and build fires at the opposite end. Our fuel consists of green pine wood carried from a considerable distance with which we smoke our faces and eyes and warm our famishing bodies during this memorable cold winter.

Before our advent into this part of East Tennessee much of the surplus supplies have been taken by the enemy. Longstreet's retreating army has but recently passed over this territory and cleaned up all the eatables in sight. Many of the citizens who have hidden their provisions from raiding soldiers are provided with food for their own use, while others in this vicinity are about as poorly provided for as ourselves, which leaves poor picking for us. A few of the old time grist mills are found along streams emptying into the Holston river, which flows near our camping grounds and a number of these mills are pressed into service by Quartermasters who call for volunteers from the ranks to operate them and grind grain occasionally found by our forage teams. When this detail for millers is called for "Dad" Schooley presents himself. Now when "Dad" enlisted he gave his occupation as saddler and harness maker but this is an opportunity he don't want to miss. "Dad" tries not to miss any good things that are headed his way; he's not a dodger. During "Dad's" boyhood days he spent considerable time at the old grist mill and swimming hole down on Bull Creek, Columbiana county, when his mother thought he was in school. "Dad" had noticed that when the miller wanted to start the machinery going he raised the flood gate and let the water on the wheel and to stop the machinery the miller closed the floodgate. "Dad" also noticed that before grinding, the miller always emptied the grain in the hopper. This is sufficient and he scores enough points as a miller to mislead the Quartermaster and secures the job. In the matter of toll to be charged for custom work among the natives, this is left to George; the Quartermaster just "lets George do it." But his job at the mill does not last long for the nearby country is stripped of almost everything in the eatable line. All the corn found can be ground with our teeth, or with the army grist mill, after it is parched.

Here the toll habit fastened itself to "Dad". Soon after the close of the war he settled down in Alliance, Ohio, and worked this habit successfully for about fifty years and now (1919) is one of the few survivors of the company and of the business men of a half century ago.

Footprints Through Dixie

George Schooley enlisted at Salem, Ohio, and was transferred from Company "G" to Company "B" when the regiment was organized. August 15, 1864 he was sent to the hospital, returning for duty at Nashville, Tenn., December following. January 1865, while the Twenty Third was passing through Ohio he with four other members of the company left the train at Bellaire, Ohio, on leave of absence issued on the "French" plan, and after an absence of about thirty days reported to the company for duty. He was mustered out of service at the close of the war after twenty nine months faithful service in the ranks.

While we are having this struggle with cold and hunger General Grant passes through Strawberry Plains by rail on his way from Chattanooga, Tenn., to the Army of the Potomac in Virginia where he will probably partake of the car loads of roast turkey and other good eatables sent to that army, for a holiday feast. If there is any turkeys within ten miles of Strawberry Plains, the fowls are securely hidden. At this time it would not be safe for a turkey buzzard to appear in camp. Seely declares that his graybacks are actually starving and Ritchey appears at sick call and informs the doctor he is afflicted with indigestion. The surgeon takes the hint and sends Ritchey to the quartermaster and while loafing around he swipes an ear of the quartermaster's corn. When Ritchey appears in camp a comrade calls him aside and asks the loan of five dollars. Much relieved Ritchey quickly hands over the money for he suspects this comrade is after a portion of his corn. If anyone can cast a ray of sunshine amid this gloom, Ritchey can do this as well as inflict punishment. He takes a rational view of the situation and blames no one except the enemy who we are after—when they are not after us. Everything is lovely with Ritchey, but we are in depths of poverty, yet supplied with money which now has but little value as a means to supply our needs. A strange and distressing situation for no amount of money can add to our comfort. It has not been long since we received pay and all, who have not lost money on the chuckluck board, are provided with funds. These crisp, new greenbacks are fine to look upon as works of art which might be framed and hung upon walls if we had walls to hang them on.

Jake marks a few numbers on a piece of oil cloth and during his rambles in adjoining camps he meets a few strangers—and takes them in, returning in a few hours with pockets stuffed with greenbacks. From each pocket he produces a handful of these fine works of art and after being carefully sorted and ironed out he has added about eight hundred dollars to his wealth, but he cannot eat the greenbacks and would gladly give up a portion of his wealth to any one who would produce a Kentucky dried apple pie. At night we are sitting by our fires nodding and sleeping until wakened by cold or lie down by these fires and by frequent turning pass through a restless night.

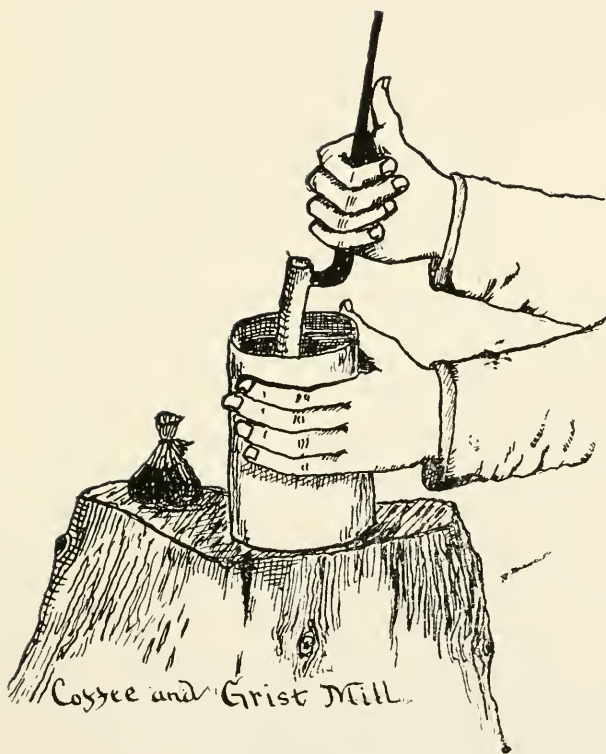
The following written in my diary by Sergeant Triem gives his view of the situation at this camp:—

"Here more suffering was patiently endured than at any other place during the war. (prisons excepted) The weather is intensely

cold, our clothing is poor and scant and the green wood we burn is carried a long distance. Then to add to this distress our rations are short, and without the corn we sometimes find hidden away by natives we would certainly perish from hunger and cold. Some days we draw a few crackers and the next day, perhaps a few quarts of corn meal for the company, and at one time a pint of this meal was drawn for a day's rations for the company, together with a quarter ration of beef. For seven long dreary days while the mercury is hovering around zero, our rations were reduced to a quarter ration of beef only, and this beef was taken from carcasses of cattle which like ourselves are on the verge of starvation. Soldiers are seen gathering up waste corn which is washed and then parched. The army coffee mill which consists of an ordinary tin cup, with the heel of the bayonet as a pulverizer, is used and this cracked, parched corn is fried in the scant amount of grease fried from the beef, or served as parched corn, plain."

Mrs. Livermore, in her "Story of the War" says: "No pen can depict, no tongue narrate the suffering, hardships and privations of our brave men in Tennessee during the winter months of 1863-4. Hunger and cold, famine and nakedness were then inseparable companions. Horses and mules starving by thousands. The reproachful whinnying complaints of famishing beasts wrung the hearts of soldiers, who even were slowly dying themselves for lack of food."

On New Years eve, 1863-4 mercury touched the zero point in East Tennessee. The last two hours of the dying year I am on guard at regimental headquarters. Before going on duty a few handfuls of parched corn is deposited in my pants pocket which aid somewhat in keeping me warm while the corn lasts. Now, after an interval of fifty five years this "living picture on memory's wall" again appears with a very distinct recollection of my surroundings on that clear cold night. Off at a distance comrades are seen standing around the log fires turning first one side and then the other to the warmth and smoke. Others are sitting, nodding and napping at small fires fronting their tents. A few are seen winding their way back and forth around the hillside carrying or in search of fuel. Thus as a sentinel I spent by twentieth New Years eve witnessing the suffering of boys who have sacrificed the comforts of homes and exposed to this biting, wintry weather. By marching back and forth briskly and stamping my feet upon the frozen ground I am able to pass the time as comfortably, perhaps as the men in their quarters. My clothing consists of a portion of an army blanket tied about my head and shoulders. A badly wrecked cap, blouse and shirt in fairly good condition, with shoes almost soleless, and without gloves or mittens. A pair of citizens tight fitting pants burned away to the knees while standing about our log fires and the missing portions supplied with pieces of rubber blankets tied about my legs and worn until I acquired the name of "Doc." This is a fair description of the condi-



Coffee and Grist Mill.

Footprints Through Dixie

tion of other members of the company which now numbers less than thirty men able for duty.

Joe, appears in camp with an aged rooster under his arm and raffles his fowl off at about the price of a horse. Joe attends the chuckluck parties quite regularly and has probably been dropping his money on wrong numbers and needs the cash. Money is plentiful with a number of the boys and almost worthless to us now, so there is no trouble in organizing a "club" at his own price. I take a chance on the fowl and while no regrets is felt over the loss of money, failure to draw the prize is a sore disappointment. Joe is a wonderfully successful forager and if there is anything in the eatable line to be found he gets it and seldom strikes a cold trail.

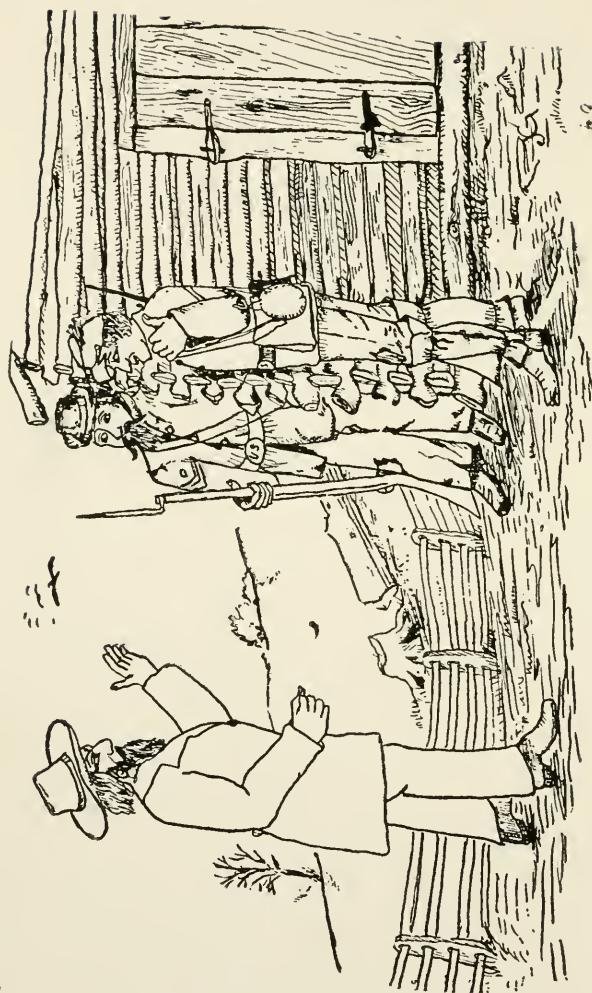
Discipline under these distressing circumstances is less severe yet guard mounting and roll call is never neglected. Boys fall out at morning roll call, then quickly get back in their bunks or back up at log fires where their time is spent when not on the hunt of fuel, food, or on duty. After a restless night and about the time some are in a position to enjoy a little sleep, perhaps, the reveille call is heard. Names of the boys responsible for this added affliction is Mort. Southworth, drummer and Tony Friberger, fifer, but they are not always called by these names for nearly every occupant of a tent has a different name to hurl at these disturbers of their rest. Mort. and Tony are not responsible for the enemies they are making for they have a standing order to create this disturbance at a certain hour each morning. But this standing order does not protect the boys who are caught in the act of adding to our troubles. With the power of reasoning frozen and starved we are not in a condition to solve the simplest problems. Hungry mules are "making music all the day" as well as during the night. They have eaten the wagon boxes, barked the trees and eaten all the brush within reach and are dying. The beeves from which we draw our daily quarter ration of beef are nearing the point of starvation. A few die before their time and these carcasses are thrown in the river.

Steve Jarrett appears in camp with a shin bone of one of these slaughtered beeves from which he prepares a delayed Christmas dinner by throwing this bone in the fire to roast for a short time. The bone is then taken out and broken and Steve's long bony finger removes the marrow and a dinner is properly enjoyed, but Steve can't eat the bone and reluctantly throws this away. When dinner is over Steve has an oily face and one clean finger.

Stephen Jarrett enlisted from Paris township and during his term of service never answered a sick call. With the exception of two months on guard duty at the commissary department, he served his entire term of enlistment on duty with the company and is mustered out at the close of the war. He is one of the thirteen survivors at this time, 1919.

January 1, 1864, having obtained leave of absence for two days, accompanied by Orderly Henry Vick, we celebrate the day by going out on a foraging expedition. With guns and accoutrements in or-

der we start out early with a determination of finding either food or possibly a foot race with bushwhackers. There is nothing like hunger to brace up one's courage. After visiting a number of farms where people seem to be without means of support we find a rather prosperous looking plantation. On making inquiry for something in the eatable line the planter informs us that he has nothing to spare, in fact he does not answer our questions in a pleasant tone of voice. He is anything but sociable and intimates that our presence is not desired. We think he is perfectly sincere in this and believe him, but are in doubt about the supply of eatables that might be found. We offer to pay but perhaps he does not like our kind of money. Then he goes on to say "You'ns wanten to be keerful for bushwhackers are 'round hure 'most every day lookin' for you'ns, who are runnin' round outside the Yankee lines." This time we don't believe him, but pass on around the house on a tour of investigation and become interested in a small log building that looks and smells like a smoke house. While trying the door and peeking through cracks in the building, Mr. Planter appears and starts an argument. Pointers we have gathered during the past years from Reilly aid us in meeting this argument and when it is ended Mr. Planter "stands without hitching," but refuses to unlock the door and says he is going to enter complaint to the commanding officer. With a maul found at a wood pile Vick knocks a hinge from the door and enters the building while I stand guard over our victim. Vick soon appears with a ham and slab of bacon and informs this victim that he has left enough jowls and bacon he thinks, to last the family until butchering time. Mr. Planter now changes his mind about pay, and so have we, but tell him if he can prove his loyalty he might be able to collect from the quartermaster of the One Hundred and Ninety Seventh Rhode Island regiment. On leaving the premises we notice the ends of rails sticking from a stack of straw and on investigation this is found to be a rail pen filled with corn and shaped up to imitate a stack. A sack is found in the barn and partly filled. After committing this robbery our journey is continued in the direction of camp and we soon reach the railroad where we stop to rest and shell the corn. Toward evening we call at a cabin and ask permission to remain over night. We notice the woman of the house is frightened and cannot really be blamed for we have but little clothing resembling a uniform, only the U. S. plates on our belts and cartridge boxes to distinguish us from the many bushwhackers who have infested the country since the beginning of the war. Much of the clothing now worn by Union soldiers encamped at Strawberry Plains has been picked up and bought and consists of garments of every description regardless of cut or color. The woman finally allows us to enter the cabin and we are given seats at the old fire place where dutch oven and crane and other old type cooking utensils are seen. Her fears are finally quieted when two small children who have been in hiding make their appearance. While preparing corn bread, bacon and hominy for our suppers the



"He Starts an Argument

woman relates some of the torments suffered by Union people in this neighborhood since the beginning of the war. Her husband has been driven from home and for a time was secreted in the hills and caves, finally working his way through the mountains to Kentucky where he with other loyal Kentucky and Tennessee refugees were organized into companies and regiments of Union soldiers. The woman says Union citizens have been shot or hung or forced into the rebel army. Others who have escaped have suffered loss of property left behind which was either carried away or burned. She also informs us that the man from whom we confiscated the meat and corn is a rebel who has aided rebel conscripting officers in locating citizens who are suspected of being loyal to the Union, and has a son serving in the rebel ranks. We remain over night and to avoid surprise from roving bushwhackers we bunk down in front of the only door in the cabin and rest undisturbed. We leave early on the following morning, first paying the good woman liberally, then follow her direction to a grist mill where our corn is soon ground and then we push for camp arriving there in good time after traveling about twenty miles. Here the boys flock around offering extravagant prices for anything in the eatable line. Money is not much of an object to either party so we divide up not forgetting to keep a liberal share for ourselves. But the boys are all hungry. We cannot sit down to a full meal of pork and corn dodgers knowing that others are suffering from hunger, consequently our supplies are soon gone and all enjoy the feast, and together suffer the famine that follows.

On January 4, the regiment is ordered out on scout duty but the Colonel reports that the men are unfit for duty of this nature when the order is countermanded. Boys are seen sitting in their tents mending and patching their clothing. Cast off clothing is picked up and used to repair garments that afford poor protection during this cold weather.

The base of my chum's pants has given way and in repairing the damage without removing the garment I make the mistake of sewing pants and shirt together. When the discovery is made my chum is angry and refuses to accept an apology for this mistake declaring I did it on purpose and would have sewed the garments to his hide had he not found it out in time.

While encamped here the Forty Fourth Ohio regiment and First Ohio artillerymen are re-enlisting and sent home on furlough to remain there until their commands are re-organized. How we envy these boys who are now relieved from camp "starvation" as they call it. Union refugees who have been secreted in the mountains are coming into camp and sent forward to Knoxville and organized into loyal Tennessee regiments. January 5, 1864 I am on guard duty at headquarters and write a letter home, sending my 1863 diary.

Longstreet's rebel army has retreated into Virginia and the bat-

Footprints Through Dixie

tle of Chattanooga has been fought and won. We hear that rail communications will be open with the north as soon as repairs on railroads and bridges can be made when supplies will be forwarded to that city and from there to Knoxville. Hope, and a little parched corn with other odds and ends picked up, now sustain us but does not protect the army from the wintry blasts of the memorable cold winter of 1863-4.

January 12, our company is sent out on picket duty, weather moderating and snow falling. We return to camp on January 13 and find the command under marching orders and everybody happy. On January 14 reveille call is sounded at three o'clock and not a kick or complaint is heard. We are all anxious to escape the tortures of this camp and Tony and Mort. are congratulated as early risers. About thirty members of the company are able to line up for a march to Knoxville and others unable to march are conveyed in ambulances or wagons. No straggling on the line today for we arrive at Knoxville ahead of time and immediately occupy our old quarters in the log cabins, a hungry and happy lot of boys. Here we are supplied with good, warm clothing and plenty of rations, the first full rations and supply of clothing we have drawn since camped in the Cumberland mountains in August. The pile of old hats, caps, shoes and fragments of other garments on exhibition after the Quartermaster opened a number of boxes is a sight that attracts considerable attention and the graybacks are left to their fate. But like Topsy, they "just grow'd" and are soon on duty again.



KNOXVILLE WHIG AND REBEL VENTILATOR

Parson Brownlow, a noted resident of the city returns to his home and re-establishes his newspaper naming it "The Knoxville Whig And Rebel Ventilator," an appropriate name for he proceeds at once to ventilate, not only the Confederacy, but also the record of disloyal citizens who have persecuted Union people since the beginning of the war. The parson ranks right along with Reilly when it comes to saying things with a stinger in every sentence. The bravery of the Brownlow family and their devotion to the union cause is a part of the history of the times. Brownlow's fearless daughter who flings the Stars and Stripes to the breeze in defiance of passing rebel troops will long be remembered by East Tennesseans who, with this family suffered and sacrificed much by reason of their loyalty to the Union.

In resuming publication of his paper Parson Brownlow says in his characteristic way:—

"The Knoxville Whig and Rebel Ventilator will be INDEPENDENT in all things and neutral in nothing, taking a hand in all the controversies of the day. It will be an UNCONDITIONAL Union Journal, holding up all participants in the rebellion as a choice collection of men for a Rogues gallery. At the same time it will make war upon all gamblers and thieves, both north and south,—those whose trade is to rob the public, as well as private pilferers, the whiskey bloats, the bullies in elections, oppressors who grind the face of the poor, extortioners in trade who swindle by wholesale and retail, and all foul-mouthed secession sympathizers and other disturbers of the peace in the various sink-holes of society."

The parson is a Methodist preacher, as well as an editor, and a whig in politics who believes in the divine right to hold his fellow man in bondage and produces, from his view point, strong argument in favor of slavery, yet opposes secession and has suffered imprisonment and banishment from his home. Before this banishment from his home and destruction of his press he was urged by friends to come out on the side of the "sacred cause" to which the Parson replies in part as follows:

"I join the southern democracy? You know not what you say. When I do the Pope of Rome will join the Methodist church. When you become president of the Republic of Great Britain; when Alexander of Russia and Napoleon of France are elected members of congress; when good men cease to go to heaven or bad men to hell; when proof is found that there is no God; I will change my political faith and come out on the side of your democracy. Hoping this will enable you to fix the period when I will join your brand of democracy. I have the honor, etc. W. G. Brownlow.

Again, in reply to threats against his life made by rebel neighbors this fighting parson says in part:

"If these god forsaken scoundrels and hell deserving assassins want satisfaction out of me for what I have said about them,—and it has been no little,—they can find me on the streets every day but Sunday. I am at all times prepared to give them satisfaction. I take back nothing I have said against the corrupt and unprincipled villains, but reiterate all, and hurl down their lying threats, their own infamous calumnies."

In replying to a brother minister in the Methodist church, living in South Carolina, imploring the Parson to "espouse the cause of southern rights," Brownlow replies as follows:

"It is plain to be seen that the same spirit of disloyalty to the Union which prevailed in 1832 is now working in the hearts of Breckenridge unbelievers; and a similar fate awaits them. Nullification has been attended with the worst of consequences in all ages. In the garden of Eden, our first parents were induced by the devil, in the form of a serpent, to nullify the laws of God; and, believing it to be a peaceful remedy, they made the dreadful experiment. Cain, in the case of Abel, nullified the law of God, and he was branded in the forehead as a traitor and murderer. The nation of Jews who perished in the siege of Jerusalem were all nullifiers. So were the rebellious inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah. And the antedeluvians, for their South Carolina politics, encountered the very devil in the days of the flood. And had the South Carolina nullifiers gone a little further with their scheme of secession, Old Hickory Jackson would have drowned them in the harbor of Charleston."

CHAPTER IV.

KNOXVILLE, TENN. AND RETURN

On January 19, we are hurried out on a forced march, crossing the river and over the heights a few miles from the city to meet an attack from rebel raiders, every man wearing a new overcoat, a smile and a clean face. Here we find these raiders have captured five of our supply wagons together with teamsters, guards and about one hundred head of cattle and got away with them. We remain here in camp a few days, from where we plainly see outlines of the Great Smoky mountains on the North Carolina border, then return to our cabins which have been occupied during our absence by a few guards and the band. During our absence the band boys have been serenading citizens and enjoying feasts supplied by friendly and loyal people of Knoxville. Our band seldom accompany us on these scouts and is spared many of the hardships and dangers found in military service.

While out on this reconnoitre Sergeant Raber of Lake township is reduced to the ranks for some slight neglect of duty, but soon is restored to his former position. With christian fortitude Raber endures the many irritating shots inflicted by the boys during the few days he serves in the ranks. June 16, 1864 Raber is sent to the hospital where he remains two months, returning to the company during the siege of Atlanta. After thirty two months service with he company he is mustered out at the close of the war. Sergeant Raber is past thirty-five years of age and one of the few "old men" in the company, faithful in the performance of duty. He freely reprimands boys for bad behavior and settles their quarrels. He occupies a trying position in his effort to reconcile military necessity with christian duty.

January 25, 1864, we are again on patrol duty in the city where I buy a new diary at a cost of seventy-five cents, the price of about two days' service. (These books are now found in our nickel and dime stores.)

During our stay here loyal Tennesseans, who have been driven from their homes or secreted in mountains and caves, continue to return to their homes and enlist in the Union service, forming new Tennessee regiments.

Former slaves are also enlisting in the Union service and twelve hundred of these freemen have enlisted here to be formed into the First Tennessee Heavy Artillery, and officered by soldiers taken from the ranks of northern troops.

We are enjoying our stay in Knoxville with plenty of rations, comfortable clothing and quarters. After our experience at Camp

"Valley Forge" we are surely in a position to enjoy these comforts to the fullest extent. A number of men who succumbed to the privations and exposure during that time are now returning for duty, though many in our brigade died of pneumonia while others afflicted with scurvy are discharged or transferred to the Invalid Corps.

Rebel sympathizers remaining in the city are keeping very quiet. While on this patrol duty we are also performing police duty, and find a large majority of the citizens loyal to the union. These citizens fully appreciate the protection we are giving them and are very friendly and hospitable. Boys enjoy their acquaintance and companionship and the One Hundred and Fourth regiment becomes quite popular with the people. While on this duty we arrested two men who are suspected of being spies and turned them over to the Provost Marshal. After a short examination these suspects are ordered handcuffed and locked up in the city prison for trial or further examination.

February 4, 1864, George Coy, a recruit, of Salem, Ohio, reports to the company for duty. April 27, following, he is sent to the hospital from where he is detailed as ambulance driver and returns to the company in September following. After five month's service in the ranks he is transferred to the One Hundred and Eighty-Third Ohio regiment.

March 17, 1864, Philip Hoover, of Plain township, is sent to the hospital and returns to the company for duty April 18 following. With the exception of this short absence he serves his entire term in the ranks and is mustered out at the close of war, after thirty-three months' service.

March 8, 1864, marching orders are issued and we are on the road at an early hour on the following morning, leaving a portion of our baggage stored in the city which seems to indicate a forced march. We are headed in the direction of "Valley Forge," and arrive at this land of desolation late in the afternoon where we remain over night and retire to our couches on the bare, frozen ground rolled up in overcoats and blankets, then pass to peaceful slumber while gazing at the starry heavens.

The bugle calls at the usual early hour on March 10. Then orders are sent to Chef Schaffer for quail on toast, hot biscuit, pancakes, and maple syrup, ham and eggs, etc. But Schaffer turns down these orders, so we are content with plain coffee, hardtack, and bacon, then continue the march until a late hour and put up at another hotel run on the army plan where all secure quarters on the first floor. At 10 o'clock on the following morning we reach Mossy Creek, Tenn., and go into camp.

MOSSY CREEK, TENNESSEE.

At this camp Simon P. Conrad, of Paris township, is detailed for guard duty on the ammunition train where he remains until the close of the war, after eighteen months' service with the company.



*"Rolled up in Overcoats and Blankets"
All pass to slumber while viewing the Starry Heavens*

March 13, Nicholas Hurford, of Paris township, is also detailed for this duty, where he remains until the close of the war, after eighteen months' service with the company.

Nick is missed in the ranks. He has a habit of taking the negative side of questions raised by the oracles, thus prolonging these arguments. A thorn to the flesh is Nick, forever throwing ice water on our hopes of an early close to the war, an event we are hoping and longing for and often discuss in our travels. When Nick developed into manhood he did a poor job in changing his voice and seemed to lose control of it. When under pressure of excitement his voice leaves the grade and soars skyward and as quickly descends to a deep bass when the pressure is relieved. Considerable discussion is carried on at times over the meaning of the terms under which we enlisted, namely: "Three years or during the war, unless sooner discharged." As this is interpreted by Nick it will hold us in service indefinitely. "Three years," says Nick, "settles that part of it, now don't it?" We can't deny this. "Or during the war," he says, "will hold us for forty years if Uncle Sam needs us." "Unless sooner discharged," continues Nick, "means that we can be kept in service until all are killed or die from old age." While our faith in Nick's line of argument is not of the abiding kind, yet this kind of talk is enjoyed by none except Ritchey who says he is delighted with a prospect of a steady job during the remainder of his days. Nick, seeing he has the best of the argument now enjoys a hearty laugh as his voice flies off the handle and mingles with the clouds. We let Nick go without regrets.

While at this camp our quiet and dutiful Eph. gives us a surprise by severely upbraiding a neglectful corporal who fails to respond to a call to duty. Eph. usually has but little to say and this is always directly to the point; is slow to wrath, earnest, dutiful, and matter of fact. He never engages in our daily arguments and endures these afflictions without a murmur. But Eph. is a dangerous man to "monkey" with when on guard duty. Breachy soldiers wishing to slip the guards never bother him while walking his "beat." With his profound sense of duty he can't be bribed or bullied. Walt, his chum, takes a hand in calling down the neglectful corporal and indorses every word Eph. says. Walt is provident and carries the largest knapsack in the company and seems to be provided with rations in times of famine, and can fill and light his pipe while on forced march or skirmish line. But these chums who pair off and button tents together do not all dwell together in peace. They have their domestic troubles and fear of punishment stands in the way of frequent scraps. Awkward Jack and his chum fall out today and but for Raber's interference a scrap would have followed. While on the march and drill, Jack seldom gets his left foot down at the tap of the drum and if there is anything in camp that can be upset or spilled he is there to do the job. Jack and his chum are about to sit down to a nice supper of nicely fried crackers and long strips of bacon, all done to a turn, when Jack steps on the frying pan handle



*He Politely Informs bystanding Comrades
that "Supper is Over."*

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and all this fine supper is thrown out in the dirt. Jack's chum now jumps up in a rage and with a vigorous kick he sends the can of hot coffee down the hill and politely informs bystanders that supper is over. Then they square off for action and Raber becomes peacemaker.

On the morning of March 12 our march is continued to Morristown, Tenn., where we go into camp.

MORRISTOWN, TENNESSEE.

During our stay at this camp considerable scouting is done and during one of these scouts our regiment discovers what we are looking for, but never anxious to find, and very hastily prepare for action by throwing up a line of rifle pits. The enemy attempts to drive in our skirmishers but the boys will not drive, hold their position and brisk musketry is kept up on our front during the night. On the following morning our scouts report that the enemy is attracting our attention at this point while sending another force to get in our rear. After our experience at "Valley Forge" we do not care to face a possibility of a like or worse experience in rebel prison, so a retreat is ordered, and for a number of miles we march in line of battle or with right of company's to the front. A few weeks ago the One Hundredth Ohio regiment, while out on a scout, was caught in this kind of a trap and after putting up a hard fight the regiment cut its way out, yet lost about half its number, killed, wounded and captured.

Weather is disagreeable with a cold, raw wind blowing while we make this hurried retreat ending at Mossy Creek, Tenn., late in the evening.

MOSSY CREEK, TENNESSEE.

On the following morning we go in camp and pitch our tents, clean up the grounds and prepare for inspection. In the evening our company is sent out on the picket line, taking a position about two miles from camp and cautioned to go quietly to our posts and build no fires on the line or at the picket reserve. On March 22 snow is falling accompanied by a cold, stiff wind. Having left a portion of our supplies at Knoxville we feel the need of better protection from this blizzard. During the day we are allowed to build small fires for cooking and take a little chill from the air. While off duty pickets make beds by placing a few flat rails in fence cracks and on these inclined rails we lie down with blanket or poncho, and a few inches of snow for covering, sleep quite comfortably until time to go on duty. This is my birthday and I inform Yonie that anniversaries of this important event are usually ushered in with a blizzard. Yonie



Fireless Picket Reserve in a Blizzard

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sarcastically replies that my birthday anniversaries have nothing whatever to do in bringing these storms. He informs me that these are equinoxial storms and are caused by the sun crossing the equator at this time, all of which he can prove by the Lancaster almanac. Yonie is anything but stingy when it comes to imparting information and is always armed to prove his claims.

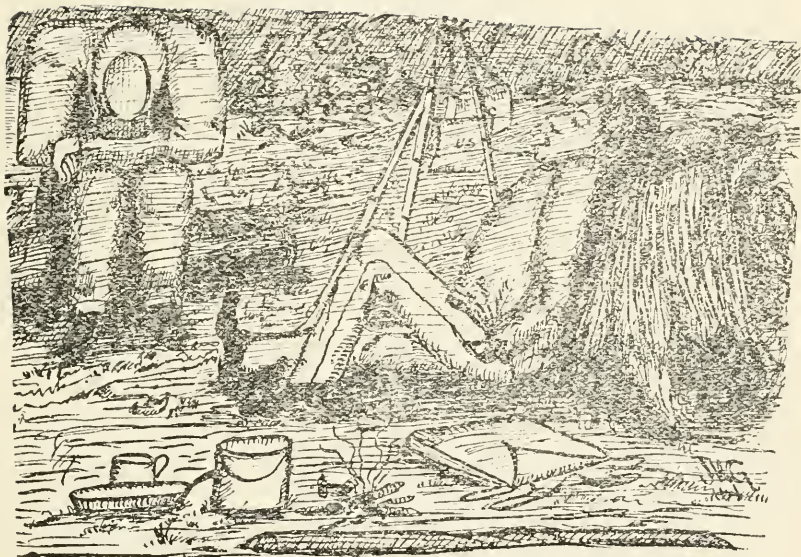
March 20, 1864, Wesley Betzenhouser, of Lake township, a recruit, reports to the company for duty. February 16, 1865, he was left on guard duty at Federal Point, N. C., returning to the company February 28, while encamped at Wilmington, N. C. After service in the company of thirteen months, and until the close of the war, he is transferred to the One Hundred and Eighty-Third Ohio regiment.

On March 23 our company is relieved from picket duty and returns to camp. During our stay here the custom of daily drills is not neglected unless danger of miring in the mud is feared. We have been drilled and drilled until it seems there is nothing more to learn in infantry drill, and if it is exercise that is needed we are surely getting enough of this outside the drill grounds. We don't understand this, and no one ventures to interview the commander on the subject.

The weather is very changeable with mud and rain prevailing accompanied by flurries of snow, yet our regular routine of duties are observed regardless of weather conditions. When these duties are performed, with the quartermaster's consent we are served with the usual bill of fare which is seldom changed, and the few variations do not pass through the quartermaster's department. After supper comes playing seven-up, or letter-writing with bayonet for a candlestick to afford a little light. Much of the time when not on duty our time is spent standing around our campfires until tattoo sounds when all are expected to roll up in their blankets, curl up in their tents and all becomes quiet throughout our camping grounds.

On camp guard, March 25, and on being relieved from this duty we go with the company on the picket line. The weather has moderated leaving our camp a bed of mire and slush. On March 27 the weather becomes foul with rain and wind, ending in a snow storm. We are relieved from picket duty by a company from the Sixty-Third Indiana regiment then return to camp and receive four months' pay, fifty-two dollars, of which I send home thirty dollars. Sometime previous to this our pay was increased two dollars a month.

On the evening of March 30 we receive marching orders and are on the road at four o'clock on the following morning, tramping through mud and water listening to complaints from dissatisfied soldiers who cannot appreciate a good thing when they have it, or rather, when it has them. Ritchey says plenty of water can now be found without Yonie's peach sprout. Yonie says the position of the moon has indicated a wet spring and Fritz replies that they have the same moon in Ohio and are complaining of dry weather. An argument is now under way and enjoyed by none except Ritchey.



We have acquired a habit of sleeping any old way. .

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During the march we are on the rear guard so one can easily imagine what we are wading through after the entire line has passed over the road. Many fall out of the ranks today and these boys must be prodded along or loaded in ambulances or wagons if unable to keep in the ranks with their comrades. After a march of about fifteen miles we again camp near Morristown, Tenn., late in the evening.

MORRISTOWN, TENNESSEE.

Too tired to hunt fuel for fires we eat our crackers and raw bacon and either lie down on the wet ground or make spring mattresses of brush. Later during the night fires are built and boys stand around and dry their clothing, while others sit around and sleep. We have acquired the habit of sleeping in almost any convenient position. April 1 our march is continued to Bull's Gap, Tenn., a distance of about twelve miles, where we camp about four o'clock in the afternoon.

BULL'S GAP, TENN.

This march is made on the railroad track thus avoiding mud, but these track marches are really greater punishment than plodding through mud, and we feel that "All Fools' Day" has been fittingly observed.

April 3, ordered to report at Headquarters and given transportation to Knoxville and instructed to forward a portion of the supplies left at that city when we started out on this scout.

April 4, Daniel France, of Lake township, is detailed as blacksmith with the Engineer Corps where he serves until the close of the war, after twenty months on duty with the company.

Returning from Knoxville the company is found guarding commissary stores from where it is relieved on the following day by a company of the Sixty-Fifth Illinois regiment. Mud and rain abundant. Clear and warmer April seventh and eighth; then "smiles and tears" until April eleventh. On April twelfth storms are on duty again when the winds blow and rains descend and beat upon our tabernacles of unbleached muslin. No one smiles except Yonie whose reputation as a weather prophet is established. On April thirteenth we move about two miles and camp above high water mark and fix up our quarters. This is done none too soon for storms continue with only brief intermission. Yonie is delighted. He has given a knockout blow to all who question his knowledge as a weather bureau. His moon sign could not have worked better and his faith in the infallibility of the Lancaster almanac can never be shaken. It ranks the Bible six days in the week at the old homestead. Fritz is discom-

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fited yet he says any fool can prophesy rain in April and never miss.

April 22 I am sent with a detachment to conduct a few prisoners to the railroad where they are turned over to other guards to be taken to prison. On the following morning reveille calls us out at three o'clock when we expect to return to Knoxville, but instead, we are ordered to tear up the railroad track which we proceeded at once to do. Not only is the track torn up but we burn the bridges as far east as Greenville, Tenn. At the close of the first day's work we camp at a small station. On the following morning I am awakened by sound and sensations more distressing than the reveille call. During the night some kind of an insect had taken cover in one of my ears, some distance in the interior. While the enemy is quiet but little pain is felt, but whenever he makes hostile movements the pain is distracting. The surgeon is visited and correctly diagnosed the case. He pours some kind of a preparation in my ear, with the assurance that the suffering will soon be over. For a short time after the remedy is applied I feel that perhaps a wrong construction has been placed on the doctor's comforting assurance, for both victim and "varmint" execute a war dance until the latter succumbs.

Destruction of the railroad and bridges is completed on April twenty-six when we return to Bull's Gap and go into camp. Here we meet the following recruits who are assigned to our company: Thomas H. Bender, Wm. T. Daugherty, Henry Packer, William Reifschneider, all of Stark county. On April 27 we board the cars in the afternoon and arrive at Knoxville about ten o'clock that night.

On this date William Reifschneider, of Lake township, is sent to the hospital from where he is furloughed home. On his return to the hospital he remained here on light duty until June 15, 1865, when he was transferred to the One Hundred and Eighty-Third Ohio regiment and afterward transferred to the Two Hundred and Twenty-Fourth battalion veteran reserve corps.

Henry Packer, of Lake township, enlisted January 28, 1864, and reported to the company April 26, 1864. This seventeen-year-old boy served on duty every day during fourteen months of hard service and until the war closed, then transferred to the One Hundred and Eighty-Third Ohio regiment where he remained on guard duty until the regiment was mustered out of service. Now (1919) one of the few survivors.

Early in April about one hundred rebel deserters appear in camp preferring to serve prison life to service in the rebel army. Many of these men have been conscripted into rebel service against their will and are union in sentiment but to save their lives and property they entered the rebel army.

We now have orders to prepare for a movement and informed we will form a junction with troops now concentrating at Chattanooga, Tenn., to meet Confederate forces under General Johnston

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now occupying northern Georgia, for a summer's campaign in that state.

The good people of Knoxville regret our departure and a movement is made by the citizens to have the regiment remain on provost duty in the city but their efforts are not successful. We are disappointed, we are loath to leave our comfortable log cabins, clean parade and drill grounds where many citizens visit us daily to witness our drills and parades and enjoy the music of the band. Our associations with these good people who have suffered persecution during the first eighteen months of the war has been so pleasant that it seems almost like leaving home when we take our departure. April 30, 1864, we bid adieu to our many friends in the city and start out on the Georgia campaign.



CHAPTER V.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., TO CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER, GA.

This march to meet other forces now located in the vicinity of Chattanooga is kept up with barely time for rest and rations until May 3, when we camp near Cleveland, Tennessee, making a march of sixty miles in three days. During this march we pass through Athens, Loudon, Lenoirs, and Charleston, Tenn., fording the Holston river in the meantime.

While encamped at Charleston, Hiram Walker, of Paris township, is detailed as ambulance driver and remains on this detached duty until the close of the war when he is discharged, after service in the ranks of twenty months. One of the 13 survivors.

May 4, 1864, we move in the direction of Dalton, Ga., making a march of twelve miles. On the following day we continue on to Redclay, a small station on the Georgia border. Before reaching this station our pickets encounter the rebel outposts and considerable firing is kept up on the line while the enemy slowly fall back. After advancing about ten miles we form in line with the others of Sherman's army and begin operations with Atlanta as the objective point. We now appear to be on the left wing of the line. On May 6 our regiment is ordered out on the skirmish line where we remain unmolested by the enemy. On May 7 we return to the main line and then move forward through a wilderness of tangled underbrush amid the rugged hills and mountains of northern Georgia. Here we are stationed in Snake Creek Gap, to hold this position.

SNAKE CREEK GAP.

In the meantime considerable musketry and cannonading is heard on our right. On May 10 I am sent with a detail of ten men to form a part of the skirmish line which is ordered to advance immediately on taking our position. We find a strong line of rebel pickets in front who stubbornly resist and hold their position until our line is strengthened and the main line advances to support. The enemy now gives way while both rebs and yanks keep mighty busy dodging from tree to tree or other shelter, as we slowly push them back with both sides doing considerable shooting with only the smoke from the enemy's gun as a target. The Confederates are

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pushed back about five miles then enter their fortifications at Rocky Face Ridge, Ga.

ROCKY FACE RIDGE, GEORGIA.

Night coming on we are ordered to halt and build light defenses and men not on duty have orders to sleep with musket in hand and be prepared for quick action if called for. The day has been warm and after this tiresome march over rocky hills and through tangled underbrush we gladly accept this rest between reliefs with muskets as bedfellows.

Boys on the skirmish line are meeting a new method of warfare at the base of Rocky Face Ridge. Rebels occupying the heights are sending down boulders as large as barrels, tearing down the mountain side, crashing through brush and trees, bounding from cliff to cliff in their descent. Our skirmishers are keeping out of range of this bombardment, some taking shelter under projecting cliffs near the mountain base, remaining here for a time as volleys of this new ammunition pass over their heads.

On the following morning we are relieved from picket and return to the regiment. Before noon our pickets are attacked by the enemy who sally forth from their works and a rapid firing is kept up for a short time. In the meantime we advance to support the skirmish line and throw up a light line of defenses when the enemy falls back to fortifications. On May eleven we again move and after marching about ten miles toward the right of our line we bivouac for the night, continuing the march on May 12, while considerable firing is heard on our left.

During these operations we hear that our old friend Judah, commanding the Second division, from whom we so gladly separated ourselves in Kentucky, is arrested for disobedience of orders, by order of General Schofield. It is reported that at the end of a courtmartial Judah is dismissed from service. The boys all express a warm and kindly feeling toward Schofield.

On May 13 we again move forward and after a march of about fifteen miles we form in line of battle fronting the enemy's works at Resaca, Ga.

RESACA, GEORGIA.

Here the enemy occupy a strong line of works, also a line of rifle pits at the base of the hill in their front. On May fourteen, we form in line of battle with fixed bayonets and march forward to a position facing the enemy where he awaits us in plain view of our movements while we are at the timber's edge facing an open field clear of obstruction except a rail fence where we are forming our lines.

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The bugle now sounds the charge when we sweep aside the rail fence and go forward with lusty yells amid the whistling of balls and roar of artillery. Crossing the open field the enemy gives way abandoning the rifle pits where we take refuge and send in a few rounds of ammunition as the rebs scamper over the hill to their second line of defenses. We are soon ordered forward to attack the second line located over the crest of the hill and while advancing to this line of the enemy position we are out of range of his fire until we have almost reached the summit of the hill and on reaching this exposed position orders are given to lie down and engage the enemy as opportunity offers. We remain in this position until dark and are then relieved by other troops and retire to the rear for rations and ammunition. On the following morning it is found that the enemy has changed position and before evening is in full retreat from defenses fronting Resaca, having been forced to make this move by flank movement of our troops threatening the rear. During our assault on their works the rebels give a wonderful exhibition of bad marksmanship for nearly all their musketry and artillery is aimed at a safe distance overhead. The loss in our brigade is about three hundred killed, wounded and captured, but only eleven in our regiment. David B. Newhouse is the only sufferer in our company, receiving a slight scalp wound. Colonel Reilly leads the charge mounted on a plug horse and dressed in the uniform of a private soldier. The colonel does not want to lose a good horse or draw any more than his share of the enemy's fire, but he loses his cap and with his hair and galways standing out like porcupine quills he reaches the enemy line with his command. The plug horse unable to leap the works lands with his front feet in the ditch and balks leaving the colonel in a very uncomfortable position. He dismounts and finishes the advance on foot for he could not coax or swear the animal out of the ditch. Boys think it was the sight of the charging Reilly that frightened the enemy out of their works.

Had we known that this assault on the enemy line was to be but little more dangerous than a foot race we would have felt less timid while preparing to make the charge.

Owing to the enemy's bad marksmanship our regiment escapes with this small loss, while other regiments in our brigade meet with stronger resistance or are perhaps occupying more exposed positions.

Lining up for an assault on the enemy is not a pleasing experience in army life. It is difficult to give expression to one's feelings at such a time. Pride and a personal sense of duty and honor sustains as the bugle sounds the charge and all go forward with lusty yells, the screaming of shot and shell seeming to infuse one with a strong desire to reach the harmless end of fire arms that are dealing out death in the ranks. Our movements seem that of a connected body with one purpose in view and one feels that greater safety is found in unity of action. It is said a soldier rarely runs

away because of individual cowardice, the cowardice being that of a connected body. Men have been heard to express a desire to engage in this kind of bayonet exercise and sometimes found silent, if not absent when this opportunity is found. But crossing of the bayonet in battle does not occur often for it is usually expected that if the other fellow wont run, we will. History gives the loss of both armies during this engagement as nine hundred killed and thirty-six hundred wounded and missing.

We now get full details of this engagement from the oracles who seem to have been able to see what has been going on over this long line of battle extending many miles and in a wild mountainous country. But they can't agree and the case is never settled.

Among the prisoners captured Colonel Reilly finds an Irishman, not many years from the old sod, who has been serving in the rebel ranks. But it would never do to print what the colonel said to this prisoner, nor can one describe the manner in which it was said. The colonel fairly foamed at the mouth in his denunciation of his countryman who had taken up arms against his adopted country. Before the frightened prisoner could open his mouth in reply, the toe of Reilly's boot found its mark as the colonel departed.

Here Mother Bickerdyke appears upon the scene with her ambulance loaded with supplies for the wounded. Mrs. Livermore, in her book, "My Story of the War," says: "I despair of giving any account of the work accomplished by Mrs. Bickerdyke and Mrs. Porter from April to November, 1864. What it is to follow Sherman's army in the Atlanta campaign, when it fought every foot of the way over rugged mountains, through deep ravines, through thick primitive woods, crossing headlong rivers—to follow with only the one aim of ministering to the exhausted, the suffering, the wounded, the dying, with only blanket and a pillow for a bed, the roar of artillery, the clash of arms, the cries of distress, and the shouts of battle continually resounding, to live night and day in the midst of these horrors, in constant attendance upon the mangled and anguished soldiers brought to them from the front, or taken to extemporized hospitals—this cannot be described.

"As they were pushing along in their ambulance they hear the distant sound of fierce cannonading and knew that a battle was on ahead of them. Now, this is mingled with the crash of musketry, the call of half a hundred bugles, the thundered command of officers leading their men to the conflict, the yells of infuriated soldiers as they hurl themselves on their antagonists with the shock of an avalanche—and sometimes overtopping all, the awful cries of mortal agony that came up from the battlefield from men writhing in every form of ghastly wounds. They were in the rear of the battle of Resaca. On one side are heaped the knapsacks of which the men have stripped themselves for the fight—on the other the amputating tents of surgeons surrounded by the ever-increasing quantity of mangled and dismembered limbs. The field hospital is in

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readiness for the wounded, who lay about under trees and on the grass waiting their turn at the amputating tables or to have their wounds dressed. In a short time both women are at work. Their portable kettles with furnaces attached are set up, their concentrated extract of beef is uncanned, and soon the fainting and famishing men are uttering their thanks for the great refreshments and palatable soup. They also dress wounds, take down memoranda of last messages to be sent to friends, receive and label dying gifts to be distributed to loved ones at home, encourage the desponding, and speed the parting soul to heaven with a brief verse of hymn, a quotation from the word of Christ or fervent and tender prayer. Never were the services of women more needed, never were soldiers more grateful for their motherly ministrations. The Atlanta campaign was made a success, not alone by the consummate skill of its great commander, but by downright, unflinching, courageous, hard fighting such as the world has never surpassed in the annals of history."

We are now a part of the Twenty-Third army corps, Army of Ohio, under command of General Schofield, and General Jacob D. Cox commanding the Third division to which we belong. Our brigade (First) under command of Colonel Reilly embraces the Eighth Tennessee, Twelfth and Sixteenth Kentucky, One Hundred and Twelfth Illinois, One Hundredth and One Hundred and Fourth Ohio regiments of infantry and battery "D" Tenth Ohio Light Artillery. The Second Brigade under command of General Hascall, consists of the Sixty-Third Indiana, Sixty-Fifth Illinois, One Hundred and Third Ohio, Eleventh Kentucky, and Fourth Tennessee regiments of infantry and one battery. The Third brigade consists of the Second Michigan, First, Second, Eleventh and Thirteenth Tennessee and First Alabama regiments, under command of Colonel Byrd of the First Tennessee. General Burdridge commanding the Fourth division of our corps is left in Kentucky, and General Tilson is left in Tennessee with Second division.

On this campaign we have the Army of the Cumberland under General Thomas with a force of 60,000 men. The Army of the Tennessee under command of General McPherson with a force of 24,000 men, and the Army of the Ohio under General Schofield with 13,000 men, and about 250 cannon making a total force of 97,000 men including cavalry, with General Sherman in command of the entire force now headed in the direction of Atlanta, Ga.

May 16 the enemy having retreated toward the interior of Dixie, we move forward fording the Coosawattie river, then march a distance of about ten miles and bivouac for the night. On May 17, an early start is made and we are soon within hearing of musketry, and after a march of fifteen miles is made we camp for the night. At the end of this march the quartermaster issues half rations on which, it seems, we are expected to perform double duty. On May 19 we are hustled out early with orders to place our arms and

equipment in good working order. We engage in this work until about four o'clock a. m. when our forward movement is continued until we reach a point near Cassville, Ga., where we camp in line of battle.

CASSVILLE, GEORGIA.

On May 20 another early start is made with strong indications of trouble ahead, marching with right of company's to the front. During the early hours of the day we find the enemy's skirmish line which falls back without much effort to hold its position until Cartersville, Ga., is reached.

CARTERSVILLE, GEORGIA.

Here we remain over night and learn that the rebels are prepared to make a stand in defense of the village where a quantity of cotton and army supplis is stored, also the location of a large factory where munitions of war is made for the rebel army. On the following morning our skirmish line is strengthened and the army moves forward in line of battle slowly forcing the enemy back through the village and across the Etawah river. On entering the village, cotton and other supplies are found burning but the enemy is so closely pressed that a pontoon bridge on the river is abandoned. Here a number of prisoners are taken and later in the day we set fire to the factory and witness a display of fire works from exploding shells and other ammunition. Many of the citizens have deserted their homes and fled with their retreating friends first firing the railroad bridge and a number of cars, which are burning as we enter the village. Here we halt and stack arms for a short rest. While waiting orders we visit a number of these deserted homes where breakfast had just been served or was in course of preparation. Our experience in the culinary art now comes in play and many delicacies we find in these homes are added to the bill of fare. We enjoy a sumptuous breakfast at the expense of the Confederate States of America, then fill our haversacks and depart without washing the dishes or doing up the morning work. A few days ago the rebel General Joe Wheeler captured our division supply train which reduced us to one-half rations, so a square meal or two is now greatly appreciated. We are always ready for anything in the ration line and when found, time is never wasted in waiting for an invitation to partake. A member of the company badly in need of a shirt is unable to find anything in the line of men's wearing apparel, all this probably having been given to supply rebel soldiers. The nearest he could find to the article wanted is a nicely embroidered garment, low in the neck and sleeveless. This "jimmy,"

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as he calls it in his lame English is about the same as "nottings at all," yet he wears it until a better one is found and then uses the garment for gunwipers.

We go into camp here and stake down our tents. In the evening our company is detailed for picket duty and form our lines south of the city along the north bank of the river. With my squad we take a position near the river bank at the burning railroad bridge. Soon after dark we hear voices on the opposite side of the river and do a little scouting along the water's edge where we find rebels are placing picket posts along the south bank of the stream. Securing a safe position in an abandoned turn table pit we cap our muskets and await developments. All is quiet along the line save the low tones of command given by an officer placing his pickets. We wait and listen for some time until the Johnnies probably conclude the "Yanks are not thar" and grow bold enough to start a small fire near the water's edge. We see them walking about their fire then send in six shots that brings a howl from some luckless reb. and their fire brands are quickly kicked into the water. This volley draws the enemy's fire on us for a short time then all becomes quiet the remainder of the night. No more fire are built, the rebs. probably contenting themselves with a cold lunch. On the following morning we are relieved, the enemy having disappeared during the night, their forces retreating from the line.

May 22, 1864, William T. Daugherty, a recruit of Lake town-ship, is sent to the hospital returning for duty at Rome, Ga., October 20, following. He is again sent to the hospital at Wilmington, N. C., March 6, 1865, and on recovery is detailed as clerk where he remains until the close of the war, having served on duty with the company six months.

May 25, 1864, we cross Etawah river on pontoon and march about fifteen miles toward the right of our lines. At night we halt expecting to pitch our tents, but after supper and a short rest we are given orders to move forward spending the entire night either marching or standing in battle line ready for action. During a portion of this night's experience we are standing or marching in a down-pouring rain, thoroughly soaked and well besmeared with Georgia mud. In the early morning we prepare breakfast and continue the march until our forces are near the enemy lines at Dallas, Ga., where we are allowed but little rest for orders are given to exchange muskets for shovels and axes and these are kept busy until a line of fortifications is built.

DALLAS, GEORGIA.

Yonie now informs us that we had sixteen days of rain since the first of May and will have more before the close of the month, "just as he told us when he got his eye on the new moon." Fritz says Yonie's predictions are all moonshine but agrees that Yonie has

guessed right this time. The argument is continued as usual and these come with greater regularity and more abundantly than rations. With Yonie's moon signs and Ritchey's bunions as weather prognosticators we always know when to look for some kind of weather, and are never disappointed.

Here we established our lines within easy range of the enemy's artillery fire these seeming to be located on the extreme right of our lines for we hear heavy firing at a considerable distance on our left. Firing on the picket line is constant during the day and we keep close within shelter of our works. Sharpshooters on both sides are on the lookout for victims and a number who expose themselves are killed and wounded. Among the killed is Captain Horton who is shot through the head as he passes along the line near our company quarters, on May 28. So near are we to the enemy position that pickets cannot be placed during the day, and reliefs are sent out after dark. On the evening of this date company "B" is ordered on the skirmish line. We are on the line but a short time when a great disturbance is kicked up in our front until it seems that the entire rebel force has turned out as bell ringers. When this racket nears our position we fire a volley in the direction of this noise then fall back on the reserve. We are now reinforced by an additional detail and ordered forward in the direction of this uproar. With a volley of musketry and lusty yells we advance some distance and make the discovery that bells have been placed on a heard of cattle driven before the enemy for the purpose of stampeding our force. On the approach of day the enemy appears in force and drive us back to our fortifications where we hold them throughout the day.

While on this skirmish line William W. Smith, of Plain township, receives a severe wound in his arm and is sent to the hospital, returning for duty September 30, following. November 30, at the battle of Franklin, Smith is captured and sent to Andersonville prison, where he remains until the close of the war and is discharged at Columbus, Ohio, May 29, 1865. He served his entire term of enlistment with the company, except while a prisoner of war and in the hospital recovering from his wound.

June 3 we are relieved from duty in the fortifications and fall back in the rear a short distance and for the first time since occupying these works we enjoy a rest, are supplied with rations and ammunition and receive our mail.

June 6 Corporal John Spangler, of Plain township, is appointed sergeant. With the exception of thirty days' leave of absence he served his entire term of enlistment on duty with the company and is mustered out at the close of the war.

May 31 Joseph Stuart, of Salem, is detailed as teamster, remaining on this detached service until the close of the war, having served on duty with the command twenty months.

June 6 George Nelson, a recruit of Plain township, is detailed as teamster with the Twenty-Third Corps ammunition train, where he served until the close of the war, then transferred to the One Hundred and Eighty-Third Ohio regiment, after two months' service with the company.

On the morning of June 4 we are on the march toward the left

of the line and when nearing the position assigned we encounter the rebel skirmish line, driving it back to the enemy's main line of works, when we stack arms and get busy with axe and shovel until a line of defense is completed. During this movement and work we are deluged with rain and a constant shelling from the enemy batteries. Our part of the line is now located near Ackworth Station, Ga.

ACKWORTH STATION, GEORGIA.

June 5 our brigade is sent out a distance of about five miles on a reconnoissance. Not finding the enemy we return early in the evening and occupy our quarters. Rains continue and the weather is blistering hot. On June 6 we are strengthening our works and in the evening our company is sent out on the picket line. On June 7 marching orders are given when we return to the line, but later this order is countermanded and we remain in our works. Our rations are exhausted and considerable growling is heard. It is not possible at times to reach our positions with the supply train, and sometimes rebel cavalry make a raid in the rear of the army and capture our supplies. These explanations might be satisfactory to boys who are not worn out with hunger and hard usage. But we "cuss" the quartermaster just the same and are not in a mood to consider the whys and wherefores. Ritchey appeals to Yonie to try his peach sprout and see if he can locate something in the eatable line. Relief comes on June 9 when rations are supplied then we mentally apologize for what we have been saying about the quartermaster. With our regiment on the skirmish line we advance toward the enemy driving his skirmish line under their fire and shelling, while dodging from tree to tree as the line advances. These movements with the showers coming down rapidly at times add to our discomfort and danger as the skirmishers advance through the forest and fields. The scalding hot sun between showers and the low hanging smoke with scarcely a breath of air stirring, is suffocating. The enemy is stubborn and resists advance. We are urged forward by the main line closely supporting as we continue to dodge from tree to tree or other shelter and fire as rapidly as we can load and get a glimpse of "Johnnies" or see the smoke from their muskets, they, like ourselves, being kept busy finding protection as they slowly give way. Exploding shells, musket balls and solid shot are trimming trees, throwing bark, splinters, and limbs in many directions. Frequently we see a boy in blue throw up his hands and fall as he hastens from cover to cover. Boys in blue and in gray are seen lying dead or wounded as we slowly press the enemy back amid the stifling heat and smoke while agonizing cries from wounded and dying are heard as we advance. A dead rebel sharpshooters, who



*"Advancing Skirmish Line"
Dodging from cover as the Enemy Slowly give way.*

had lashed himself well up in the top of a bushy tree top, is seen suspended as we pass by.

During this day's advance Uriah Dennis of Paris township, is severely wounded and is sent to the hospital where he died soon afterward.

On June 11 we are relieved from the skirmish line and fall back on the main line where preparations are again made to continue the forward movement. Our skirmishers now advance and open fire driving the enemy slowly back. In the meantime he makes frequent threats to assault our lines and to meet these threatened assaults we build five lines of works during the day. This movement seems to be made to break the enemy line between Kenesaw and Pine mountains. Near the foot of Pine mountain we find the enemy line in a strong position beyond a large open field. He also occupies an advance line with a strong line of skirmishers behind trees, log-heaps, railpiles and in an old log building. Our company is sent forward to reinforce the skirmish line and we pump in cold lead receiving plenty of the same in return but the rebs stay right "thar" and hold their position. We make a rush for the rail fence surrounding the field and send in more lead, yet they hold their ground. This field fronting us is a mass of blackberry bushes with berries now ripening and while waiting orders a number of boys take chances by crawling through or over the fence and feast on berries. In the meantime two pieces of artillery unlimber their guns immediately in our rear and send shells that scatter log heaps and other cover used by the enemy, as well as an outpouring of Johnnies who are not slow in hunting for safer cover while we go forward with yells and soon have possession of the enemy picket line. As we charge through the blackberry bushes our battery boys send shells over our heads at the enemy, one of which is seen to enter the gable of the old log barn and seems to have exploded at about the right time and place for there is not enough openings in the old building to let out the panic stricken rebs. as they trample each other under foot in their mad haste to find safer quarters. On taking possession of this advanced line we find a number of dead and wounded have been left where they fell.

After taking this position beyond the blackberry field our regiment is ordered to another part of the line to support a battery sent to silence a rebel battery now making trouble on our left. As soon as a favorable position is secured our battery boys unlimber their guns and begin firing, our regiment taking a position a short distance in the rear where we lie as closely to the ground as possible with a strong inclination to burrow down into the bowels of the hill. Soon another battery arrives and lines up with the cannon engaged, then begins one of the most deafening artillery duels we have heard at close range during the campaign. As soon as a gun is fired the battery boys are seen to drop to the ground remaining there until the enemy has fired when they are up again in an instant and repeat these movements. The duel lasts a half hour or more

when the enemy is seen to limber up his guns and we are ordered forward on double quick but the rebs. get away with all guns except one which is found disabled when we reach the abandoned position. We find a number of dead and wounded, one with his head missing and brains and pieces of skull scattered on the ground and bushes. During the time of this duel a number of our battery boys are killed and wounded, but we are protected somewhat behind the hill and escape serious injury. Jackman tries to commit suicide, or with more curiosity than caution, sits up where he can better watch the artillery in action and with hearty laughter enjoys seeing boys squirm and hug the soil when cannon balls or fragments of shells plow up the earth half covering some of the boys with dirt.

During today's operations the rebel general Bishop Polk is killed while riding along the side of Pine mountain. The events noted above cover the time from June 11 to June 18 and we are now in a position near Pine Knob threatening the enemy left and find his works fronting us abandoned. During this time the enemy is so closely pressed that he continues to leave many of his dead and wounded where they fall. We follow the retreating enemy about two miles in a southerly direction then stack arms and hurriedly build a line of defenses.

On June 18 we remain in our works amid showers of water from the clouds and frequent shot and shell from the enemy. Mean-time details of men are seen gathering and burying the dead of both armies. On June 19 we move forward about five miles without finding any opposition except an abundance of mud and water, and camp near the Marietta road. On the afternoon of June 20, while rains continue, we move to the right a few miles, where we find and occupy a line of the enemy's abandoned works. On June twenty-two we move forward driving the enemy's skirmish line several miles to a large plantation where we stack arms and build fortifications while between showers the weather is extremely hot. How we are able to stand up under this heat and hard usage is surprising yet the limit is reached by boys who frequently fall out of ranks through exhaustion. Excused from duty for a few days they are back on the line again. On June twenty-six we again advance with our company on the skirmish line and are pleased to find the enemy falling back without showing much resistance. On June twenty-seven we are relieved from the skirmish line when our main force leave the works in battle line and after advancing a few miles the enemy is found who stubbornly resist and hold us in check for several hours, then finally give way closely followed by our forces pressing him across Nickajack creek. Here we stack arms and go to work with ax and shovel until a line of rifle pits is built. We now seem to be near the right of our line pushing the enemy left, while our forces are heard pounding the rebel center at or near Kenesaw mountain.



KENESAW MOUNTAIN.

During the day furious fighting with heavy cannonading is heard on our left, and at night we witness a grand display of fireworks at the summit of the mountain which at times is ablaze. On June 28 the enemy attack our pickets, forcing them back from their position while we on the line are busily engaged until late at night strengthening our position. In the meantime plaintive voices of comrades down the line are heard singing—"Many are the Hearts that are Weary Tonight."

This movement of the enemy was probably made for the purpose of finding our position and strength for he falls back and occupies his works. Heavy firing is again heard on our left apparently in the vicinity of Kenesaw mountain. July 2, it now appears that the enemy has decided to abandon the line and the strong positions held at the mountain for our army at this time seems to be occupying positions on three sides of the mountain. July 3, the enemy is retreating to the Chattahoochie river while we follow and occupy Marietta, Ga., late in the evening.

MARIETTA, GEORGIA.

On July 5 we again move forward while the left wing of the army is engaging the retreating foe. During this forward movement our company is on the skirmish line where we remain two days as pickets or rear guard finding but slight resistance from the enemy, and reach the Chattahoochie river and camp near the railroad. Here we enjoy a swim and bath while the pioneer corps is placing pontoons across the river. On July seven I am sent with a squad of ten men to Division Headquarters where we are joined by other detachments from the Third division and march up the river several miles where we find a pioneer corps unloading pontoons which are used as boats to convey our detachment of about one hundred men across the river. After a few trips all are landed on the south side near the mouth of Soap creek. We are now deployed on the skirmish line then advancing we soon find the enemy outpost. The Johnnies kindly fire at a safe distance over our heads as we move forward and divide our force at the foot of a hill they occupy, each detachment advancing up the valleys. At a signal we go up the hill on double quick striking the enemy both front and rear sending in one volley which seems to be sufficient for he quickly retreats leaving a small piece of artillery. After further search for rebel outposts we select a favorable position, build light breastworks and camp for the night, and on July eleventh return to our commands which have crossed the Chattahoochie river and camped at Isham's Ferry, Ga., where the army is allowed a rest until July 17.

CHAPTER VI.

ATLANTA TO DECATUR, GA.

During this time the army is being inspected by Medical Directors, curious to see, perhaps, what men look like who can stand up under the severe rawhiding we have been enduring during the past sixty days. Blistering hot weather continues while frequent showers give a little relief. This racking demand upon our strength, want of sufficient nourishing food is plainly shown in haggard faces and unsteady step among the boys. Frequently one drops from the ranks and is excused from duty yet remains with the company or at the field hospital until sufficient strength is gained to report for duty. A few are compelled to give up the struggle and are sent to the rear on lighter duty or are discharged from service. Boys dread going to hospitals and when possible they prefer taking chances with their comrades than with hospital attaches.

This rest is doing us a world of good. Boys are lounging in their tents or under trees when not on duty. A large force of men is kept busy repairing and building bridges and railroad destroyed by the retreating enemy, and often after these repairs are made rebel cavalry raiders dodge in and tear up things generally, making trouble and keeping us hungry much of the time. Supplies are now coming forward and we are getting plenty of rations and other supplies though but little clothing is needed except shoes. Many of the pine forests through which we march and where we sometimes camp are abandoned fields that plainly show evidence of cultivation in years past. These forests also keep us plentifully supplied with jiggers and woodticks.

The skeleton bridges and trestle work our engineers and pioneer corps are building over streams and valleys do not look substantial and one would hesitate to walk over them, yet heavy trains of supplies pass over these frail looking structures. Rebel prisoners are surprised at the ingenuity of Yankees and the rapidity shown in repairing railroads and bridges. They declare that "old Bill Sherman carries a supply of ready made bridges, adding that it was useless to blow up Tunnel Hill for "old Bill" even carries a supply of ready made tunnels.

To describe one's feeling during the past few weeks while digging trenches, trailing through mud, water and underbrush and over uneven highways and byways is impossible. To get an idea of this experience one must drop in the ranks loaded with the necessary

supplies and equipment and subsist a portion of the time on short rations, then march under the rays of a Georgia midsummer sun with perspiration running down his body and face and graybacks running in divers directions over his body. While enjoying occasional short rests he must occupy his time seeing that musket and equipment is kept in order. This is all. The remainder of the time he can rest. Our hours for rest and sleep are uncertain. There is no set time for assembly call, or the call to arms.

Word reaches us that during our advance toward Atlanta Chaplain Buel Whitney was captured by the enemy's scouts. For the past few weeks we have seen but little of our chaplain who is kept busy while aiding in looking after sick and wounded soldiers dropping from the ranks every day, while we have been just as busy marching, digging and dodging from cover to cover as the army advances with but little time for rest.

It seems that for the purpose of reaching some point on the line the chaplain borrowed a mule from a wagon master and while on his way lost his bearings and wandered outside the lines and is captured by rebel scouts. Equipped, as he was, with wagon master's mule, saddle and saddle bags, and without evidence that he bore the rank of a commissioned chaplain the rebel colonel before whom he was taken was not disposed to accept his story. During a severe grilling administered by the rebel colonel a rebel officer entered the tent and calling the colonel aside presented the latter with a few articles found in the chaplain's saddle bags. The colonel now believing his prisoner to be either a scout or spy, seats himself facing the chaplain, yet with ill concealed attempt to look severe, he roars out: "You say, Mr. Whitney, that you are chaplain of the 104th Ohio regiment?"

"Yes, sir," replies Whitney. I received that appointment some months ago and since that time I have been performing the duties of that office."

After considerable more grilling the chaplain still maintaining that he is telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth, the Confederate colonel reaches in his pocket and produces a bottle of whiskey found in the saddle bags, saying:

"Now, Mr. Chaplain, when holding religious services do you administer sacrament of the Lord's Supper from this decanter? Then reaching in the other pocket the colonel produces a deck of cards saying very loud and severely, "and do you take your texts from the Book of Kings found in this Bible?"

The effect upon the prisoner after this evidence of his guilt was produced was never known. It is presumed that he collapsed for no explanation could clear up the situation in the minds of his captors until Colonel Reilly got in communication with the enemy and secured the chaplain's release.



"Fresh Fish"

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

The enemy is now falling back within his defenses at Atlanta, Ga., and receiving reinforcements of state militia and veteran troops from other points within the Confederacy and the tug of war is near at hand. General Johnston, commanding the rebel forces is now relieved of his command by General Hood. Detachments of recruits are daily coming to our camps and assigned to different regiments throughout the army. When these recruits appear in camp the cry of "Fresh Fish" is heard coming from old veterans along the line. Old soldiers easily detect the recruit by the new uniform and size of his knapsack. The recruit has carefully treasured all the extras provided by mother and tokens of affection provided by "The girl he left behind him." All this added to the clothing and equipment provided by Uncle Sam thus strapped upon his back and viewed from the rear, little can be seen except an animated mass of baggage and a pair of legs that seem bending under the burden they bear. After a few days' marching in the heat of a Georgia mid-summer sun these extras begin to disappear. They are thrown away, all that which is not absolutely necessary to keep and the other may be seen strewn along the roadside, for it is found much easier to lie down to sleep in the fields and forest without covering than to be tortured with heavy loads. After the recruit has unloaded a portion of his goods and chattels and is successful in his "skirmish for graybacks" he has passed the entered apprentice degree in soldiery and is no longer a "fresh fish." A family of full grown graybacks with a wood tick or two, accompanied by a few jiggers, located between the recruit and his baggage while on a hot march will make him forget his other troubles and a desire to seek revenge will come as naturally as a dog scratching fleas. Soldiers sometimes gather their crop of these pests daily if time is given, and sometimes weekly, yet a few heavy hided heroes are said to be able to stand up under the punishment for longer periods and then throw the garment away in order, they say, to "avoid an unnecessary effusion of blood." Well informed soldiers claim that a grayback will mature in twenty-four hours, which at full growth very much resembles a miniature land snapper.

July 15, 1864, while at this camp Nathaniel Gorgas of Lake township and Thomas Haynam of Paris township are appointed corporals. There is no record showing that either of these boys missed a day's service during the two years and ten months since they were mustered in. Unless on picket or guard duty they answered to every roll call until mustered out with the company at the close of the war. Gorgas is one of the lucky thirteen yet surviving.

July 17 a forward movement is ordered with our company on the skirmish line. We soon find the enemy and, closely supported by our forces, drive the rebel skirmishers about five miles before nightfall, when we are relieved by company "H", then retire to the regiment.



Surplus Baggage Unloaded

Footprints Through Dixie

On the following day we march about five miles and camp on the railroad. On July 19 we move forward and soon find the enemy pickets and drive them to their first line of works defending the city of Atlanta. On July 20 we again move forward and attack the rebels who stubbornly resist and hold their position during the day. We move to the right after dark and take a position facing Atlanta on the east. Here we camp in line of battle and indications point to a struggle near at hand. The enemy, now under a new commander, is expected to assault our line at any time. Early on the following morning we move to a new position and build fortifications. During the afternoon heavy firing is heard on our left. On July 22 we are in line before daylight and change to a new position where we remain until noon when we start on a forced march to another position on the left in support of McPherson whose forces are hard pressed by the enemy near the Decatur road. On reaching a position near his line we find the struggle is over and McPherson has succeeded in regaining the ground he lost at the first assault of the enemy. We camp for the night near McPherson's hospitals where scores of surgeons and attendants are busily at work caring for wounded, hundreds of whom are lying on the ground waiting their turn at the operating table.

History gives the loss of both armies at this engagement at about nine thousand killed, wounded and missing, and about three thousand killed.

Mother Bickerdyke and her helpers are on hand giving aid and comfort to the maimed and dying.

Not being called upon to take part in this deadly struggle, we anxiously listen while hastening to reinforce McPherson, while the battling forces are beating each other back and forth finally ending in defeat to the enemy and the loss of the gallant McPherson and hundreds of others equally as brave.

Late in the afternoon our brigade is sent double quick a distance of about two miles to protect the supply train against a threatened attack by rebel cavalry. Here we remain until July 26, building log fortifications, after which we return to our position in the line and draw three days' rations. On the following day I am sent with a squad of ten men, with other details, to work on fortifications where we labor all night building a small fort. This work is accomplished in the midst of a pouring rain, thunder and lightning and an occasional shell from the enemy lines. From July 23 to July 29 our part of the line remains comparatively quiet, the time meanwhile occupied in building fortifications, caring for the wounded and burying the dead. On July 29 our brigade is sent out on a scout and find a few rebel cavalry who are routed, when we return to camp and remain here until August 2.

We now learn that our peppery, yet kind-hearted colonel has been promoted to brigadier general, a just recognition of his soldierly qualities. While in camp our new brigadier is seen approach-



His first Grayback

"Fresh Fish Captures his first Enemy."

Footprints Through Dixie

ing the reserve and wishing to carry out military usages and rules the reserve guard is ordered out to salute our new general. On seeing these hurried movements Reilly yells out, "Here, here, none of that, this is no place for such d—d foolishness." But we have the "edge" on the general and pay no attention to his order but fall in line and give the salute which is returned by Reilly without further protest.

Lieutenant Colonel Sterl, formerly captain of Company "A" is now promoted to colonel, and Major Jordan formerly captain of Company "K" is promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, and Joseph Riddle, captain of Company "F" is promoted to major, where they all served until the close of the war.

August 2 we move about eight miles to the right of the line passing in the rear of the other forces and take our position on the right of the Fourth Corps. During this movement heavy firing is kept up by the skirmish lines between the contending forces, capturing a number of rebel prisoners during the day. We work by reliefs all night fortifying our new position and on the following morning our company is sent out on the skirmish line where we are allowed but little rest by the enemy pickets. In the meantime our second division is being hotly engaged on our right.

August 4 our division is moved over the works and lined up in front and ordered forward in line of battle. After reaching a position in plain view of the enemy we occupy a line of his abandoned works where we await with fixed bayonet and in great suspense expecting every moment to hear the bugle call to assault the enemy. A view of his well fortified line with a clear field intervening is quite convincing that his position can not be carried without serious results. The enemy sharpshooters are watching closely and a number of our men through carelessness or a show of bravado are killed and wounded while we await orders. After occupying this position until the following morning this movement seems to have been abandoned for we are hurried farther to the right where our brigade forms enmasse in a dense wood where preparations are again made to assault the enemy. Here the ambulances and stretcherbearers with supplies on hand take a position in the rear to carry off dead or wounded as soon as the enemy supply the victims. This movement is also abandoned and on August sixth we move to another position on our right southwest of the city.

UTOY CREEK.

The past twenty-four hours have been trying to our nerves. To have made an assault and end the trouble would have been less harrowing to one's feelings. Whatever the result might have been, the suspense would be ended. But it was coming. At Utoy Creek a death trap had been set and in obedience to orders we rushed in and

met disaster without gaining a point. Here we are drawn up in line, stack our arms and go hurriedly at work throwing up a line of defenses under the enemy's fire. With logs, rails or anything available for the purpose we emerge from the woods a short distance in an open field and begin this work while the Confederates are firing musketry and shells. In the meantime our reinforced line of pickets are being slaughtered in our front. Fortunately the enemy's masked batteries are so near our position that many of their shells do not explode until they have passed over our heads. It appears that the enemy only want to let us know they are "thar," but do not want us to know their full strength or expose the masked position they occupy until we are lured well into the trap. As soon as a light barricade of logs, rails, etc., is completed we rush forward to these defenses with shovels and down on our knees we throw dirt against this barricade until a bullet-proof line is completed. We then fall back and exchange our shovels for muskets and return to these defenses.

While this work is under way William Walker, of Paris township, receives a severe gunshot wound and is taken to the hospital. From there he was granted a furlough home, returning to the company for duty at Nashville, Tennessee, December 2, following. Walker is one of the few men who never answered to a sick call during his term of service or drew his ration of quinine, but answered to the call of duty during thirty months' service. He was mustered out with the company at the close of the war. One of the 13 survivors of the company.

Soon after occupying this position another strong detail of troops is sent out to support the pickets now engaging the enemy, and the reinforced line now advance and when within a stone's throw of the rebel's masked rifle pits and artillery, they open a withering fire that sends down a large number of the attacking force. Our boys drop down seeking shelter wherever it may be found. The rebels now cease firing for a short time and call to our boys to come in as prisoners or be killed where they lay. "I see you, Yank, and if you all don't come in we'll fill you all full of holes, so better hurry up," and other demands of this nature are made by the rebels. A number of our boys who occupy exposed positions now surrender and pass in over the rebel fortifications, while other who feel reasonably safe remain in their position or "crawfish" back and escape, though a number are shot while making the attempt. It is now known that the task is a hopeless one for the enemy's concealed rifle pits are seen with a strong force defending their line. Word passes along the line that the entire division will now be thrown against the enemy. If this move is contemplated it was abandoned after our commander becomes aware of the situation. All who can, now fall back out of range of the enemy fire where we remain until August 7 when the enemy having been flanked out of his position we move forward to these abandoned works and examine the death trap into which we were lured.

Along the crest of a ridge the rebels built their rifle pits in a

thickly wooded position making these rifle pits in an angling form, each angle twenty feet or more in length, covering the dirt thrown from this pit with brush and leaves. The position and formation of the enemy's works make it almost impossible for an attacking force to find cover from their cross fire. A slight depression in the earth, a friendly stump, or even a bush is sought by our men as a means of protection and concealment. Our dead left on the field are now found stripped of clothing. These bodies are gathered together and carried to the rear for identification. Among the visitors is General Reilly who passes along viewing the row of dead and soon departs while tears are seen streaming down his cheeks. The loss in our brigade is four hundred and fifty killed, wounded and missing.

An incident showing great courage and devotion is witnessed during this engagement. Samuel Haag and his young brother, Henry, of Marlboro, are lying side by side near the enemy line in a position where they are unable to retreat without great danger and the only thing left to do is to surrender or remain in their position hoping to escape in some way. Seeing an opportunity for a shot the younger boy raises his right shoulder to aim thus exposing his position. Before he is ready to fire he is mortally wounded, the ball entering his right shoulder at the base of the neck and passing into his body. Facing this great danger Samuel lifts his brother from the ground and bears him to the rear amid showers of balls and derisive yells from the enemy. They reach a place of safety without further injury and remain together until the boy's death.

Samuel Haag the elder of three brothers in our company, was sent to the hospital at Lexington, Ky., December, 1862, from where he applied for a furlough home which was refused. Believing he could not withstand exposure of military service during the winter, he deserted the command December 29, 1862. Under the President's proclamation pardoning those absent without leave who return to their commands, he reported to the company for duty and served faithfully until October, 1864 when he was again sent to the hospital from where he was granted a furlough home where he died before the expiration of his furlough, December 13, 1864.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the brave southern boys who remained loyal to the Union and who suffered persecution at their homes because of their loyalty to the flag. Many of these men have been driven from their homes and families and enlisting in the Union army are now fighting neighbors and "kin folks." We have in our Division the First Tennessee infantry whose term of service expired a few days before this engagement that now gives a sublime test of its patriotism. Col. Byrd, commanding this regiment, is informed by General Cox that the services of his regiment is needed at this critical time and asks Byrd if his men will consent to remain a short time. The colonel calls his men in line and after stating the request made by the General, he asks all who are willing to remain a short time to step to the front. Every man now steps forward and in the engagements that follow the regiment suffers considerable loss before its discharge from service.

We now move to the right of the line and build fortifications continuing this work until the eleventh. In the meantime heavy firing is heard on our left while brisk skirmishing is kept up in our front until the enemy drive our skirmishers back to the line and build fortifications under our fire and within sight of our position. This brings on a sharp engagement on the skirmish line which we have reinforced to meet this advance, and is accompanied by a heavy thunderstorm, and flashes of lightning mingle with flashes of musketry and artillery. On August twelfth we are relieved by the Fourteenth Corps when our brigade is sent to the right on a reconnaissance driving the enemy's pickets back to their main line of works. After this work is accomplished we return and take a new position and begin building fortifications.

While these works are under construction on August sixteen, Captain Southworth is accidentally killed. With my squad of men we are engaged in digging trenches on our section of a barricade of logs and the captain is standing on the bank nearby. An alarm is given by choppers in a company adjoining, when I notice a tree falling in the direction of our position. Without looking from whence the danger is coming Southworth ran directly parallel with the falling tree and after running a short distance is in the act of leaping over a log when the falling tree strikes the barricade of logs about midway its length with such force that the top springs down and the body, or large limb of the tree strikes his head killing him almost instantly. He seemed to have mounted the log at the instant the tree top springs down, otherwise he might have escaped. When the tree top ceased its vibrations it rested about ten feet above the log on which Southworth leaped. Boys in the trenches dropped down and escaped injury, while I ran a short distance parallel with the works and stop in time to witness the death of our unfortunate captain. This leaves us without a commissioned officer in the company, and Captain Vanderhoof of Company "A" is placed in temporary command.

Andrew J. Southworth, of Marlboro, is the only commissioned officer in Company "B" who has shared with the men of his company the dangers and hardships we have met up to this time. With the exception of a fifteen day furlough he has been on duty from the date of muster in until his death.

A rough coffin is made of fence boards by his comrades in which the body is placed, and buried with the honors of war. Captain Southworth's body is afterward removed and buried near the village of Marlboro.

Soon after Southworth's death, Orderly Sergeant Vick is commissioned second lieutenant and assigned for duty with Company "D", and First Lieutenant Knapp of Company "E" of Massillon, O., is placed in command of our company, relieving Vanderhoof. Knapp remains in command of Company "B" until January, 1865, when Lieutenant Henry Vick is commissioned first lieutenant and returns to the company where he remains in command until the close of the war.

While at this camp John Shanefelt, of Lake, township, is assigned to the duties of company commissary where he remains until April, 1865, when he is sent to the hospital, returning to the company for duty at Greensboro, N. C. After service on duty with the company thirty-three months he is mustered out at the close of the war.

August 17, 1864, Sergeant Cicero Hawley, of Salem, O., is sent to the hospital from where he receives a furlough, returning to the company for duty at Nashville, Tenn., December 5. February, 1865 he is detailed for duty at the printing office at Kinston, N. C., returning to the company May 12. After serving on duty with the company nearly twenty-four months he is mustered out at the close of the war.

August 18 we are again called in line and march in the direction of the right wing of the army, while heavy cannonading is heard on our left. On arriving at the position assigned we begin active work building fortifications, completing the work on the following day. We now pitch our tents and when snugly fixed the assembly call is given. When all ready to move the order to march is countermanded. While occupying this position we are visited by a lively shelling from the enemy and showers of rain, such a common occurrence during the past sixty days that neither seems to disturb us much. On August 20 our regiment is sent out on a scout and advance to a point near the enemy lines where we remain quietly for some purpose unknown to us, standing here in darkness and rain until near midnight. While returning to our position in the line the colonel loses his bearings and for a time we are lost in the darkness of a dense forest, finally reaching our place on the line. Our position now seems to be near the right of our army where we are having but little trouble with the enemy. Here we remain quietly in camp and again are cut in rations to three-fifths of usual allowance. On August 28 we move farther south and after building light defenses we bivouac for the night. On the following day our march is continued a few miles in a southerly direction, where light defenses are again built and we remain here until August 30 when we again move south passing the position held by the Fourth Corps and late in the evening again bivouac for the night. Our position now seems to be nearly south of Atlanta and a guess is made by the boys that we will soon strike a railroad and perhaps a lot of trouble. Our military experts under muskets have anticipated about all the movements made since the beginning of the campaign and Sherman's management of the forces meets their approval. But we are now considerably south of Atlanta and Fritz is becoming alarmed over the safety of our bread and bacon line. He fears that the mental strain of the past few weeks has unbalanced the general's mind, yet the boys can't persuade him to carry a word of warning to the general. A lively argument is now under way and Fowler informs the whole bunch that they are afflicted with disordered minds yet they deny it. We take turns abusing these pests for introducing arguments on short rations, which are due to frequent raids on our supply trains made by the rebel General Joe Wheeler. A portion of

the sowbelly we draw bears evidence of having at one time belonged to some old brood sow in the farmer's barnyard, but it's quantity, not quality we now yearn for. Yes, we would gladly pay good money for Kentucky pies, and agree to eat them for our belts have been tightened up to the last hole.

With all the rains and abundance of water Joe's and George's faces are so dirty we are almost at a loss to identify them until they answer to their names at roll call. Inspections have been neglected of late, consequently they have had no occasion to remove their masks. The width of white rings surrounding their mouths seems to indicate that Joe's tongue is a trifle the longest.

Rumors are now afloat that "Uncle Billie" is executing a flank movement that will determine the fate of Atlanta and we share with Fritz and others a fear that our bread and bacon line will be interrupted by rebel cavalry raids on our supply trains for any more shortening of rations will surely starve us out. This marching and digging in this blistering heat and want of sufficient nourishing food continues sending boys to the hospital to recuperate until at times we have less than twenty men able for duty.

On August 31 bugle calls are heard in many directions indicating a general movement of the army. This unusual bustle and noise is an inspiration and all seem anxious hoping that the Georgia campaign and fall of Atlanta is near at hand. We now start southward with a strong skirmish line in front pumping lead at the slowly retreating rebel skirmishers until the Macon railroad is reached near Rough and Ready, where hurriedly we stack arms and baggage and all go to work tearing up railroad track with every one on the jump. Drawing the spikes at place of beginning we form in lines and soon sections of the track is turned upside down. Rails are heated and twisted and ties not used in building fortifications are burned. A short time before reaching the railroad, engine whistles are heard in the direction of Atlanta and an enemy train of cars is captured by our forces. We build fortifications here and remain during the night. In the meantime distant heavy firing is heard where our forces are engaging the enemy. Early on the morning of September 1 we advance in the direction of the enemy and soon find his pickets who are driven back to his main force where we are held in check a short time and then advance in pursuit of the now retreating rebel forces. During this movement hundreds of rebel prisoners and deserters are passing to the rear. Night coming on firing along the line ceases and we bivouac for the night. Noises heard in the direction of Atlanta convince us that the rebels are abandoning the city and blowing up trains and destroying munitions of war.

Two more soldiers drop from the ranks today and are sent to the field hospital and from there to Jonesboro, then to Atlanta, reporting to the company in a few days at Decatur, Ga., where the Twenty-Third Corps encamped.

"Atlanta is ours and fairly won," is an interesting sentence in an

address given to the army by General Sherman and read on dress parade on the following day.

September 2, 1864, George Werner, of Marlboro, is sent to the field hospital and from there to Atlanta, returning to the company on the twelfth, while encamped at Decatur, Ga. With the exception of this short absence he served on duty with his company every day until the close of the war and is mustered out of service at Greensboro, N. C.

On the same date J. W. Gaskill, of Marlboro, is sent to the hospital, returning to the company on September nineteen at Decatur, Ga. September 15, 1862, he was sent to the field hospital at Camp Snow Pond, Ky., returning for duty November 10, following, at Lexington, Ky. Appointed corporal at Strawberry Plains, Tenn., January 1, 1864, and one of the boys who "slipped the halter" at Bellaire, Ohio, returning to the company for duty at Wilmington, N. C. He served until the close of the war and is mustered out at Greensboro, N. C. after thirty-one months' service in the ranks.

Atlanta, the heart of the Confederacy has been pierced and Grant is pounding away at its head. We are hoping the crisis is about passed, at least for military operations in the southwest. During the past four months we have lost over twenty thousand men, nearly one-fourth of the force we started with. Four thousand of these now occupy graves that mark our pathway between Atlanta and Chattanooga, where many sleep in unknown graves far from their northern homes and many have dropped from the ranks through exhaustion, lack of physical strength to face the hardships, and these are either discharged or transferred to invalid corps, while others are suffering the torments of rebel prisons.

Hood has retreated southward and gone into camp and we are promised a season of rest if the enemy will permit. The Twenty-Third army corps has gone into camp and all are hoping Grant may soon capture that "last ditch" and we can return to our homes before another winter. The situation is being discussed in the ranks. One military strategist in the company informs us that after a short rest our army will chase Hood to Virginia and unite with the Army of the Potomac and there finish up the job. But these generals under knapsacks do not agree and the plans for future operations are threshed out without consulting the commanding general.

After the fall of Atlanta the sick and disabled are loaded into ambulances and government wagons and conveyed to that city, a distance of twenty-two miles. A battle-scarred hotel called the Empire House is fitted up as a hospital and here our train of exhausted, sick and wounded boys are taken. During this long trip over rough and dusty roads all who are unable to walk short distances must grin and bear the punishment. Boys able to do a little walking spend the time trying to determine which is the greater punishment, walking or riding in the wagons. After walking short distances they seem fully determined that riding is easier but change their minds in a short time after climbing back in the wagons. Thus the punishment is alternated until the city is reached when a

number of sick and wounded boys are found in a pitiable condition. During our stay here we who are able to walk are permitted to go out over the city where the effect of our bombardment during the siege is seen. I occupy a room in the hospital with a severely wounded sharp shooter who is found dead on his cot the second morning after our arrival. Our nurse is probably out on the street finding some occupation more to his taste.

Depopulating of the city is now under way. Families are loading their household goods in wagons and carts and departing southward. A very sharp correspondence is going on between Generals Sherman and Hood in regard to removal of the citizens to the rapidly decreasing boundary of the C. S. A. As usual Sherman has things his way and a truce of five days is agreed upon and during this time citizens are assisted by Union soldiers in loading the household goods which are hauled to Rough and Ready where they are turned over to rebel authorities and from there conveyed to points within the Confederate lines, a military necessity, perhaps, but cruel. "War is cruelty and you cannot refine it," says Sherman. The penalty of treason visited upon old age, infancy and poverty. Wealthy southerners who are responsible for this great war of devastation and death leave homes as we invade their territory and thus in a great measure escape hardships and throw the burden of suffering upon helpless and innocent. Yet men who can shut defenseless prisoners up in vile pens and slowly starve them to death can desert the sick and helpless among their own people.

Army supplies are coming in by rail and wagon trains and Atlanta is taking on the appearance of a great military camp now almost made up of soldiers and governmental employees.



CHAPTER VII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TO CLIFFTON, TENN.

After the fall of the city our army corps march to Decatur, Ga., and camp for a season of rest. General Reilly orders inspection for each Sunday while in camp. We appear on inspection and pass in review in fair shape considering our tough treatment during the past four months of exposure to this blistering climate and the many miles we have marched during the advance and "whiplashing" from flank to flank to head off or engage the enemy. After about one hundred days under the enemy fire and a scorching Georgia midsummer sun we are now fire-tested and physically tried and fried out. Soldierly discipline, with the almost daily screaming of shot and shell and whistle of musket balls pass unnoticed. They are a part of our daily life. The unsatisfied appetite sharpened by constant labor, and an end to this drive are matters of first consideration by the man under a musket. Yet a number of these "Salamanders" are able to stand up under this grilling demand upon their strength with vitality to spare to meet any argument that comes up.

September 8, 1864, while at this camp Thomas C. Fowler, of Marlboro, is appointed corporal. This tall, slender, sixteen-year-old boy at time of enlistment, was absent, sick and on detached service about one month. After service in the ranks of thirty-three months he was mustered out with the company at the close of the war. Now one of the survivors of the company.

September 12, Captain Perdue visits the company long enough to shake hands with the boys, then returns to his duties in the ordnance department.

We remain in this camp performing picket and camp duties until September 15, then move to the opposite side of the railroad and clean up a new camp. On September 22 we begin building fortifications completing the work on September 27. In the meantime our muskets are cleaned up and put in order, U. S. plates and bayonets are polished. Joe and George and other dirty faced boys wash and comb their hair with their fingers, but their necks and ears remain much unchanged. Whiskers are beginning to show in spots on our faces, but all the spots are not whiskers. Water is sometimes scarce and soap costs money, though the quartermaster hands out a small portion occasionally—soap not money. In standard money this easy job is now bringing us five dollars and seventy-five cents a month, nineteen cents per day, with board and lodging,

washing not included. To give up one-half a day's wages for a small cake of soap is reckless extravagance.

On September 27 we are mustered for six months' pay. Nearly one-fourth of the boys who lined up at the last pay day are now missing. They are in graves, hospitals and prison. During the past four months sutlers have been unable to keep up with the army, consequently we are able to draw out about all our pay and a liberal portion of this is given to the chaplain to be sent home. I receive ninety-six dollars and send home sixty dollars in greenbacks now said to be worth about twenty-five dollars in gold.

We receive congratulations of the country through the President's proclamation setting apart a day of solemn thanksgiving for our success, which is read on dress parade. We surely appreciate this and are in a position to enter into the spirit of thanksgiving with joy, hoping that an end to the suffering throughout the land is near. We also receive good news from the Army of the Potomac where that army is gradually wearing out the Confederate forces defending the city of Richmond. We can now see the beginning of the end and look forward to an early closing of the war and return to our homes.

On September 28 the bugle sounds the assembly when we start out in light marching order to meet a threatened attack by rebel cavalry on our forage train, but the enemy is not found, so we return to camp, reaching our quarters about four o'clock in the afternoon. On September 29 another movement is ordered to accompany the forage train to the vicinity of Stone Mountain, about eight miles distant, from where we return the same day with wagons loaded with provender for man and beast. Uncle Sam is a wonderfully successful forager. There is no haggling over prices or terms, and no time wasted in coming to an understanding between the planter and a line of bayonets. He silently and with great show of dignity watches the fruits of his slaves' labor leaving the plantation to supply his enemy. He has sown the seeds of treason that have ripened into supplies to meet the demands of this enemy and all he can do is to grin and bear it. He bears up with "honah" but refuses to grin. Naked and half clad pickanninies scamper to their cabins and other hiding places to escape being eaten alive by Yanks.

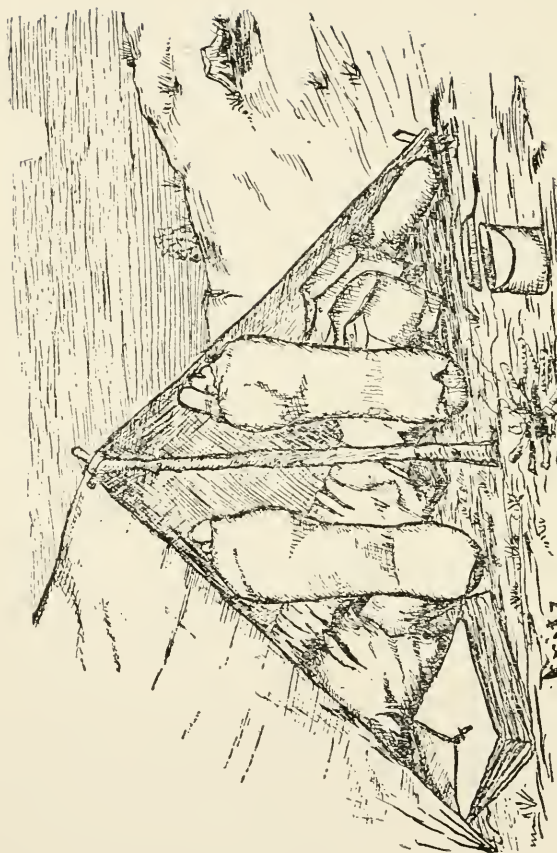
While on this trip Fritz is reminded of his visit over in Pennsylvania and making comparisons between Stone Mountain and the hills down about Kishiquo—, but he gets no farther with his story for the boys strike up one of their favorite songs and smother Fritz before further damage is done. Now Fritz goes mad and says many things no one can hear. When the song is finished the boys call for the remainder of the story, then Fritz tells them all to go to 'l This starts a peppery quarrel with Yonie and Fritz as the principal speakers. They are ever ready for an argument, especially Fritz, who is said to talk in his sleep to make up for lost

time. Yonie declares that Fritz springs from ancestors known in the old country as "lop eared Dutch" who emigrated to Berks County, Pa., in early years and that the stock has never improved. As Fritz's ears stand out well from his head, and are generously large (a sign of generosity that does not belie him), he resents this and fires a broadside at Yonie's bow legs "that are so badly warped that he walks like a man with ingrowing nails on both feet." When Fritz's thinking machinery is working hard he has a habit of shifting the crown of his head horizontally, producing a movement of his ears in the opposite direction which reminds observers of these unusual movements. Yonie says, "of a dog watching a rat hole." The sergeant now takes a hand in the argument and closes the case.

October 1 we are ordered to prepare for inspection on the following day and Joe is seen washing, and then using the tail of his shirt to dry his face, and leaves the towel hang out to dry. All are busy cleaning up. Gun barrels and bayonets are polished, also U. S. plates and buckles. Perhaps a little sowbelly grease is rubbed over shoes, cartridge boxes and belts. Many boys take pride in presenting a tidy appearance on inspection while others look upon this as all vanity and waste of time that can be better occupied in resting or playing seven-up. But we have due respect for Reilly's penetrating voice and none want to draw his fire. October 2 we appear on inspection making a better appearance than at any time since the beginning of the campaign, though with perceptibly shorter lines. This punishment is followed by a heavy rain storm that continues well into the night. On October 3 we receive marching orders which are countermanded and renewed the following morning when we take up the line of march in a northerly direction. We cross Chat-tahoochie river and after a march of twelve miles bivouac, continuing the march on the following morning, passing through Marietta and on to Kenesaw mountain where we camp after a march of fourteen miles.

We now learn that Hood has set out for a raid and is cutting telegraph lines and tearing up the railroad tracks in our rear, our only line of communication with the north and over which our supplies must come. "This is done for the purpose of compelling Sherman to abandon Atlanta and the territory we have taken between here and Chattanooga," say our brigadiers in the ranks. They are losing faith in Sherman's generalship and probably have guessed Hood's purpose, yet their advanced ideas of military operations do not impress listeners that they are military strategists, but there is not one among them who will deny it.

With mouth ajar and one eye closed Fowler impatiently listens to these criticisms of Sherman's generalship. Fowler prefers silence in the ranks and has enough troubles of his own. He says things to those pests today that should wither their conceit. He advises these strategists to write the President and have Fritz placed



Fritz - "Gone in his hole."

in command of the army. Friz and Yonie agree that the campaign has turned out to be a failure, for Hood is now in our rear and will gain all the territory the rebels have lost between Chattanooga and Atlanta. Yonie, a handy and daring boy in giving out opinions, intimates that a closer watch of the signs when movements are made would be much to our advantage, believing this is just as essential when making military movements as when planting potatoes or weaning calves. The argument continues on and so do we and after a march of about six miles we go in camp. On October 7 accompanied by the Twelfth Kentucky regiment we go out on a reconnoissance and after a march of several miles over a number of rough roads return to camp and draw rations.

While on this scout Ritchey starts more trouble between Yonie and Fritz who are bunk mates and button their half tents together at the end of our marches. Fritz is known to be careless about harvesting his crop of graybacks and Ritchey says that Yonie reports that Fritz can breed enough graybacks in one week to supply a whole brigade, adding that on several occasions Fritz has awakened in the morning and found that his graybacks have carried him out of the tent. Of course Yonie denies this but a quarrel is now under way and is kept alive and going with Ritchey's aid. When camp is reached these chums dissolve partnership and each pitches his half tent separately which leaves an entrance to their sleeping apartments but little larger than a ground hog hole. These boys are contentious, too much alike to live together peaceably, but they soon make up and button together again.

On October 8 we are ordered to be in readiness for a quick movement and all are ready to march but we hang around an hour or more, then march north passing through Ackworth in the direction of Allatoona and soon hear the boom of cannon and crack of musketry which quickens our movement, keeping short legged boys on the trot. We are informed that General Hood has attacked General Corse's forces defending Allatoona Pass, first demanding its surrender. This demand being refused by General Corse, a division of the enemy under General French assaults our forces and is defeated with loss of over 1,000 men. After repeated efforts to carry the works by storm, and our near approach with reinforcements together with the severe punishment they receive at the hands of the little garrison, the enemy is compelled to abandon the fight. We arrive at the battlefield soon after the rebels retired and find the grounds fronting the Union defenses give bloody evidence of the bravery of both rebel and Union forces engaged. All their dead and many of their wounded are left in our hands and are cared for by our forces. While passing through the hospitals we are shown two female soldiers who have donned male attire, serving in the Confederate ranks. Adjoining this hospital we pass a trench wherein is deposited an assortment of legs, arms, fingers and feet. Passing over the battlefield we find half hidden in bushes a Confederate

soldier leaning against a log with his head resting forward on his breast. Supposing he was wounded and had been overlooked by the hospital force we approached and inquired if he was badly hurt. On failing to get a reply we make further investigation and find him dead with a bullet wound near his eye, appearance indicating that he had lived for some time after receiving the fatal wound. A letter found in his pocket written by his girl in Mississippi expresses a hope that the "Yanks will soon be licked." The body may have been placed in this position by some of our hospital forces. These ghastly tricks are sometimes indulged in by soldiers who have become so accustomed to seeing dead on every hand that little attention is given them, and more especially when the dead belong to the enemy.

During the heat of this engagement General Corse receives a severe wound in his jaw which carries away a portion of his ear, yet he remains on the job until it is finished.

While we are on this double quick movement to reinforce the garrison here, Sherman from the summit of Kennesaw mountain signals Corse to "hold the fort, we are coming." On Sherman's arrival at Allatoona he congratulates Corse for so bravely holding his position. Then noticing Corse's sore head, Sherman expresses his comforting sympathy by saying, "Why, Corse, they come d—d near missing you, didn't they?"

October 4, before leaving Decatur, Tobias Gushard, of Marlboro township, is sent to the hospital at Atlanta, returning to the company for duty at Nashville, Tenn., November 8, following. After thirty-three months' service he is mustered out at the close of the war. Now one of the 13 survivors of the company.

ALLATOONA, GEORGIA.

Allatoona, Ga., is a station on the railroad, now used as a base of supplies. Stacks of army supplies of all kinds are stored here and is the attraction that moved the rebel general to attempt its capture. A portion of these supplies have evidently been in store a considerable time for when we draw rations the crackers are found to be inhabited with large healthy looking worms. In fact these crackers are unfit to eat until they are split open and the worms and dust shaken out. Before this discovery is made a number of the boys indulge in worm sandwiches. Ritchey says if the worms don't want to be "et" let them stay out of the crackers. "Anyway," he says, "they are nice clean looking worms that wont hurt anybody."

On October 9 we are again on the move, continuing on with but little rest throughout the day and portion of the night. On October 10 we are supposed to be close on the heels of Hood's army while our cavalry is keeping his rear guard busy. This march is continued to Somerville, Ga., where we go into camp.

SOMERVILLE, GEORGIA.

Smitty is despairing. He declares there is nothing to hinder the rebels from marching north to the Ohio river. The boys are all discouraged but not because of Smitty's gloom, yet his forebodings of disaster is not pleasant to hear and cannot help the situation. Smitty never waits for trouble, he seems to enjoy having a supply of this on hand, and to pass it out among his comrades gives him additional enjoyment. He is a number one soldier but as an entertainer he remains at the foot of the class.

It is sometimes interesting even to the tired and war-worn soldier while we go marching on to note the patient and solemn frame of mind that seems to prevail in the ranks. Your comrades are silently and uncomplainingly enduring torture of aching shoulders and limbs, blistered feet and at times almost maddening thirst for water. Words are not needed to convey to each other the longing for peace and rest and end to the war. We have once marched and fought over these grounds and it now seems that the task is more difficult and must be repeated. While these thoughts and pains are running through our systems we must bear the additional burden of listening to boys who never tire and can't be worn out. They are indestructible.

ROME, GEORGIA.

On October 11 and 12 our march is continued, passing through Kinston, and on to Rome, Ga., where we camp. On October 13 we cross Coosa river and go out on a scout and after a short march surprise and capture a scouting party of rebels and return to camp with thirty prisoners and two pieces of artillery. On October 14 we start out at the usual early hour and after an all day's march bivouac for the night.

On the following day rations are issued when we start out at breakneck speed passing through Resaca and Calhoun, Ga., and go into camp after a march of about twenty miles. Supper is prepared from the following bill of fare and everything is eaten up clean except the candles and kinnikinick:

Hardtack and black coffee
Hardtack, parboiled, and coffee
Hardtack, scrambled, and coffee
Hardtack toasted, and coffee
Hardtack and coffee soup
Hardtack and bacon
Sou-Beleigh
Second course
Dessicated Vegetables
Dessert
Wind Pudding

Dessiccated vegetables is a new combination of feed tried out on the soldier and highly recommended by the army contractor as a means to balance up the army ration and said to be quite palatable; a condensed vegetable ration to be used in time of emergency. It is soon found that the greater the emergency the more palatable this ration becomes. Ritchey declares it is made from corn in the shock. An analysis of this mysterious mixture under the naked eye disclosed to view the secret of the enterprising contractor and reveals a mixture of green peas and beans in the pod, pumpkin, turnips, carrots, corn and other ingredients including a trace of flies. This feed is prepared by being coarsely ground and pressed into cakes resembling pumice from a cider press then stacked up in a kiln to dry out. It shows such wonderful power of expansion that on the first try-out camp kettles were in demand to hold the overflow but camp kettles finally give out when the overflow must be stacked out on the grass. In fact a half pound of this "roughness" when cooked will make as much slop as two men can eat and becomes known in army circles as "desecrated" vegetables or kinnikinick. After all, this evaporated silage is relished as an occasional change after long diet on bacon and hardtack but it is lacking the quality of giving much nourishment and does not become popular with the boys any more than does the wind pudding dished up by the oracles every day without fail.

October 16 finds us on the march at an early hour. Passing through Snake Creep Gap, a march of sixteen miles is made when we bivouac for the night. October 17 we fall in at the usual early hour when the order to march is countermanded and we settle down for the day. The weather is pleasant and the quartermaster issues three day's ration of coffee, crackers, bacon, sugar and kinnekinick. On October 18 we continue the march and quantities of "kinnikinick" is seen scattered over the camp grounds as we file on the road. We soon hear distant cannonading and our speed is increased in the direction of this noise until we cover a distance of sixteen miles and again bivouac, following this with a fifteen mile march and on October 19 we camp late at night near Gaylesville, Ala.

GAYLESVILLE, ALABAMA.

Soon after turning in for the night and when on the point of passing off into peaceful slumber a feint voice of a crowing rooster is heard. Being an interested listener I crawl out of the tent and wait for a second call of the fowl. This soon comes and without waiting orders, a bee line is followed in the direction of dim outlines of buildings seen in the distance and I soon arrive at the place where the rooster betrayed the flock. Judge of my surprise and disappointment when it is found that a score or more of others had answered the same call and left only a quantity of scattering feathers,

while squalling poultry is heard from all directions leading to our camping grounds. Much disgusted at this wanton robbery I turn away feeling that every one of these boys should be court-martialed.

On October 20 we continue our march now at a lively gait without stopping at the noon hour, eating our crackers and bacon on the wing as reports reach us that the rebels are five hours march ahead. Late at night we go in camp, fry our bacon, make coffee, put some dessicated vegetables to soak and go to bed.

It seems that during this time we have been trying to head off the rebels. They have torn up many miles of railroad and Fritz declares that "this whole summer of toil and strife has come to naught," and Sherman receives more long range criticism, while Yonie agrees with Fritz, yet he declares that the latter has more wind than wisdom. Then the boys all laugh except Fritz. But Yonie is envious. If any new opinions or theories are to be produced in the ranks Yonie insists on being the producer. How little we know about military strategy is revealed in the ranks every day, yet Company "B" has its full quota of military experts. Perhaps they are the eccentrics in this great structure of military machinery and serve some purpose aside from their dutiful service in the ranks.

In blind obedience to orders this great machine moves from camp to camp and from bivouac to battlefield we know not where or for what purpose or in which direction. We know that this machine is operated by an engineer trained in military tactics who is supposed to be in possession of information showing the enemy position, with maps showing roads, hills, streams, etc., over which we are expected to travel. Scouts and spies inform the commander of the weak and strong points in the enemy position, and his strength. Possessed with this information the commander distributes his forces for attack at a certain time or given signal. He cannot be present on all parts of the field of action or personally direct movements at all points. Officers under the commander must exercise judgment in carrying out minor details. Then success depends upon the fighting and staying quality of the man under a musket, who through toil and strife performs the work, winner of the commander's victories and stars and victim of his mistakes or inefficiency.

We remain in this camp until October 25. In the meantime we wash up, clean up and line up for Sunday inspection; also do a little foraging, paying friendly (?) visits to neighboring plantations where we are not received with open arms. On the contrary we are favored with volleys of uncomplimentary remarks and in such plain terms it is not difficult to understand that the fair ladies of Dixie do not love Yanks. But we help ourselves. Many good things would be missed should we wait for an invitation to partake. While in this camp the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps pass along near our

camping grounds. On the above named date we continue the march to

CEDAR BLUFFS, ALABAMA

and bivouac for the night. October 27, we march to Center, Alabama, county seat of Cherokee county, then retrace our steps and after an all day march return to Cedar Bluffs and go into camp. October 28 we cross the Coosa river and continue on to Cave Springs, Ga., making a march of 21 miles, arriving here October 29. On October 30, we are hustled out before daylight and keep up a lively march, passing through Rome, Ga., and after a march of about twenty miles, a lot of tired boys are permitted to lie down for a night's rest. We are on the road at the usual early hour on the following morning and after a march of sixteen miles arrive at Calhoun, Ga., and go into camp. During this stretch of hard marching all are puzzled to know whether we are after the Johnnies, or they after us. But the puzzling situation has not awakened much argument or noise from the oracles who seem to be usually quiet. Silence is restful and gives time for meditation. Fowler threatens bodily harm to Ritchey if the latter undertakes to start an argument. Our strategists are taking mental notes and will discuss the situation as soon as they get their second wind. Because all are ignorant of the purpose of these whipping-lashing movements and hard marches we feel in a despairing mood for it appears that this whole summer's toil and strife has accomplished nothing that promises an early end to the war. We are war worn and cross and the few feeble efforts made by our "indestructibles" to argue the case are met by groans and threats from boys in the ranks.

Our army is now divided leaving portions of the Twenty-Third and Fourth Corps under command of "Pap" Thomas to battle Hood with his Confederate army should the latter attempt to continue a northern raid, while Sherman with the army of the Tennessee and Cumberland, numbering about sixty thousand man start southward on a raid that ends in his famous march to the sea at Savannah, Ga., and on to Raleigh, N. C., severing the Confederacy in twain.

When this new movement becomes known in the ranks our oracles are dumfounded and panicky and hold a council of war with Smitty as the principle orator. He declares that Sherman is fitting himself for the insane asylum. "The general is deserting us, taking with him two-thirds of the army leaving us to be sacrificed, slaughtered or imprisoned, for he has left but about twenty-five thousand men to battle Hood with his army of over fifty thousand; we are goners, sure," and disaster again looms up before Smitty, but Ritchey cannot persuade the panicky boys to visit Sherman's tent with words of warning against his ill advised and perilous movement. Here we are over seventy-five miles north of Atlanta and not far from the

starting point of the Georgia campaign of last April. The situation is indeed puzzling and discouraging. It seems that we are doomed to serve entire term of enlistment and if Nick's interpretation of the terms under which we enlisted is correct we may end our days in military service, much to the delight of Ritchey. Since leaving Atlanta Sherman and Hood have been playing a game of checkers, each kept busy laying and avoiding traps set by his adversary. We hear that rebel cavalry under General Forest has made a raid in the rear of our army and destroyed over a million dollars worth of army supplies. We are also informed that General A. J. Smith with a portion of the Sixteenth Corps is on his way from some western point to reinforce us and that other troops on duty in blockhouses, guarding brigades and railroads will be added to our force, but can they reach us in time is the question discussed in the ranks, for the rebel army is reinforced and now located in northern Alabama and within a few days' march of our position.

During these marches through Georgia and Alabama we are sometimes assailed with bitter denunciations by fair ladies of Dixie who recite their grievances and express their opinion of Yankees so very plain that even a half witted Yank can easily catch on. "Lincoln hirelings, scum of the earth, thieves, etc., etc., are among the choice epithets they hand out. But we enjoy the entertainment, if not the sentiment. The ladies have the floor and we do not interfere except with occasional smiles and admiring glances and these attentions add fuel to their flaming wrath. One old lady lamenting over the loss of property is said to have complained that "Captain Sherman's critter soldiers, (cavalry) rid through my garding, knocking off pickets and upset my ash hopper." While marching near Gaylesville, Alabama, two young ladies standing at a gate fronting a fine old plantation mansion open out in chorus with a wonderful flow of language and address us in every way except endearing terms. They freely express their opinion of Yanks and seem delighted with the opportunity. They are such sweet looking girls that we cannot take offense and the temptation to bestow smiles and admiring glances is irresistible. Ritchey, the scamp, places a hand to his ear fearing he may miss something. The girls afford entertainment to the entire line as it passes in review before them. We have been warned by officers to make no reply to these attacks, so the girls are given the satisfaction of having the last word and no doubt retire much relieved.

As we pass along wild eyed pickaninnies are seen peeking through fences, from corners of cabins and other hiding places. Scantly clad and all shades of color from ebony to dark mahogany and chestnut sorrel gradually fading down to pale buff. And the bleaching out continues as generations come and go.

November 1, our march is continued a distance of about twelve miles, passing through Resaca near our old battle ground of last May, and go in camp on the railroad near Tilton, Ga. At noon on the following day we move northward marching on the railroad track

to Dalton, Ga., a distance of about nine miles. Recent rains has left the roads in such bad condition that our commander concluded to try track marching today. While this seemed a little better than mud-wading the march stiffens our joints until it is painful getting out to roll call on the following morning. Here we remain in camp exposed to cold chilling rains until Sunday afternoon. November 6, when our forces board freight trains crowding both the inside and tops of cars and amid shouts from the boys and showers from clouds the engine bear us northward while the rains continue. Night coming on we on the "hurricane decks" make details of a few as guards to prevent sleepers from falling out of bed(?) and off the cars, thus sleeping by reliefs during the night. A few boys remove their gun straps and tie themselves to the running board. We pass through Chattanooga about 2 A. M. and during the following day arrive at Nashville, Tenn.

After leaving Chattanooga the weather turns colder and we on the upper decks are thoroughly chilled and soaked when our destination is reached. Fires are soon started and all are made a little more comfortable. This is election day and about one-half our company now cast their first vote for president and nearly all their ballots are cast for that greatest American, Abraham Lincoln. The strength of our regiment now on duty as shown by the number of ballots cast is three hundred and forty three, including recruits. Lincoln receives three hundred and thirty and McClellan thirteen votes. During this trip to Nashville we experience a thrilling sensation while passing over frail looking bridges crossing the Tennessee river and other streams. This sensation is anything but pleasing for the vibrating of these bridges is plainly noticed as our heavily loaded trains pass over them, one of which is said to be one hundred and seven feet above the bed of the stream.



CHAPTER VIII.

NASHVILLE, TENN., TO CLIFFTON, TENN.

On November 9, we again board a freight train and go south to Spring Hill, Tenn., and camp. On the tenth we remain here drying our clothing, tents and blankets, all of which were well soaked during our trip on the cars from Georgia, weather clear and warmer. On November twelfth we march southward on a scout to Columbia, Tenn., then about face and return to Spring Hill and go into camp. On November thirteenth we again march southward and go into camp on the banks of Duck river near Columbia. Our march is continued on the following morning a distance of about 18 miles and bivouac for the night at Lynnville, Tenn., then another march of about ten miles and go into camp at Pulaska, Tenn.

PULASKA, TENNESSEE

Here we settle down to regular housekeeping until November 22. Meanwhile we draw several showers, winding up with a snow storm accompanied by a piercing northwester. While the storm lasts we protect ourselves from these blasts by turning our backs to the wind and snow and when not on other duty find warmth while carrying rails and standing about our fires. In a few of the pup tents soldiers are seen piled up like pigs in a straw stack, but they haven't the straw; if they had they would be more comfortable. It is somewhat burdensome for the fellow on the underside but he makes no complaint, he is keeping warm and patiently endures the punishment. Ritchey declares this is much better than the hot marches through Georgia, because we are rid of flies, ticks and mosquitoes, deserted by all our pests except the old reliable gray back that is always found on duty.

Boys are lamenting because Uncle Billy didn't take us with him down through the warm sunny south where we might march along by easy stages and live on the fat of the land. But little fighting to do and just enough exercise to keep one's joints limbered up.

Quoting from Sherman's Memoirs, he says: "The cattle trains are getting so large that we find difficulty in driving them along. Thanksgiving day was generally observed by the troops, the army scorning chicken in the plentitude of turkey with which they supply themselves. Vegetables of all kinds and in unlimited quantities, were at hand, and the soldiers gave thanks, as soldiers may and were merry as soldiers may be. In truth, so far as the gratification of the stomach goes, the troops are pursuing a continuous Thanksgiving."

Our scouts report that Hood's army is now encamped in northern Alabama preparing to raid Tennessee and possibly Kentucky and Ohio, while Sherman with his army of sixty thousand men is well on his way into the interior of the panic stricken Confederacy and lost to all the world except the enemy. Instead of following Sherman, Hood with his reinforced army is heading northward with a force of about 55,000 men, and this looks like business for "we'uns" and brings forth criticisms of Sherman's generalship from our brigadier muskateer who sees disaster ahead and starts an argument. We are almost ready to agree with them. They again remind us that Sherman has left but about thirty thousand infantry and cavalry to battle Hood's forces of about double our number, for we now have but a portion of Twenty Third and Fourth Corps with fragments of other troops picked up from railroad guards, block houses and bridges scattered along the way. The outlook is rather gloomy and we are inclined to think that, perhaps, Smitty and Fritz may be wiser than they look. On November 22, we receive marching orders and fall back to Linnville, Tenn., where we camp after a hard day's march through mud. The weather is so miserably bad that many spend most of the night standing or sitting around camp fires and little attempt is made to lie down to sleep. Seely says: "Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests, but us poor sons of Uncle Sam, have not where to lay our heads."

At three o'clock on the following morning we fall in line for another movement but this is postponed until afternoon when we start on a forced march of about ten miles and, as usual, put in a good portion of the night standing about our fires. On November 24, we are called out before daylight and without breakfast we are making good time over sloppy roads, eating crackers and raw bacon in the meantime, as word passes along the line that the enemy is making an effort to get in our rear. This information works like magic in limbering up stiffened joints and awakens such a strong desire not to be trapped that a portion of this march is made on a dead run. Top speed is kept up until we are winded when we slow down to double quick step. The rattle of canteens, frying pans and other equipment almost drowns the voices of our oracles who again remind us that "I told you so." The crack of musketry is heard on another road leading to Columbia when we let on more steam and the halt, the weary and hungry forget their troubles and head off the enemy in time to see our cavalry falling back before the advancing rebel force. Before entering the village of Columbia our regiment and the One Hundredth Ohio are quickly deployed on the skirmish line and soon meet the enemy when a brisk fire is kept up through the remainder of the day and until after dark. Meanwhile our main forces are taking a position in our rear. On the morning of November 25, we are relieved of picket duty and retire to the command. On November 26, brisk firing is kept up on the skirmish line with cannonading in the afternoon, the enemy gradually driving our skirmish line back until

night when under cover of darkness our forces fall back across the river and take a position on a hill with our division in reserve. Hood with his entire army is now on our trail with a force doubling ours in number. The situation seems alarming and good generalship is now in demand to save the army from capture or destruction. We are getting plenty of hard usage every day without adding the tortures of rebel prisons.

Smitty now admits that he has outgeneraled Sherman and promotes himself to major general. He says operations in the field have resulted just as he expected when we left Atlanta in pursuit of the rebel army. Yes, visions of disaster again loom up before Smitty and Sherman receives another installment of long range criticism. Our hope now rests in "Pap" Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamauga," to get us out of this scrape.

Sunday, November 27, we remain in our position and receive a severe shelling with an occasional solid shot from rebel batteries located on the opposite side of the river, but without serious damage. On November 28, we move out nearer the river and build fortifications to protect the bridge. Meanwhile considerable firing is heard where the enemy is attempting to turn our flanks. In the evening the enemy attempts to cross the bridge in our front but is driven back. On November 29, the enemy opens out with batteries and keeps up a steady fire all day for the purpose, no doubt, of drawing our attention from his flank movements. During this storm of shot and shell we lie quietly in our works with guns capped and bayoneted in readiness but do it return fire, and lose twelve men in the regiment killed and wounded by exploding shell. Thus we put in the day to resist an attack the enemy probably had no intention of making for he is more interested in capturing us bodily, and placing forces in position for this purpose.

As soon as darkness sets in we quietly evacuate our works and retreat on the Franklin pike. While on this march and near Springhill camp fires are seen both on our right and left, apparently less than a half mile distant. We are informed that these fires show the location of both wings of the rebel army that has placed itself in our rear and by reason of some oversight of the rebel commander he fails to close the gap through which we are making our escape. So near are they that rebel soldiers are plainly seen walking about the camp fires. Our officers warn us against loud talking and unnecessary noises. We hold our breath, muzzle the oracles and make our escape between these two jaws of the enemy, completing this night's march of about twenty miles reaching Franklin, Tenn., at daylight on the morning of November 30.

FRANKLIN, TENNESSEE

After a short rest and a shorter breakfast of cold lunch we begin active work building fortifications. Shovels, axes and picks are kept busy as the dirt flies. It is plainly seen that we cannot get away from the enemy which leaves us no choice between a fight or a foot race, so it's a fight or prison, perhaps both. Every man on the line is expected to hold two of the enemy at bay or get licked for our promised reinforcements have not reached us. It seems that soon after leaving Springhill the enemy discovered our escape and sent cavalry on our trail crowding us so closely that we were lined up to give battle in the open but they did not attack and our march was continued.

When our defenses are completed at Franklin they form a semi-circle facing southward with flanks resting on the Harpeth river and within this enclosure rests our army and the village. While this work is under way our supply trains are crossing the river and moving in the direction of Nashville. About noon reports reach us that rebel cavalry is attempting to cross the river on our flanks and is held back by our cavalry under General Wilson. The position of our regiment is on the front line with our company near the cotton gin. About four o'clock the enemy is seen forming lines directly in our front and the tug of war seems close at hand. For the first time since the beginning of the campaign we are fighting on the defensive and occupy the favorite side of the fortification, hoping to even up matters for the trap we were lured into at Utoy Creek, Ga. With a clear open field fronting us with no obstruction in the way except two brigades of the Fourth Corps placed there to watch the enemy movements, and who through some mistake or violation of orders fail to fall back until the enemy is almost upon them.

About 4 o'clock rebel artillery begin throwing shot and shell at our works, many passing over our heads and landing in or beyond the village, while rebel infantry is advancing in massed columns with colors flying and bugles sounding, with one massed portion of forces directing its course toward the cotton gin building where we are located. Meanwhile the enemy is closing gaps in line made by charges from our artillery located on the heights north of the village and river. On the rebel columns come as though marching out on dress parade until nearing our advanced line when the latter fire one volley into the enemy. The enemy bugles sound the charge and our two brigades of the Fourth now overwhelmed in number give way and all break into a run with the yelling rebels closely following. When these retreating forces reach our line the howling enemy is close upon their heels and our men come pell-mell over our works and through the opening at the pike. As these men come over we fire our first volley into a solid mass of the enemy when a sheet of flame belches from muskets and charges of grape and cannister from our artillery checked the rebel advance, leaving the grounds fronting us strewn with dead and wounded. Many of these retreating Union

forces now take refuge in our works from where they are ordered back for we are too much crowded to do effective work. This order throws the line in confusion, some taking this for an order to abandon the position. In the meantime the enemy rallies forces and with supporting columns now make a second assault, mounting the works and pour a volley of musketry upon our heads while others rush like an avalanche through the opening of our defense at the pike, turning our flank and penetrating our lines at this point. The enemy onslaught with overpowering numbers drives our company and three others, also a portion of the regiment on our right, from the works, capturing a battery and many prisoners. The enemy now holds a portion of the line while we who are driven from our defenses find refuge in our second line of defense and behind the cotton gin. The enemy now form lines and advance upon our second line when General Cox orders our supports forward in a counter charge and the enemy is met by this reserve force and men who have rallied after being forced from position at the second assault. The murderous struggle that follows this meeting of the two forces is indescribable. Officers on both sides urging their men to greater effort are seen fighting with swords, revolvers, clubbed musket, bayonets, axes and anything at hand until the enemy is forced back beyond the position held for a short time. We now have possession of our defenses and while the enemy outside is rallying his forces to renew the attack, his ranks are rapidly melting away before our musketry, grape and cannister. Amid the smoke and darkness setting in rebel officers repeatedly rally their forces only to be beaten back, in the meantime continue firing from the field fronting us. The enemy fire gradually weakens until it almost ceases when rebel soldiers taking cover in the ditch call out surrender and come in as prisoners, leaving the ditch well filled with dead and wounded. Many of these brave Confederates are Kentuckians and Tennesseans now hoping to reach their homes and are fighting as they never fought before. Knowing that we are greatly outnumbered they enter upon this assault with well grounded hopes of success, yelling like demons while making these assaults and confident of victory at the onset. Captain Carter, a resident of this village is killed near his door step and other residents of the village and vicinity are killed, wounded or captured near their homes. Blue and gray clad bodies are now strewn over the ground on our side of the fortifications and by the flash of our guns, boys in gray are seen almost covering the ground for some distance outside, yet it seems almost a miracle that so many could escape the deadly rain of shot and shell that poured into their massed columns as they reformed their lines and made these assaults. About two hundred Confederate soldiers of the Sixteenth Alabama came in over the works fronting our regiment as prisoners and inform us that their brigade is almost destroyed.

The rebels finally abandon their effort to again break our line at this point and after all becomes reasonably quiet our regiment is sent

Footprints Through Dixie

out on a reconnoissance. We carefully pick our way over dead and mangled Confederates a half mile or more but find no enemy in force except the fallen ones from whom agonizing cries and pleas for help are heard from all parts of the field. Failing to locate the enemy we return to the line and soon hear heavy musketry and cannonading on our right accompanied by the well know rebel yell where the Confederates again fail to break our lines and are beaten back after another heavy loss inflicted by Kimball's Division of the Fourth Corps. The enemy now seem to turn attention to executing a flank movement leaving but a skirmish line to attract our attention while his main force is attempting to cross the river to cut off our retreat to Nashville.

During this engagement our division capture twenty-two stands of the enemy colors, six of which are captured by our regiment. The loss in our regiment is about seventy men, killed, wounded and captured, about one-fifth of the men on duty. Company "B" losing one killed, five wounded and two captured. George Haynam is killed at the second assault when the enemy mounted our breastworks and fired down upon our heads.

Ephraim Hostetter of Paris township is wounded and returns to the company for duty in a few weeks, where he remains until the close of the war having served his entire term of enlistment except this short absence.

Walter Walker of Paris township is severely wounded and on recovery is transferred to the Reserve Corps where he remains until the close of the war after 28 months of faithful duty in the ranks.

Owen Stackhouse is wounded and returns to the company in two weeks. Two other members of the company are slightly wounded which does not disable them.

John Stahl of Marlboro is captured and while under escort of rebel guards he escapes near Columbia, Tenn., but is recaptured finally reaching Andersonville prison, where he remains until Sherman's raid through Georgia. The enemy finding it impossible to remove all prisoners, he with others are turned loose to shift for themselves. Shoeless, hatless and with barely clothes to hide their nakedness they finally reach the federal lines. Stahl is discharged near the close of the war on surgeon's certificate of physical disability, after service in the ranks of twenty-eight months and five months prisoner of war. He is now one of the 13 survivors.

George Haynam's body is found and buried in a shallow grave near the cotton gin from where it is afterwards removed and sent home for burial as noted elsewhere.

We are fortunate in having good breastworks thus saving many lives by reason of this protection and no time was lost during the construction of this line of defense. Though weak and weary after our night march, picks, axes and shovels were kept busy.

While all is reasonably quiet in our front a few boys crawl through our fortifications and do what is possible to relieve the fallen enemy who are crying out in pitiful tones for help. After giving what assistance we can (which is but little) and not caring to longer expose ourselves to occasional shots coming in, we return,

after relieving a dead Confederate officer of a fine English made leather haversack containing a few biscuit.

At the first assault General Adams leading his brigade of Alabama troops leaps the ditch fronting our defenses and while urging his men forward the general and his horse is killed, the horse falling upon the works and the general's body falling forward among our soldiers. General Cleburne's body is found riddled with bullets a short distance in front of our position. General Brown, commanding a division of rebels together with his four brigade commanders are all killed or wounded.

The scene during and after these assaults is one that cannot be forgotten by any who witnessed the result of this deadly conflict. The field in our front, clear of obstruction at a considerable distance, forms a bloody background to the thousands of dead and mangled gray clad bodies strewn over its surface and the pitiful appeals that continue to reach our ears from all points of the field is heartrending.

Schmucker's History of the Civil War says: "The battle of Franklin had been one of the severest for the time occupied and the number of troops engaged, in the annals of war. Hood reported it as a victory on his part, but it was a victory dearly bought and almost ruinous in its losses. His killed numbered seventeen hundred and fifty; his wounded three thousand eight hundred; seven hundred and two of his officers and men were captured, making his losses six thousand two hundred and fifty two. Among the killed, were Major General Cleburne and five brigadier generals, Williams, Adams, Gist, Strahl and Granbury, with Generals Carter, Mainigalt, Quarles, Cockerel and Scott wounded, and General Gordon captured. The Union losses were one hundred and eighty nine killed, one thousand and thirty three wounded and one thousand one hundred and four missing. The Union troops captured thirty three stands of colors and seven hundred and two prisoners. The Union army was compelled to leave their slain and severely wounded upon the field, but these were cared for by the people of Franklin."

Rhodes History of the Civil War says: "Hood smarting under his disappointment at his failure to capture the Union army at Spring-hill now girds himself for a last supreme effort to retrieve his failure on the preceding day. He gave orders to drive the Union army into the Harpeth river or destroy it, and at no time during the war did men fight more fiercely or bravely than did the Confederates at this desperate frontal attack. The assault began at four o'clock p. m. The Confederates gained a temporary advantage but were repulsed with a terrible loss of six thousand, with five generals killed, six wounded and one captured; also twenty three colonels, eleven lieutenant colonels, ten majors and nine captains killed, wounded and missing. Two brigades were left with captains as ranking officers." About two-thirds of the contending army forces were engaged in this conflict, the remained being held in reserve.

Headley's History of the War says of Franklin: "The enemy got possession of the first line of works, though at terrible sacrifice. At sunset General Cox reformed his lines and advanced when the battle assumed a savage ferocity. The rebels, though cannister and shot of nearby batteries cut frightful lanes through their ranks, refused to yield the ground so gallantly won. A gladiatorial contest followed in which the combatants stood face to face thrusting bayonets into each other—with clubbed musket and demonical yells fought in the deepening twilight more like savages than civilized men."

Soon after dark fire breaks out in buildings near our works. Men are set at work to subdue the flames or tear down the buildings. It is believed these buildings were fired by rebel citizens or prisoners to enable Hood to watch our movements for he is no doubt aware that we will get out of Franklin as soon as possible. Before midnight the burning buildings are consumed or torn down and our wagon trains and artillery having crossed the river, we quietly evacuate our works and cross the river in retreat toward Nashville, burning the bridge behind us.

A detail of pickets is left in our abandoned works to make a show of resistance. Our dead and many of our wounded are left on the field where they fall into the hands of the enemy, for we have all we can do to save ourselves from capture or destruction. We hear the rebels are crossing the river on our flanks hoping to cut off retreat to Nashville, while our pickets are keeping up a steady fire as we quietly fall back, leaving the pickets with scant hope of escaping death or tortures of rebel prison. During the remainder of the night of November 30, rebel cavalry is crowding our rear capturing worn-out soldiers who fall by the roadside and are overlooked by our rear guard. We haven't had an undisturbed night's rest since encountering the enemy at Columbia on November 24. This experience with the mental and physical strain since that date has exhausted the entire army. At the slightest halt on the lines, soldiers drop along the roadside heedless of danger from capture, that rest and sleep may be found. How long can we stand this drive? Yet with faltering step we go on and on feeling that each step will be the last, continuing on until near morning when we file into a resting place at the roadside and drop to the cold ground supperless and exhausted in mind and body. From the time the river is crossed until we halt for this short rest, events of the past few hours seem as a horrible dream. Boys declared they had slept while marching and in their vague dreams again hear the turmoil of battle, the clashing of steel mingled with voices urging men in the strife. They again hear agonizing appeals coming from gray clad boys whose voices grow weaker and weaker until relief is found in death. All is silent as we stagger along each reviewing events of the past few hours with echoes of strife ringing in our ears. Not until the next day can we fully realize this experience, and that two thousand soldiers lie dead on the field we just abandoned and double this number of wounded and dying are

scattered over the field, many of whom might be saved if timely aid could be given.

At four o'clock on the morning of December 1, we are allowed this short rest until sunrise when we are again formed in line to continue the retreat to Nashville and are not given time to prepare a warm breakfast. While waiting orders to move we patronize a sutler who has pitched his tent by the roadside and is doing a rushing business. On arrival at Nashville our forces move in and form lines on the south side of the city each regiment making display of rebel flags captured at Franklin and though tired and worn after our escape from what for a time, seemed to be almost certain disaster to our little force, all are happy over the terrible punishment we have dealt the enemy. Here we find reinforcements under General A. J. Smith with a portion of the Sixteenth Corps which, with other troops gathered from various points we now have an army equal in number to the enemy, the latter having lost something like six thousand soldiers during the past twenty-four hours.

After locating on the line we prepare breakfast of coffee and crackers to which is added a few extras purchased from the sutler and find that our slice of cheese has been placed to soak in a mess of blood that had found its way in the outside pocket of the rebel haversack. We scrape this away as much as possible taking care not to waste too much cheese yet enjoy this breakfast, the first satisfactory meal we have had since leaving Columbia.

December 3, our regiment moves into a small fort in support of a battery located on the right of the Columbia pike, with Ft. Negley on our left. The enemy now appears in our front and in places can be seen forming lines and building fortifications while skirmishing is heard along the lines and cannonading on our right where gunboats are said to be shelling the enemy's cavalry to prevent crossing the river.

Captain B.'s contraband cook now makes his appearance. Lige disappeared immediately after the first shell exploded over his head at Franklin. Lige is a philosophical coon. When taken to task by the captain he declared he was dressing a chicken for the captain and was "boun' and 'terminated dat de rebs was nevah gwine to get dat fowl. Anyhow I's not lookin' foh no grave ya'd nor hospital. Cook-in's my 'fession, not fightin'. I doan draw no pay foh fightin' and I neval butts into udder people's business, nohow." But Lige had no "fowl" on hands at the time he disappeared but had bought (?) chicken to present to the captain as a peace offering.

December 1, William Haynam of Paris township is detailed for a short term of guard duty at headquarters. With the exception of this short absence he serves his entire term of enlistment on duty with the company and is mustered out at the close of the war after faithful service of over thirty three months.

At last Smitty has realized on his forbodings of disaster and visions of Andersonville again loom up before him for he is now on his way to that abode where they who enter leave but little hope behind.



"Not lookin' foh no grave yahd"

The order of detail for duty happened to be in the S's and Smitty and Stahl draw the prize. They are detailed for picket duty to remain in the works at Franklin to keep up a show of resistance while we abandon the field leaving them to their fate. The boys are made a sacrifice that we may be saved and to make their position more hazardous we burn the bridge behind us leaving them to die in the trenches or take their chances in rebel prisons. They are types of the hardy and dutiful boys who are fighting to save the Union. Smitty has not been disappointed in receiving his full share of trouble, having passed through famines at "Valley Forge" and the siege of Knoxville, Tenn., severely wounded in Georgia and now a prisoner. Then to add to these troubles after release from prison he is scalded in the Sultana explosion and picked up while floating down the Mississippi river. Before leaving the burning vessel he is said to have remained on deck throwing wreckage to comrades struggling in the water until the burning vessel forces him to leap overboard.

Disabled for further duty he is discharged near the close of the war and dies a few years after, thus paying a penalty for duties well performed.

December 7, 1864, I visit friends belonging to the Thirty Fifth Iowa regiment in the Sixteenth Corps, under command of General A. J. Smith, the reinforcements we have been looking for and so sorely needed during the past two weeks. The enemy fronting us advance a strong line of skirmishers driving our skirmishers back some distance then retires, he probably being out on this scout to get a line on the positions of our forces. The weather is cold and snow flying. Fuel is scarce and our muslin sleeping apartments give but little protection and shelter.

On December 8, I am sent with a squad of men to the picket line where we take position at a large brick residence now abandoned by its owner. All is quiet along the line. The rebel pickets wave a white flag and we respond. About a dozen rebels and Yanks leave their guns and meet between the lines where each enjoy a friendly visit with the enemy. The rebels put on a bold front and tell us they expect to enjoy the hospitalities of friends in Nashville in a few days and we promise them another warm reception. We know they are despondent for all are haggard and worn, are poorly equipped and look as though they might be clothed in some of the garments our forces wore at Strawberry Plains, Tenn. They tell us "You'n's'll soon be drove back to the Ohio river or captured." We roast the Johnnies about our slippery dodge at Springhill and the hard jolt they were given at Franklin. After passing a little coffee to these rebs. in exchange for twist tobacco the truce ends and both sides go under cover.

On December 9, we are relieved and return to camp and find the ground a glare of ice and snow is falling. On December 13, accompanied by a comrade we slip the guard to visit the city and while taking in the sights and dodging patrol guards we finally dodge right

into the clutches of patrols who demand our passes. Partner now begins a search for our pass (?) and after going through his pocket a third time he informs the patrol that he must have lost it, but the story don't go with the patrol and we are marched off to the Zolligcoffer House in spite of our protests and the many unpleasant vocal shots we fire at them. They are new recruits and can't be bribed or bullied. For several hours we occupy quarters filled with bounty jumpers, deserters and other crooks. But we finally get a hearing by the officer in charge who doubts our story yet releases us and camp is reached in time for roll call.

On December 14, the weather moderates leaving our quarters a mass of mud and water. During the day General Thomas and staff visit our company quarters and from this high point carefully examines the location of the enemy lines and the lay of the land between the contending armies.

Here is an opportunity for Fritz who is now urged by the boys to give the General a few pointers on how to conduct the coming battle, then Fritz tells the boys where to go.

We now have a hint that something will be doing soon and this is confirmed when orders are issued to prepare for a movement on the following morning. Guns and equipment are placed in order and rations are issued. On December 15, we are in line at an early hour and march a short distance to the rear where our movements are hidden from the enemy by intervening hills.

We now move to the right and when passing exposed positions we stoop low carrying arms at a trail. Heavy musketry and artillery firing is heard on the left of our line with loud cheering indicating that our forces are assaulting the enemy line. We are taking a position on the right of our lines next to the cavalry with which we now co-operate to turn the enemy left wing and take a position not far from the Granny White pike where we build rifle pits. On the following morning we are ordered to be in readiness with bayonets fixed to move on the enemy position at a moment's notice. Looking back toward the city we see house tops covered with citizens watching movements of the contending armies. The state house roof and tower are covered with people anxiously and patiently waiting to witness the battle, the result of which will be bitter disappointment to many of these witnesses. We now hear the well known rebel yell on our left or near the center of the lines which tell us that our forces are meeting strong resistance at that point. Our brigade has been standing in this position waiting orders until afternoon when word comes that our cavalry has turned the enemy left and is creating great disturbance in the rebel rear. We are now ordered over our defenses and command is given to assault the enemy position. Before us lies a corn field on a steep hillside and in this soft earth we sink shoe top deep in mud while making way through the field leaving many shoes sticking fast in the mud. We arrive at the base of a steep and stony hill oin top of which the enemy is entrenched with several savage



"A few
more Killens."

looking cannon rapidly firing shot and shell over our heads and in the direction of their friends on the housetops. Here we stop to get our second wind and then go up this steep hill with lusty cheers and soon get possession of one of the enemy batteries. Then pushing forward we get possession of another battery the enemy is trying to save. Johnnies are wild and bewildered for our cavalry is peppering them briskly on flank and rear and they are at a loss to know which way to turn. Many of the rebel infantry who have been supporting the rebel batteries throw down their guns and surrender.

The captured guns are turned and fired at the fleeing rebels, who are now reported to be in retreat along the line. Here we capture about 200 prisoners, several stand of colors and eight pieces of artillery. Four of the latter and two stands of colors are captured by our regiment. In this charge the loss in the regiment was less than a dozen men. Prisoners are taken without much trouble for many of the Tennessee and Kentucky Confederate soldiers are ready to quit for all hope of winning the "sacred cause" is gone. Among these prisoners is noticed a very long and lean Georgian, quite seven feet tall, sockless and whose shoes and pants do not connect by at least six inches. His hairy shins have gathered considerable mud which has worked itself into a form of "bugle trimming" that must afford some protection during this wintry weather. He stands head and shoulders above surrounding comrades and good naturedly "lows that a few more killin's like Franklin and the southern cause will be done gone."

The enemy is now dislodged all along the line and reported in full retreat. On December 17, we start out in pursuit through a cold rain, wading mud and water on the torn up pikes and roads, while our cavalry is encouraging the enemy in its flight toward the interior of Dixie, making frequent charges gathering in hundreds of prisoners and deserters, compelling Hood to abandon much of his artillery and supply wagons left sticking in the mire. The roads are now in such bad condition that it is almost impossible to make headway; even our cavalry finding it difficult to get along with speed. Over these roads we continue the march and while passing along after darkness sets in we are delayed by coming in contact with mired and abandoned artillery and wagons, with cut traces showing that the enemy were hard pressed in an effort to escape. Luckless soldiers fall in these holes and deep cuts and before they are able to get out others fall upon them. Though weary and worn no complaint is heard for all now feel that the war will soon be over and Ritchey expresses another fear of losing his "steady job" and declares that the "walkin' is fine."

In the darkness no one undertakes to crack Ritchey over his head with a gun barrel for fear of injuring innocent comrades. While wallowing along through mud and water, in imitation of the Katydid's monotone voice the cry of "Granny White, Granny White, Granny White Pike" is passing along the line as far as voices can be heard.

It now begins to rain and after a march of about six miles we camp near this pike. On the morning of December 18, rations are issued and the march is continued southward passing another day marching in mud and water and around obstructions left fast in the mire by the retreating enemy. During this day's march we repeat our experience of yesterday and long after dark camp in an open field after marching about twelve miles. Tramping over this field in search of fuel and water soon converts our camping grounds into a bed of mortar. Blazing rail fires are soon started and supper is prepared and served from the usual bill of fare. We are a mass of mud to our knees with feet cold and soaking wet. A number of boys go to a stream nearby where they jump into the cold water wading up and down the stream until a portion of the mud is washed away then stand by the fires until dry or lie down on rails or brush mattresses to rest and sleep. Many stand by the fires and dry themselves with mud clinging to them leaving the dry earth to wear away in time. In civil life this kind of experience is expected to kill, but we now seem to be disease proof and thoroughly hardened to the miseries of war.

In spite of this rough treatment all are in a happy mood over the situation and our success during the past two days. The enemy has surely made the last stand in Tennessee and our cavalry is pressing the retreating forces sending an almost constant stream of prisoners passing us on their way to northern prisons where they will receive better care and treatment than they have been accustomed to, while our boys in Andersonville and other southern prisons are starving and dying by hundreds.

Detailed for picket tonight. Hard luck but the duty must be performed, though all are tired and worn, yet happy withal. Picket is found asleep at his post but not reported by corporal who makes the discovery. The picket is tired, sore and sleepy and the enemy on the run so the safety of the army is not endangered by a neglect of duty.

So elated are all over our success that we unite in praising "Pap" Thomas for his great victory and saving the army from disaster. It's noisy time in the ranks with all except Yonie and Fritz, whose guns are silenced and they really seem to be disappointed, while other boys are trying to get a hearing and are too busy to listen to the other fellow. When Yonie and Fritz's signs and predictions fail they keep very quiet but the other boys don't for they are now saying many unpleasant things reminding these strategists of past sins and unfulfilled predictions. Among other things they remind Yonie of his coon story related some time ago. Hunting was a favorite sport at our homes and many adventures are related as we march along. After a number have given experience along this line Yonie produces a story that the boys call "a corker," and all surrender and pass the belt to Yonie. Boys also remind Fritz of the time he invested the entire proceeds of a winter's catch of pelts in a coon dog, by asking him what, in his opinion, a good coon dog is worth in pelts or cash, and points one should observe in selecting a good animal, breed, age

color, etc. Then Fritz extends the usual invitation and tells his tormentors where to go. The animal referred to as having been purchased by Fritz was recommended by the owner to be a fine animal and an excellent coon dog. On his way home Fritz stopped at the homes of a number of neighbor friends to whom he proudly showed his new purchase and invited the boys to call around that night to give the dog a try out. The boys were on hand promptly but it was soon found that the dog took no interest whatever in hunting coons or anything else and insisted on keeping right close to the hunters' heels. Sorely disappointed and vexed at the torments inflicted by his companions, he visits the former owner of the dog and asked an explanation. "Now really" says the man, "I am much surprised for I have always believed that everything was created for some useful purpose. For two years I have owned this dog and tried in every other way and he never was worth a d— for anything else and for this I reasoned he must be an excellent coon dog."

Boys torment Yonie and Fritz so much today their voices are thrown out of gear, yet they tell us to wait awhile before blowing so much, reminding us that the "war is not all over already."

Our sympathies go out to Smitty and Stahl who have probably been assigned quarters in a hole in the ground at Andersonville prison and all are hoping these dutiful and hardy soldiers who have stood up under two years of hard knocks will weather the tortures of prison life. Unfortunately Smitty has found what he has been looking for, not imaginary troubles this time but the unadulterated article and plenty of it. We continue praises for "Pap" Thomas who has delivered us from a desperate situation and turned threatened disaster into a grand victory; the man who saved our army at Chickamauga and never lost a battle, and now with an unorganized army turns on his antagonist at Nashville and drives him out of the state with a loss to the enemy of about one third his army and equipment. Smitty is probably laying his troubles to Sherman's bad generalship. But Smitty is not alone in his criticisms for we occasionally see letters from home written by people condemning Lincoln because our soldiers are dying and suffering in rebel prisons. In fact all the ills that now befall the country is, in their opinion due to the weak administration of the "Illinois railsplitter" and the War Department. "Crazy Bill Sherman" and "Useless Slaughter Grant" share with the president the abuse of cranks and copperheads of the north who declare that "after four years the war has proved to be a failure" and demand peace at any price. These calamity howlers are claiming that the country is going to destruction and have gained such a strong following in the north that but for the soldier vote at the last election Lincoln might have been defeated for he lost three loyal states and carried a number of others by very small majorities.

Villages throughout the north are infested with a class of rear generals who are wasting their time and talents at the corner grocery. Here seated on a mackerel keg and armed with Sampson's favorite



Rear General in Action

After enumerating many mistakes of Lincoln and Stanton he draws battle lines showing "the exact spot where Hooker made a mistake" while the amber fluid from his pipe stem leaves traces of battle lines upon the floor.

weapon of warfare these critics and croakers are explaining the whys and wherefores of failure in the field and war department. With the steam of his pipe the ranking village general may be seen tracing out battle lines showing the exact spot where Hooker and other generals have made mistakes. Company "B" has its strategists who are not altogether satisfied with the way the war is conducted, yet these boys are performing faithful service in defense of the Union and enjoy listening to sound of their own voices; only smooth bores firing harmless blank catridges.

Washington and his patriots while struggling for independence had their tories, traitors and critics, types that are now endeavoring to discredit Lincoln and his cabinet and will probably follow down the years to pester any administration so unfortunate as to have a war on its hands.

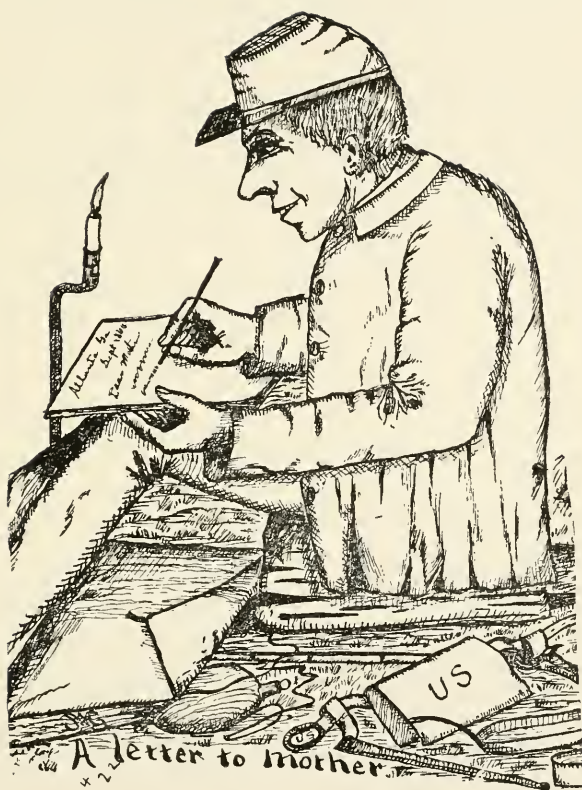
Many of Lincoln's critics are old time agitators, so radical in their anti-slavery sentiment as to advocate separation of the Union because of slavery, yet are seldom known to shoulder a musket in behalf of the down trodden race.

With all these croakers, misfit generals, crooked contractors, office seekers, income tax dodgers and so on, giving Lincoln untold trouble, he has expressed a wish to exchange places with some private soldier in the ranks. When this wish becomes known Fritz is urged by the boys to open correspondence with the President and take the job off his hands. We think Fritz can take care of the situation and dispose of these pests by talking them to death after a few rounds, for Fritz is a poor listener and seldom hears any voice except his own, but he refuses to heed the boys advice and tells them to go to the same old place.

Amid all these hardships and dangers frequent badgering, arguments or quarrels can be depended upon. Forgetful of our own infirmities we do not forget to remind others of real or imaginary shortcomings they are supposed to possess. If a starter is needed Ritchey is always on duty. Like boys in a family we have our disputes and quarrels but these are soon forgotten and all are ever ready to care for comrades in distress or when imposed upon by anyone outside the family.

Many rebel prisoners are being escorted to the rear by our cavalry and will now "enjoy the hospitality of friends in Nashville," but as prisoners of war. Hospitality is a ruling passion with southern people that is sometimes extended to the enemy.

While on patrol duty in Knoxville a negro cook, belonging to an aristocratic family who departed for the interior of Dixie when we occupied that city, was asked to bake us a pan of biscuit. The cook informed us that the lady in charge did not love yanks but he would see her and much to our surprise he was ordered to prepare the biscuit. When we called we found the cook and lady awaiting at the door where we received the biscuits and offered payment. Here was



A letter to mother

Footprints Through Dixie

the opportunity that may have inspired her generosity for instantly the fire flashed from her eyes and all she said about "avaricious and mercenary Yankees" surely covered the entire ground. To insult a southerner by offering payment for hospitable treatment was more than this dignified spinster would tolerate without resentment, all of which was plainly shown in a withering tirade delivered on the spot. We didn't have our dictionaries with us but guessed that whatever was meant was not complimentary. But a hungry soldier with a pan of warm biscuit in his haversack will stand up under a great deal of this kind of punishment and willingly take more biscuit at the price.

December 19, we remain in camp a short time and all are busy cleaning up and writing letters home for this is the only opportunity we have had to write since leaving Nashville. Evenings before tattoo is often spent in letter writing and we seldom neglect this duty for folks at home are always anxious to hear from us more especially after a battle.

A piece of candle, with bayonet sticking in the ground for a candlestick, affords a little light for the purpose. Sometimes we are out of stamps and in this emergency the following is added to the address on the letter—

"Postmaster please to pass this through,
I've nary a cent, but three months due."

The postmaster seems to accept this rhyme in good faith and sends the letter through for he does not believe a soldier will lie—for three cents.

At the fall of Atlanta we hoped and believed that war in the west was about ended, that we might reach our homes in a short time, but fortunately or unfortunately for us, "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate." Had we known of the ordeal through which we were fated to pass during the second Georgia campaign these hopes would have vanished. We have stood up under a severe physical test during the past eighteen months and are now apparently hardened to meet any demand.

It looks as though there will be no more fighting in the south and southwest for Hood has surely abandoned this field of operation. We now have an army in the west of about forty thousand men and no enemy in Tennessee and Kentucky except a few scattering bands that are being taken care of by our cavalry. All are guessing what will come next, and the subject is being discussed in the ranks. Some of the boys think we will settle down for a rest and remain here until the Potomac army completes its work in Virginia. Others say we will march to that state and co-operate with the Army of the Potomac to finish up the job. Boys continue to torment our military strategists who have so miserably failed in their predictions of disaster since "Sherman deserted us." They come back with the argument that only the wise generalship of "Pap Thomas," the greatest

general in the army" saved us from ending our term of service in rebel prisons." Perhaps they are right.

On the afternoon of December 19, we move forward a few miles and camp a short distance outside the village of Franklin. A detail of men is sent to the battlefield of November 30, where we find our dead have been stripped of clothing and bodies thrown in trenches under a light covering of earth. Recent rains had washed away much of this covering leaving portions of the bodies exposed. Without clothing many of these bloated and discolored dead cannot be identified except by tattoo marks found on a few of them. Fragments of blankets, canvas tents and clothing is found in which these bodies are wrapped and buried with the honors of war. Wooden headboards are placed at the graves marked with names of "unknown." Here we find that the enemy in his hasty retreat has left nearly all the wounded of both armies to fall into our hands, and these are being cared for by rebel surgeons and citizens of Franklin.

We find the enemy has buried his dead in rows not far from the village where we counted nearly eighteen hundred graves and are informed by citizens that a number of the Confederate dead had been removed by friends, so the enemy loss must have been nearly two thousand. Coming, as they did in solid masses when making their assaults it seemed almost impossible to miss unless guns were aimed too high.

December 21. Sent out on the picket line passing through this field of death where about two thousand men sleep

"Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgement day,
Under the one the blue,
Under the other the gray."

Soon after establishing our line the assembly call is heard in camp. The army soon passes through the picket line when we are ordered to fall in as rear guard and we leave behind us a memory of one of the most deadly battles of the war with its struggles and its moans of the maimed and dying.

After a march of about fifteen miles we camp near Springhill where we narrowly escaped capture about three weeks ago. On December 22, we remain in camp and draw rations, also a storm of rain and snow. On December 23, our march is continued to Columbia, Tenn., where we first encountered the enemy after an exciting foot race. Here we remain until December 26. Meantime bunky and I have a chicken stew for Christmas dinner. We cross Duck river and camp about two miles from the village and on the following day move to a more suitable location. Here we fix up our quarters as comfortably as possible and hear that "Uncle Billie" has reached Savannah, Georgia, and says he has been making "Rome howl" on his long trip while feasting on the fat of the Confederacy. From there

Sherman wires President Lincoln, offering the City of Savannah as a Christmas present.

It now seems that the chase after Hood is abandoned by our infantry forces but our cavalry continues the pursuit gathering in hundreds of prisoners and deserters. Kentucky and Tennessee Confederate soldiers are now going to their homes while the going is good and the cause for which they have been fighting is hopeless, the strife is ended for them. They are deserting or giving themselves up as prisoners, and to use their own expression, they don't want to engage in any more "killin's."

With the heavy odds against us we surely escaped capture or destruction by a narrow chance at the battle of Franklin and our safe withdrawal was a triumph for General Thomas. Our defeat there meant the loss of Nashville and an open field for a northern raid by the enemy, and probable prolonging of the war.

History gives the result of our three days operation at Franklin and Nashville, as follows:—Eighteen Confederate generals killed, wounded and captured, about fifteen thousand prisoners and deserters, seventy-two pieces of artillery, hundreds of wagons, mules and horses, thirty stands of colors and their dead number over two thousand, or a total loss of about one-third of Hood's army and equipment. The completeness of our victory, all things considered, has not been equalled in battle since the beginning of the war. Hood's army is destroyed for further service in the west and the war outside of Virginia is practically ended. We have prevented the enemy from making the threatened northern raid and General Thomas has saved Sherman from criticism for leaving fragments of his army to contend with the same forces that have been fighting Sherman's entire army during the past eight months. Yet while floundering through darkness, mud and mire for three days and doing all that human effort could do to destroy Hood's army, we are told that General Hallock from his easy chair in Washington is urging Thomas with despatches to make greater effort against the enemy, and Grant criticises Thomas for not defeating the enemy at Franklin or Columbia.

Boys now vote "Pap" Thomas the greatest general in the army and as freely "cuss" Hallock, while the oracles who have a grudge against Sherman for "deserting us" are criticising the latter general with his army of sixty thousand for allowing ten thousand rebel soldiers to escape at Savannah, Georgia.

Since the beginning of the war all eyes and interests seem to be centered upon operations in Virginia and along the Potomac river. Washington and Richmond being the two vital points aimed for by the contending armies, the capture of either city might determine the result of the war. But Washington is now safe; no more raids will be attempted north of Mason and Dixon's line for the enemy is not far distant from that "last ditch." It is quite natural that military operations in the vicinity of Washington and other large cities where

newspapers and means for obtaining news are more plentiful should receive attention and be given more prominent places in history than operations at distant points. To one who has not carefully noted results of battles it may be surprising to find that more Confederate soldiers was killed within six hours at Franklin, Tenn., than were killed during the first year of the war on the Potomac; more than at both battles of Bull Run and more than during the three months siege of Vicksburg or three days battle of Chancellorsville, Va., and almost half the number killed during the entire Atlanta campaign, and the four days battle of Gettysburg, Pa., where about one hundred and fifty thousand men were engaged. During the Franklin battle the rebel losses were over six thousand or at the rate of one thousand each hour, three hundred of whom were killed each hour, yet the tug of war only occupied about three hours time. History of the war gives the following losses in killed suffered by the Confederates in the principal battles:—Fredericksburg, three days, 1,150; both battles of Bull Run, two days 961, Chancellorsville, three days, 1,581; Winchester days, 1,000, Cold Harbor, two days, 1,200; Kenesaw Mountain, ter, two days, 850! Wilderness, two days, 2,000 around Spotsylvania, three days, 1,100; Vicksburg, three months, 1,413; Franklin Tenn., six hours, 1,750.

Note—The following letter written by a Confederate soldier to a friend of the Nineteenth Ohio, both of whom were engaged in the battle of Franklin, gives a vivid description of his experience and observation while assaulting the "Yankee" line at this battle:—

"We pushed the Yankees closely until they come to the Harpeth river at Franklin and were so close to their forces that they dare not attempt to cross the river for fear of losing not only their wagon train but their army. The Yankees formed a battle line across the neck of land formed by the winding river, their flanks resting on the river. Their center was a low hill where a couple of batteries stood for action. We were on the ground early in the morning and the Yankee's had just begun to break ground for entrenchments. We could see their entire line and judge correctly of their number and found that we outnumbered them two to one. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before our disposition of troops for the assault on the Yankees was made. * * * * From the position I was in I could plainly see the Yankee line and it seemed to be deserted, yet now and then a head or a man would appear above the works or an artilleryman would crouch behind a gun and gaze in our direction. We were formed for the assault and the plan of battle was to launch several columns against the Yankee line and endeavor to break it at different points, while the real attack was to be made on the little hill where the batteries stood. All was ready. Our artillery went into action and our columns moved forward. The Yankee pickets in front of our lines arose from the ground and fired once then ran for their earthworks from where rifles fall in a horizontal line. We now scream out the charging yell and the Yankee artillerymen spring to their guns. We instinctively pull down our hat brims as tho to protect our faces and dash forward upon their lines. Instantly we are met by a storm of bullets and canister that cause us to stagger as our dead and wounded comrades fall against us. We waver badly then gather ourselves and push on firing as we go. The powder smoke hung on the field and through rifts of this we could see the Yankee

gunners springing nimbly to and from their Napoleon guns. The responsive flash of these guns as the lanyards were pulled would be followed by the rip of canister as it flew past and through our ranks cracking men's bones as pipestems and knocking brave men dead with great holes in their bodies. The zip, zip zip of flying balls was a steady hum as though the empty cylinders of countless threshing machine were revolving at full speed all around and near us. * * *

Steadily the Yankees, who had to hold their line or take to the water, load and fire while our men are falling by hundreds. We staggered on through storms of bullets and canister but had not reached the Union line. Then we heard exultant shouts on our left and through the drifting smoke caught sight of our battle flags planted on the Yankee breastworks on the hill and we can see gray clad men climb over the works and disappear. We now redouble our efforts to take the line in front of us but its fire did not slacken a particle, its defenders paid no attention to the disaster that had overtaken their center and as we drew closer, the parapet reddened in the smoke and the fire of rifles resembled the fury of hell. Then loud above the battle's roar sounds the charging cheer of Yankee troops at our left and we know that our men had been called upon to make good their success by meeting a counter charge of Yankee reserves. Could they withstand it? Promptly came the answer. There was a solid crash of Yankee musketry from that portion of the line and soon the remnants of the victories Confederates swarmed out of the captured works and ran to cover. Instantly the re-captured works were manned by a line of blue coated infantry who shot down the flying Confederates by scores. On our part of the line we press on toward the Yankee works until some of our men fall in the ditch and we can see the eyes of Yankees as they look over their rifle pits, their faces pallid, their jaws set and their eyes blazing with battle light. I never before saw such rapid handling of rifles and artillery. It seemed to me that I could hear No. 1 of the artillery impatiently tap with his sponge staff on the blackened muzzle of the brass gun as he called for canister, and more canister, and still more canister. We were sufficiently near to feel the wind of the discharge of the Yankee guns. I look back and see our dead in winrows and the wounded staggering over the field, falling as they come to each other for aid. We hesitate, realizing that we cannot carry the works. We stagger a few feet nearer the Yankee lines firing wildly as we go only to be scorched by the hot breath of Yankee cannon and rifle. One third of our (Reynolds) division is killed and wounded. Stunned, bewildered and horribly disappointed we gather into protected place and are speedily reformed. We are allowed to rest a short time. Again we are formed into a charging column. Our officers briefly explain the necessity of carrying the Yankee works and we swear to take them or die in the attempt. We rush to the assault again and are again met by a fire the heat of which warp us out of line. It seemed to me that the air was so full of bullets that I could have caught scores of them simply grabbing on either side or above me. We advance close to the works and again break and fly to cover. It is now growing dark and still the battle-torn Confederates are formed into charging columns and launched against the Yankee works. We advance stumbling over our dead and wounded the latter shrieking as we trod on mangled limbs and body. Powder smoke hangs over the field in clouds which reflect the lurid fire that blazes along the Yankee lines at eight o'clock and at nine thirty and we are still fighting, still dying, still trampling our dead and wounded into the earth. Then we give it up. We have made five charges. Pat. Cleburne's men have made six charges and he falls while leading the last.

Every general officer in the army of the Confederate excepting Hood was killed, wounded or captured. Our losses are up in the

thousands. We retire out of range of the Yankee guns, stack our arms and lay down. All night our wounded comrades are crawling off the grounds and seek comfort and rest and water among their unhurt brothers. Men with one leg trailing on the earth behind them, others with shattered arms or broken shoulders or torn entrails, or ghastly flesh wounds, or with smashed jaws or eyes shot out, would crawl, walk or be helped off the field. These maimed and suffering comrades sink down and murmur. "I am glad to get here, it was hell itself, boys; it was hell," and some sink to sleep that knows no waking." * * *

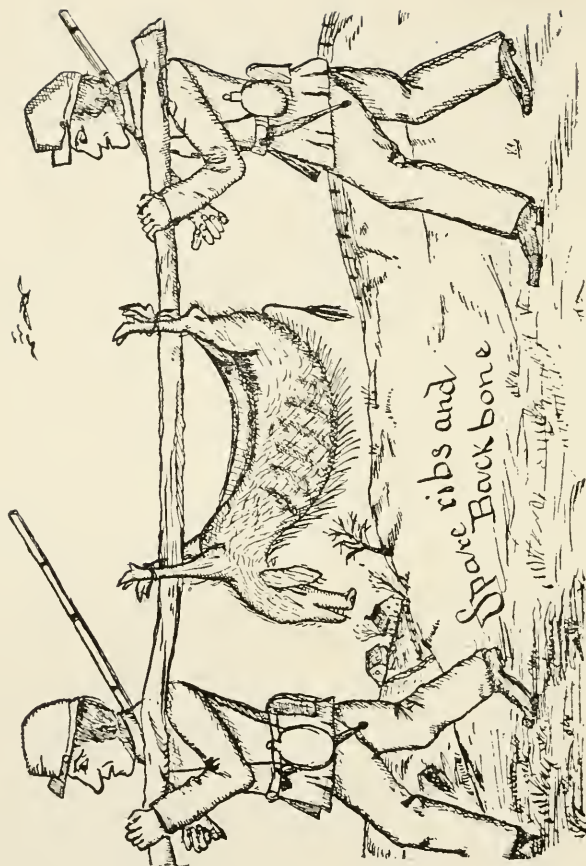
This soldier's description of the struggle and blood stained acres of his dead and wounded comrades is a striking pen picture of the horrors of war and the price they are paying to sustain a false ideal—a cause so evidently unjust—to gratify the ambition of designing traitors—a cause in which many of these victims did not sincerely believe worthy of defense and for which they are not responsible, and which has divided states, friends and families.

Sherman's brief and fitting definition of war has been brought home to these brave but misguided boys. Even if successful in disrupting the Union and establishing human bondage they have nothing to gain except the satisfaction that comes to the conquerer. Many of these boys who are giving their services and lives are classed in the south as poor whites with social rank and opportunities for improvement but little above slaves and who are unwittingly making this sacrifice to continue and strengthen a system of aristocracy that would bring only servitude to them and their posterity.

It now looks as though we are settled down for a rest, but one never can tell. Weather is bad and we are fixing up our quarters hoping to make them more comfortable. With an old camp kettle and a few joints of rain water conductory taken from an abandoned home, we rig up a little heater in our living room. Fence rails are plentiful, well seasoned and make excellent fuel. We keep up roaring fires and slowly revolve our bodies absorbing the heat on front, rear and both flanks while planters watch their fences go up in smoke.

On December 29, accompanied by a comrade we go out to take a view of the landscape and during our travels scare from a brush heap a bunch of land sharks, called hogs by natives. My aim is as poor as the animal for he stands "edgeway" and I miss him. Partner does better and brings down the game. The shark's "innards" are soon removed when we string the carcass on a rail and each taking an end of the rail we keep step until camp is reached. Fumes from frying pork soon attract notice among members of the company who gather around and get their rations while the carcass lasts. It's a feast or famine with the men in ranks with the famine end largely in the majority. On December 30 and 31 the weather is stormy until late in the afternoon of the thirty-first. On the last day of the year we draw rations, are mustered for pay, and receive our first mail since the battle of Nashville.

This closes my diary for 1864. I find the following memoranda of clothing drawn during the year, viz: Three pairs of pants costing



"We keep step until camp is reached"

\$3.03 pair; four pairs of drawers costing 65 cents per pair; three shirts at 80 cents each; seven pairs of shoes at \$2.05 per pair; two overcoats at \$6.71 each; three pairs socks 60 cents each; one blouse \$1.50; one canteen 40 cents and one haversack 50 cents. This does not cover the amount of clothing used during the year. Clothing cannot always be had when needed and must be bought or "confiscated along the way. We are allowed fifty-two dollars a year for clothing; all drawn in excess of this is taken from our pay and if the full allowance is not drawn we are paid the difference. From my pay during the year one hundred and forty seven dollars has been sent home, now worth sixty dollars in gold. Since entering service the pay of private soldiers has been increased three dollars per month and five dollars increase for non-commissioned officers. The few married men in the company cannot support their families on the pay they are getting. It now takes one day's pay to buy the wife a yard of calico or muslin and about one week's pay to buy her a pair of shoes.

Our pay has increased about twenty per cent while supplies for the family has increased from one to two hundred per cent. Many of these soldiers families must receive assistance from friends or Aid societies organized throughout the north during the past year, while army contractors who manufacture "kinnekenick," shoddy uniforms and providing other supplies are reaping a financial harvest. War time seems to be the open season for crooks to prey upon the government while Uncle Sam's treasury is being raided from many angles. It is reported that one of these contractors made money enough in one year to buy an English duke for his favorite daughter.



CHAPTER IX.

CLIFFTON, TENN., TO WILMINGTON, N. C.

January 2, 1865 finds us on the march headed in a westerly direction toward the Tennessee river. This march leads us through Mt. Pleasant and Waynesboro, Tenn. We ford Buffalo river and a number of other streams while passing through a rough and wild region of country timbered with scrub oak and mountain pine, and camp at Clifton, Tenn., a small village on the Tennessee river. We are now informed that as soon as transports arrive the army will be transferred to the Eastern department and again unite with Sherman's army at some point on the Atlantic coast and there finish up the job.

The country surrounding this village is very rough and sparsely settled. In these hills, hollows and caves, bushwhackers find secure hiding places. Whenever an opportunity presents itself these outlaws murder stragglers from the Union army and citizens suspected of loyalty to the Union. A few days after our arrival here one among the few loyal citizens of this vicinity appears in our quarters and informs the commanding officers that bushwhackers have been after some of our stragglers and that he has two of these men secreted near his home. A detail of two from each company, with two corporals, and myself as acting sergeant, is made and placed under command of Captain Ford. After getting directions of the route to be taken we start down the river and after a march of a few miles we camp for the night. Before daylight on the following day the march is continued with five men and myself as advanced guard. A heavy rain now sets in and we become thoroughly soaked, but continue on, fording a stream in the meantime. Soon after fording this stream a horseman is seen turning a sharp bend in the road about forty rods distant. He is dressed in a blue army overcoat, probably taken from the body of some victim, with a gun swinging over his shoulder. Taking the situation at a glance our guns are leveled on Mr. Bushwhacker and surrender is demanded. Mr. Bushwhacker quickly drops flat on his horse and wheels about as we fire but he is gone and we see him passing over the next hill as we reach the bend in the road. When our guns are fired the horse's tail and heels go up in the air and it's quite probably the innocent horse receives the lead intended for the outlaw. While reloading our guns the detachment comes up when the captain orders us forward again and to closely watch our flanks. We soon hear sounds of horns blowing in the hills and correctly guess this to be a call for the assembly of the bushwhackers. After marching a few miles it seems that we should be nearing the place

described by the old gentlemen and we await for the detachment to come up. Here the captain orders me to visit a cabin setting back some distance from the road and to inquire the distance to the church and grave yard where we are to meet the stragglers and their protector. On entering the cabin two old women and an old man who have probably watched our movements appear to be much alarmed and ignore all questions for a time but finally after looking me over and failing to see hoofs or horns they show a willingness to talk and for the first time, perhaps behold a blue bellied Yank and are surprised to find that he looks like a human. Returning to the detachment we again move forward and in a short time reach the old chapel and find our friend awaiting us. After a short consultation with the captain the latter orders me to take the squad to a certain place and there leave them while I enter the grave yard and give a call agreed upon between the stragglers and their benefactor. It is some time before the stragglers respond but finally, like Lazarus they come forth from the sunken graves and thick brambles of the old neglected burying grounds, with grateful expression on their haggard and begrimed faces. We are now ready to return and are cautioned by our old friend who states that we will likely be attacked on our return, for the signal we heard was, as we predicted, a call to assemble. He informs us that these bushwhackers are a cowardly gang who will not attack unless they greatly outnumber us, or may fire at long range, then scatter and secrete themselves in hills and caves. We then lunch and start on our return in the same order of march observed during the forenoon. After marching a few miles and while passing through a deep gully fringed on both sides with a heavy growth of cedar along steep hill sides the detachment is fired upon from the south side of the road wounding one man in his head but not seriously. The volley is fired at short range, but the high elevation held by the outlaws and intervening undergrowth of bushes affords some protection. Our advance guard pass unmolested. As soon as the volley is fired this advance guard turns quickly and catching a glimpse of the enemy through the bushes we give them six charges at long range while the detachment with lusty yells deploy and scramble up the hillside in pursuit of the outlaws. Before they have advanced far the cowardly gang mount their horses and a force about equal our own is seen making fast time until they disappear in the hills and timber. The wounded head is cared for and our march is continued. Coming to the stream of water we crossed in the morning we find it swollen to a rushing torrent and how to cross is a puzzling question, for the stream is without bridges and too deep to ford. With bushwhackers hovering around and our advance apparently cut off the outlook is not pleasing. After discussing the situation a short time and roundly cussing the stragglers for getting us in this scrape, a squad is sent along the stream in search of a crossing. We are soon called by the men below who find a large tree across the channel. For a distance of six feet or more a torrent

of water is rushing over the butt of this tree, so by holding to each other we feel our way along the submerged portion of the tree until the top is reached where we wade nearly waist deep to the opposite shore. A few too timid to walk though the rushing waters sit astride the tree and with bodies half submerged work their way across. One falls into the stream and is rescued by a comrade who quickly drops astride the log and reaches out his musket which is seized by the struggling soldier. It is well for us that the bushwhackers are too cowardly to follow for a half dozen men taking a position under cover could have picked us off while crossing the stream. We are all safely landed and then take turns abusing a pair of very submissive stragglers, all of which seems to be enjoyed by Captain Ford though he has nothing to say. About every regiment has its stragglers who make a practice of falling out of ranks and in some manner evade the rear guard and get back to supply wagons or visit plantations, returning to their commands sometime during the night in time to dodge guard duty, unless they fall into hands of bushwhackers.

Soon after crossing the stream we pass out into a more open country to a settlement or hamlet of log cabins and cultivated fields where we stop for a short rest and in meantime visit a number of these cabins but find no men in the neighborhood. From evidence gathered here we conclude that this settlement is the abiding place of a portion of the men who have been on our trail during the day. We now proceed to help ourselves and for a short time the squealing of pigs, squawks of ducks and squall of chickens mingled with pleadings and denunciations of women echoes through the surrounding hill. The stragglers are placed on extra duty and loaded with pork, poultry and other "contraband of war" and our march is continued to camp with chickens and ducks swinging from muzzles of guns, and but little the worse of our adventure.

BACK TO OHIO

We remain in this camp until January 16, 1865 when transports and gunboats arrive to convey and convoy the Twenty Third Army Corps to some other field of operation. Here our regiment with the Sixteenth Kentucky board the steamer "Swallow" and after a long and tedious journey down the Tennessee river we enter the Ohio at Paducah, Ky., passing Ft. Henry on the way, then up the Ohio through drifts of floating ice that threatens to wreck our boats, and arrive at Cincinnati on January 22. On January 23, we leave the boats and after an absence of two years and five months our regiment again sets foot on its native soil. Here the Corps is loaded into and on top of freight cars for a long mid-winter ride over a snow clad country and our journey is continued eastward through Columbus, Newark, Zanesville and other cities. At all stopping places the good people greet us with cheers and ample supplies of hot coffee and provisions,

all anxious to do for our comfort and pleasure, all of which is fully appreciated by boys who are suffering with cold, especially we who quartered on the "hurricane" decks. Sleighing is fine and people are out waiting at crossings with cheers and waving of flags as we pass by, and flags are seen waving from porches and windows along the route. At a number of stopping places our band is giving the citizens samples of their music and in return are feasting on good eatables provided by these citizens.

The route we are taking through the state carry members of the regiment near their homes in Stark and Columbiana counties. Boys are trying to get ten day furloughs to visit their homes, which are not only refused but guards are placed at each car and instructed to see that all are kept aboard, yet after passing Zanesville and until the Ohio river is reached at Bellaire, twenty-five or more boys "slip the halter" and at the next roll call are neither "present nor accounted for." Among these breachy soldiers are five members of company "B" who quietly evade a not over vigilant guard and without bidding their comrades goodby, leave the train at Bellaire, O., and start up the railroad leading north, taking their arms and equipment. On arriving at Bridgeport they find a warm corner at one of the furnaces for the remainder of the night. They also find a deep snow and the weather so cold they almost wish themselves back on the train with the boys. Fully armed and accoutered they proceed on their way early on the following morning heading in the direction of Cadiz, Ohio and after marching over snowy and slippery hills they reach this city late in the evening. Here the citizens thinking these soldiers are out on some special duty accord them fine treatment and quarters at the hotel is provided. After supper young people of the city call and invite them to attend a dance. They accept this invitation but when pressed to take partners and participate in the "whirl" they balk and excuse themselves with a variety of lies. The boys do not want to confess to these clean and fashionably dressed young people that they haven't had a change of shirts or socks for two weeks, more or less, neither can they recall the date of their last bath. A trip of a thousand miles or more on steamboat and smoky freight cars has left its mark on their clothing. While the boys greatly admired these friendly and handsome young ladies they feel timid about leaving finger marks on their tidy waists. Getting into society once more is a pleasing sensation even while occupying the position of wall flowers, much more so than the sensation occasionally felt crawling over their ribs. They suspect that if these friendly young ladies were aware of the latter sensation they would quickly gather up their belongings and beaus and leave the hall. On returning to the hotel they are offered rooms but these are refused believing that they could not rest on beds of this kind and not caring to leave remembrances, the boys prefer to bunk down in the baggage room. On the following morning a good breakfast is served, haversacks replenished and on coming from the dining room a two-horse sled bedded

with straw is found waiting to carry them to Carrollton. From here the boys march to the home of one of the squad near Minerva where they stay over night and on the following day the remaining four march northward a few miles, then separate each to his home. After a visit of ten days they all start on their return to the regiment with fear and trembling and on arrival are greatly surprised and relieved when placed on duty, for all expected punishment. But to punish all these boys seemed like too much of an undertaking. The war is about over and they have all been good soldiers and right up on the bit during near two and a half years of mighty hard thumps and bumps, so all are forgiven and but little is said about their escapade, the offense is not even being considered serious enough to draw the stripes from offending non-commissioned officers.

When the time came to return to the regiment three of these boys meet by appointment in the village of Alliance to secure transportation to the regiment. Before visiting the office of Provost Marshal Oliver they hold a short rehearsal at some scheduled spot there to fix up a line of talk that will stand a test of cross examination should the marshal prove to be over inquisitive or separate the witnesses. As Annanias is recognized to be the ranking officer and prevaricator in the squad, he is given the task of presenting the case before Marshall Oliver, and under stress of circumstances his comrades agreed to swear to any statement he might make, but warn him of his well-known recklessness at the business. They knew when 'Nias exercised proper caution he can frame up a lie that seems good to any one unacquainted with his habits. Pleased and flattered at this evidence of his superior skill, he leads the squads upon the Marshal's works, and after saluting in approved military style, 'Nias informs the captain that during transfer of the TwentyThird Army Corps through the state a number of soldiers were unavoidably detained at Bellaire. On this statement the accomplished prevaricator of Co. B polishes up a story that brings desirable results with transportation and passes to Washington City.

It was with serious misgivings of trouble that they entered the captain's office not knowing whether they would get passes and transportation or arrest with transportation under guard, but the boys brace up and put on bold front and are pleased to find the captain in a pleasant mood, not over inquisitive and asking but few embarrassing questions, yet the boys suspected the captain wise to the situation for after listening to 'Nias's string of prevarications a faint smile with a drooping of an eye lid is noticed as he passes out the coveted documents remarking in the meantime that the One Hundred Fourth regiment must have been in a wreck down about Bellaire for he had been issuing a number of passes lately to men belonging to this regiment. Not caring to enter into further details of this "unavoidable detention" they hurriedly salute Marshal Oliver and go on their way rejoicing. The boys get through to Washington in due time but find the regiment has departed aboard boats for some point in the neigh-

borhood of Fort Fisher, N. C. After a few days delay at Washington and Alexandria they secure transportation by boat to Wilmington, N. C. where the regiment is found.

January 22, when the regiment landed at Cincinnati, Ohio. Corporal Isaac Beight of North Benton, Ohio is sent to the hospital in the city. From here he is sent to a hospital at Wheeling, W. Va. from where he is discharged on June 9, following thirty months service with the company. Now one of the survivors of the company.

AGAIN ON THE FRONT

During the absence of the boys the Twenty Third Corps continues its journey eastward, passing through Cumberland and Harper's Ferry and down the Potomac river to Washington City. Here the Corps goes into camp on the Capital grounds and after this long trip by water and rail the boys present a very untidy appearance most shocking to the white gloved and collared patriots of the Potomac. Yes, they elevate their noses at us westerners whom they are calling "Georgia woodticks." During our stay here these white collared and brass bespangled patrols meet with a few adventures with Georgia woodticks they will not soon forget.

On January 28, our forces cross on pontoon bridges and march to Alexandria, Va., where quarters are found in government stables, comfortable quarter and a fitting place for woodticks yet better by far than we have been accustomed to. Here we visit the hotel where Ellsworth was murdered while placing the Stars and Stripes on the building, also the pens, quarters and auction block where slaves were driven and sold like cattle by auctioneers. By a friendly citizen we are shown in the Masonic Hall and the chair occupied by Washington while master of the lodge, and the church building and the pew once occupied by our first president.

While enroute from Cincinnati to Washington, Joseph Robinson of New Garden, Ohio, the youngest boy in the company, is taken sick with typhoid fever. On arrival at Washington he is sent to the hospital where he died, January 29, and is buried at Arlington, Va., after faithful service in the ranks of nearly two and one-half years.

While occupying these quarters President Lincoln, Secretary Seward and others are holding a conference with Confederate officers at Fortress Monroe with a view of ending the war. Camp is now alive with rumors that the war is over or will likely end in a short time. Men are standing in groups while discussing the pleasing news and a few may be heard singing "Sweet Home."

Jake now appears in our company quarters very much excited and elated with the glad tidings that the war is over for Lincoln is now "eggnoging" with rebel officers for peace and terms of settlement. It seems that during Jake's wanderings through our camping grounds he hears men talking about negotiations between Lincoln and others

with Confederate officials now under way at Fortress Monroe to bring about a settlement of the war. But before reaching his quarters that one word "negotiations" got away from Jake before he returned to deliver his message. This was a new one on Jake while "egg-nog" is a familiar word and well understood for they raise 'em over about Greentown where Jake lives. But Jake may have hit upon the right word after all, at least the men who were holding this peace conference got no further toward a settlement.

Ritchey now fears he will lose his steady job. He wants a boat ride down the Atlantic coast. He has tramped over the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and a little of Virginia and now wants to see the Carolinas.

George Ritchey enlisted at Salem, Ohio, one of the boys transferred from company "G" to our company when the regiment was organized. With the exception of two months sickness he served his entire term of enlistment in the ranks and was mustered out at the close of the war.

No word of complaint ever comes from George and he is always ready to meet conditions as he finds them. He cannot understand why anyone with a good "steady job" and regular pay at 45 cents per day with board and lodging, quinine and pills, all free, should complain." This kind of talk when his comrades are tired, hungry and war worn is irritating to the boys, yet George serves a useful purpose and is a type of soldier needed in the ranks of every company. His inclination to make the best of painful conditions sometimes inspires others to renewed effort to meet these conditions. At Strawberry Plains, Tenn., while near the point of perishing with cold and hunger George might be seen walking through our quarters fanning himself or knocking off imaginary flies and mosquitos, or while standing, about our fires he is heard to enumerate the many good dishes he ate for breakfast, while all knew he was hungry enough to eat a piece of roast dog or cat.

Poor old Dan. (we call him old for he is about thirty) sits in smoke trying to get a little warmth from the stewing pine wood at his tent. With pants torn and burned away almost to his knees he is the picture of misery. He is sick, despondent, grouchy and growing weaker as the days pass at "Valley Forge." Ritchey is a mind reader and takes in the situation as he passes Dan's tent and believes his remedy for Dan's malady is better than quinine. He quietly approaches and while seated by Dan offering words of sympathy and consolation, applies his remedy by seizing Dan's ear with his teeth and bears on until well defined teeth marks are visible for some time. With a howl of pain Dan comes to life and sends his frying pan and a number of cuss words after his fleeing persecutor. Dan is rip roaring mad and his blood is circulating freely, his joints are limbered up and from that time Dan improves and lives to see the end of the war. But George is improvident. When rations are short he will eat a day's rations at one sitting and then go hungry or trust in providence until rations are again issued. Trusting in providence could

Footprints Through Dixie

not be relied upon as well on the Georgia campaign as it was during our first year while guarding Kentucky plantations and villages.

While in camp near Washington a number of men belonging to our division who captured rebel flags at Franklin and Nashville visited the White House and presented these flags to President Lincoln.

The unfinished Washington monument and new Capital building, the latter now under construction are points of interest visited by many soldiers during the short time we remained here.

February 3, 1865 our brigade board the transport "Star of the South" and with a fleet of sixteen transports and convoys the Twenty Third Corps with horses, mules, wagons, artillery and other army equipment we steam down the Potomac river, meantime passing Mt. Vernon and other points of interest, enter Chesapeake Bay, then out upon the Atlantic rounding Cape Hattaras and along the Virginia and Carolina coast, anchor off Cape Fear near Federal Point on February 9, and soon after land at Smithville, N. C. Here the troops remain a few days meantime feasting on yams and oysters in addition to the usual rations.

While rounding stormy Hattaras many boys are afflicted with sea sickness and the greatest sufferer is Seely. He lost control over his rations and they won't stay down. He finally becomes so sick and weakened that he stretches himself out on deck determined to die, and declares that only a watery grave will be satisfactory to him. To his favorite comrades he wills his personal property, and to the sharks his body is to be delivered. To the bugler who blows the early morning reveille he gives and bequeaths all his graybacks to have and to hold, hoping their number may increase. (Seely has a vivid recollection of knapsack drills sometimes inflicted for neglect in answering to this early call.) But after many hours of suffering he declares he is too sick to reach his last breath and lives on to suffer. Seely is a good soldier, but his troubles have been many since entering military service, and among these are the "skinning" of mules, responding to the early roll call, Ritchey and the oracles. After long and diligent practice he can now express his opinion of these pests and do the job in fairly good English. Other sick boys on his voyage offer all their worldly possessions for enough dry land on which to erect a pup tent.

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA

On February 18, our division advance through cypress swamps and over rough roads in the direction of Wilmington, N. C. and attack the enemy at Ft. Anderson and with the aid of a gun boat the enemy is driven from his works with a loss in our regiment of five men. On the following day our forces again advance and find the enemy entrenched at Oldtown Creek. The soldiers are well loaded

with supplies of yams yet carry this precious food while making another charge on the enemy position which is carried with a loss in the regiment of twenty-two men, capturing a number of prisoners and four pieces of artillery, together with a quantity of ammunition and small arms. On February 22, the enemy evacuate Wilmington and our forces take possession of the city, closely followed by transports which tie up at the wharf.

On entering the city we find a large amount of rebel property stored here for export has been set on fire by the retreating enemy. Considerable of this property is saved by our troops who immediately go to work extinguishing flames probably saving the city from destruction. This is an important point where blockade runners have operated and the loss of Ft. Fisher and other points on Cape Fear is keenly felt by the fast fading Confederacy.

This also seems to be headquarters on this continent for the shipment of tar, turpentine and resin for large quantities of this merchandise was destroyed by the retreating enemy. The great destruction of cotton, burning of docks and transports that are blown up and sunk in the river channel must have entailed a loss to the Confederacy and to citizens of several million dollars.

Among the supplies captured here was a warehouse containing tobacco, cigars and whiskey. This warehouse is raided by soldiers and soon emptied of its contents. Soldiers now take advantage of this opportunity to celebrate recent achievements and Washington's birthday anniversary because we have the whiskey on hand and no way to dispose of it. The only money in circulation here is Confederate scrip and this is of no value to us and has almost lost its purchasing power with the natives. Confederate money is worth about five cents on the dollar and whiskey is selling at sixty to eighty dollars per gallon, natives tell us. Quinine is selling at two hundred dollars an ounce and flour at one fifty to two dollars per pound and other supplies bringing about the same ratio of inflated prices. Confederate money is abundant and will remain plentiful as long as the Confederacy and supply of paper holds out.

Ritchey declares that whiskey is entirely too valuable to waste so after a brief discussion he clears the situation by proposing to drink it. This proposition is favorably received and Ritchey, who always responds to the call of duty, leads the attack and finds hearty support throughout the brigade. But the sergeant and others who believe that Christian and military duties can be worked along parallel lines are so unpatriotic as to refuse to celebrate. Even our devout Orderly now believes it to be his duty to join comrades in celebrating the capture of the last seaport stronghold. At roll call the Orderly finds it difficult to take the position of a soldier and his memory of names seem scrambled. He orders the men in line and after calling the names of a few members he retires to his tent without dismissing the company. A few boys become so loud and hilar-

ious they are ordered taken to the guardhouse for treatment, while oracles are making patriotic speeches.

Orderly and sergeant are of the same religious faith but seem to be working at it along different angles. "Applied christianity" Orderly contends, is not applicable in military service and that certain things become necessary in performing military duty that conflict with the teachings of the Golden Rule, and there you are. But the sergeant is a stickler for "first principles.

Orderly and sergeant attend religious services together where each make frequent and fervent appeals in behalf of his sinful comrade, then quarrel more or less during the week, all because the sergeant watches as well as prays. Too much watching irritates the up-to-date and progressive orderly who contends that the sergeant has not been "ordained as his brother's keeper."

The sergeant now call orderly to account for the latter's aid in disposing of this liquid "contraband of war." Orderly stoutly denies that he was overloaded but the boys are about all witnesses for the prosecution while the defense is without supporting testimony. The case is up for argument between the sergeants and as usual become warmlike and peppery. Sergeant now accuses the orderly of adding the sin of lying to that of intoxication. Orderly now becomes furious and shoots another hole in the ten commandments. Boys gather around delighted with the entertainment. "Under pressure of military necessity" says Orderly "many things that seem wrong are justified in order to put down the rebellion," and again reminds the sergeant that the latter is watching the conduct of others while neglecting his own, or words to that effect. But the boys are deeply interested and all willingly lend a helping hand to prolong the entertainment. As a parting shot the sergeant informs orderly that the latter cannot hope to suppress the rebellion by creating a whiskey famine in the south, adding that "military necessity" demands that one occupying the position of orderly sergeant should set a good example before the boys. Both the orderly and sergeant make free to reprimand boys for bad behavior and this fact deepens our interest in these entertainments. Both are ever watchful of the conduct of others and in the main are exemplary men and dutiful soldiers and never inquisitive when boys divide delicacies sometimes obtained in questionable ways. Through inconsistent, perhaps, the sergeants are anything but indiscreet.

Tobacco and cigars are a drug in the market for all who cared for the smokers and chewers have a supply but the whiskey is disposed of in a few hours after the warehouse is raided. Grabb has been working hard to dispose of his stock in trade but business is slow though he is offering tempting inducements. Grabb is the company tightwad to whom a ten cent scrip looks almost as large as a town lot. His strong characteristic is to look sharp after the interest of Grabb, and as a side issue he fills the position of company peddler who buys and sells, never forgetting to add a liberal profit. He has tramped

over the entire camp ground trying to dispose of his tobacco and cigars but business is slow. During his absence the boys aid him in this work by stealing a portion of his stock only to hear Grabb speak his piece when the theft is discovered. Yet, they say Grabb is unselfish and generous, in a way, for anything he can't eat, carry or sell he willingly divides with the boys. He is as diligent in the performance of duty as he is in gathering scrip, for during his two years and ten months service he has never missed a "trick" on duty or drawn a single dose of quinine.

Wilmington is a city of sandy unpaved streets and is found almost deserted by its white inhabitants, they leaving the place in possession of old slaves with their women and children. Smouldering ruins of buildings, also cotton and other products intended for export are burning for several days after we occupy the city. From this port most of the cotton shipped to England was sent out and English made goods were landed here to supply the Confederate army and people of the south. This port is supposed to be blockaded by our navy many Confederate and English vessels manage to run the blockade and land their cargoes at points of destination.

We left Alexandria in the midst of severe winter weather. Now frogs are singing in the Carolina swamps as we advance along the Cape Fear river's sandy, swampy shore, while gun boats are throwing shells into Fort Anderson which we find badly wrecked on taking possession. Boats are also seen searching the river for torpedoes as we advance through many rice plantations along the river.

March 22. Fred Werner is sent to the hospital from where he is discharged after thirty-two months faithful service. The war having closed before he was able for duty he did not return to the company, but went direct from the hospital to his home, and his voice is missed in the ranks. With Smitty in Andersonville, Yonie now has the field pretty much to himself.

Our regiment is now placed on provost duty in the city with Lieutenant Colonel Jordan as Provost Marshal. The other regiments of the brigade under command of Colonel Sterl is encamped near by to garrison this post, while the units of the Twenty Third Corps has marched into the interior of the state in pursuit of the retreating enemy. On our arrival here one hundred guns are fired by the army and war vessels celebrating the capture of the enemy's last port on the Atlantic coast. We hear that the remainder of Sherman's army is now advancing northward from Savannah meeting with but little opposition on the way.

A few days after our arrival here two boats loaded with Union prisoners are unloaded at the wharf. A number of these victims are seen lying dead on the decks and others are dying. In wretched condition many are being carried away on stretchers, living, half clad skeletons, demented, covered with filth and vermin, men to whom death is a welcome visitor. These prisoners have been confined in Florence and other prisons and liberated by the rebel authorities on

approach of Sherman's army. They report that a building at Florence was turned about eighty sick prisoners being burned with the building. After witnessing these victims of rebel atrocity we are again reminded of Sherman's comparison of war with hell and now are almost ready to believe that, after all, the General may have maligned the fiery regions. Yet monuments have been erected to perpetuate the memory of men who are responsible for the murder of these defenseless soldiers.

March 4, George Leppard of Lake township is sent to the hospital while on guard duty in Wilmington, N. C., returning to the company at Goldsboro, May 8th, following. George is one of the five boys in company "B" who took a vacation on the "French" plan while the army was passing through Ohio in January. He reported to the company for duty in about thirty days and served until the close of the war and is mustered out after thirty one months service.



CHAPTER X.

WILMINGTON TO GREENSBORO, N. C. AND HOME

March 4, while President Lincoln is being inaugurated for his second term we are on forced march of about one hundred miles in the direction of Kinston N. C., where we expect to join our Corps. During this time General Reilly becomes very riley through some disagreement among the officers and gives us the hardest march we have had since leaving Georgia. The general gratifies his peppery temper and is probably satisfied, and the boys are sore. While marching along, distant canonading is heard and during a portion of one day's advance we pass through volumes of smoke and almost unbearable heat coming from burning forests along the roadside. We are hurried forward and in the meantime ford Trent river where the head of the column balk on fording the stream until a member of Cox's staff delivers a very pointed speech, then dismounts and wades through the stream followed by the rebellious soldiers. On arriving at Kinston we find that the enemy has been driven back and here we encamp and are at work making repairs of the railroad and a bridge near by. During a portion of this march we pass through a fine country of well kept plantations with flowers and trees in bloom and fences decorated with grinning pickaninnies of the usual assorted shades with their wobbling, wooly heads keeping time to the music of passing hands. At one of our camping grounds on a large plantation enough ham and yams are found to supply the brigade with these delicacies for several days.

On March 20, we advance on Goldsboro where the enemy is expected to offer battle but vacate the village and on our arrival we meet the advance of Sherman's army moving north from Savannah, Ga. A number of our generals with their staffs go out to meet the great raider who is welcomed with loud cheers, playing of bands and a salute of thirteen guns, followed by a display of rockets in the evening.

Here we go into camp, build fortifications, and occasionally visit the village where we are interested in looking over slave quarters, auction blocks and stocks, where slaves are quartered, sold and whaled.

For several days Sherman's army is marching in and camping after its long trip of over five hundred miles through the heart of the Confederacy. The boys are looking and feeling fine and many are dressed in fantastic garments while the army clown is seen bringing

up the rear, mounted on a dwarf mule and dressed in plug hat goggles and clawhammer coat. They are loaded with abundant supplies gathered on the way and trailed by hundreds of vehicles of many description, also horses, cattle, mules and slaves.

All seems quiet along the lines after the army settles down though the enemy is on our front looking out for the next move. Our band visits the outpost and plays Dixie for the benefit of rebel scouts who may be within hearing distance of the music.

April 4, we are gratified to hear orders read on dress parade announcing the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg by the enemy and all now feel that the end of the war is near at hand, all happy and hilarious, singing "sour apple tree," "sweet home," etc., while a few athletes may be seen turning handsprings.

GOLDSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

We who were left in Alabama with General Thomas last November have been roughly handled by the rebel army under General Hood who routed and rawhided us from Columbia to Nashville, Tenn., a distance of about sixty miles, and think we have been given the hard end of the job. But as we have so completely applied much worse treatment to Hood's army over the same ground all are satisfied. Each wing of Sherman's army has performed a great work since separation in Alabama and have now brought the Confederacy near its last ditch in Virginia and North Carolina.

During the month of March a number of recruits and substitutes whose patriotism has been awakened under the stimulating influence of ten to fifteen hundred dollars bounty report to the regiment for duty, and our company draws its share. As the war is about over the only use we can make of these delayed patriots is to drill them and this job is handed to the undersigned. This work is properly the duty of sergeants but Lieutenant Vick refuses to argue the case or to divide the work with other drill masters. Almost any kind of a man passes examination and is accepted as recruits or substitutes during the past few months and six of these fag ends of the Union army are assigned to our company. (Last on the muster roll, and first on the pension roll)

Buck-kneed, bow legged, and warped spinal columns, and two who are well up in the forty's—too old to learn new tricks, are sent to fill up the ranks and paid for by men with more money than patriotism.

Boys are pestering these "bounty grabbers" shamefully. This arouses Ritchey's sympathy in behalf of the persecuted patriots who are pleased to find a sympathizing friends. They patiently listened to Ritchey's store of information it is his wont to deliver to



"Contraband of War"

listeners who are kept awake to the importance of what he has to say by constant jabs in the ribs by Ritchey's elbow or thumb.

Lieutenant Vick thinks these fellows should be made to earn a portion of the money they cost and to make up for lost time he keeps the drill master and squad busy while other boys are having an easy time. Lieutenant knows I am not pleased with this job but this does not disturb him and it's my opinion that this extra duty is in payment for a vacation taken last winter. Standing room is found in some shady spot while teaching this raw material all the double quick movements known in infantry drill and while resting (?) the squad is drilled in the manual of arms while I enjoy the pounding they give to each other's corns when coming to an order arms, meanwhile regretting that Vick's corns are not within reach of these bombardments. Between drills Seely and others add to the troubles of these tardy patriots by pestering them in various ways.

March 24, 1865, Elias Pontius of Lake township returns from the hospital where he was sent while encamped at Kinston, N. C. With the exception of this short absence he served his entire term of enlistment on duty in the ranks and is mustered out with the company at the close of the war.

April 1, General Reilly resigns and retires from military service, when our division is placed under command of General Carter.

Sherman's re-united army is now encamped at Goldsboro, N. C., numbering about one hundred thousand. April 10, word reaches us that Lee has surrendered his army of forty to fifty thousand men, at Appomattox, Va., and the welcome tidings is read on dress parade. When parade is dismissed, one hundred thousand voices send up a cheer that sounds the crack of doom to all "sesesh" within sound of our voices and guns, and the noise is kept up until late. Muskets are loaded with blanks and fired until our ammunition is well nigh exhausted. All except the drill master and his awkward squad are now enjoying a rest with only camp duties and occasional scouting. The rebel army under General Johnston is keeping out of our way while Jeff Davis is busy dodging our cavalry now hot on his trail, hoping to capture the arch traitor and the one hundred thousand dollars placed upon his head. The capital of the late C. S. A. has moved. Its seat of government is now located in a saddle and the head thereof is looking for a resting place. Retribution for the great conspirators is at hand and dreams of a new government founded on human bondage is fading. The last scene of the great secession act discloses to view an aged lady (?) with a pail in hand looking for a drink of water. Corporal Munyer, the lowest officer in the ranks detects the disguise of this ancient lady(?) and exposes to view the highest ranking officer in the late C. S. A. The mask is removed and an ignominious ending of the "sacred cause" follows. Curtain slowly descends as the head of the aforesaid C. S. A. establishes headquarters at Fort Monroe accompanied by a body guard of Union soldiers.

April 11, we start out to meet Hood's army, now under its former commander Joseph E. Johnston, which retires before our forces, and

on April 15 go into camp at Raleigh, N. C. During this march and while rejoicing over the fine prospects of an early return to our homes, word passes along the line that President Lincoln has been assassinated. At first this is regarded as one among the false rumors often circulating in the ranks and little attention is given the report until camp is reached when the distressing news is confirmed. Our president has fallen a victim at the hands of those who now most need his aid and supremely wise council in their adversity. He has finished his work. His name and fame will follow down the ages with the history of the country he saved from dissolution and chaos. "With malice toward none and charity for all" surely none could "bind up the Nation's wounds" more justly and speedily, and bring reconciliation to estranged sections of the Union than this man who has given his life to his country and liberation of his fellowman. An unusual quietness prevails throughout the camping grounds of this great army and mutterings are heard that bode evil to the enemy should an opportunity again present itself to meet him on the field. Threats are made to burn the city of Raleigh and much anxiety and alarm is noticed among the citizens. In addition to the regular patrol our regiment is added to the force and while on duty a number of soldiers are arrested in attempt to fire buildings.

Many loyal people are found among the citizens of Raleigh and throughout the state who have suffered persecution at the hands of rebels during the war and to be now threatened by their friends is adding to their distress.

April 21, our army is being reviewed by General Grant and other generals while marching through the streets of the city. For some reason unknown to us the men in our regiment have been drilled to carry arms at "right shoulder shift" with the back of the hammer resting upon our shoulders which places the gun barrel at an angle of about eighty degrees. When on review this brings the regiment out in conspicuous view to people witnessing the parade. On evening dress parade the announcement is made that Generals Grant, Sherman and Schofield send to Colonel Jordan congratulations for our "excellent marching and soldierly bearing," adding that they had never seen this excelled even by regular soldiers. So much for the merciless drill and exacting discipline from a regular army officer during the time we served under his command. While encamped here the boys who captured flags at Franklin and Nashville are called out and serenaded by the band while receiving medals or honor for their brave actions during these battles.

April 22, Alfred Clemans, of Paris township is detailed for guard duty at Division headquarters where he remained until June 17, returning at that time for duty. He is one of the five boys who took "French" leave of absence and returned to the company at Wilmington, N. C., after an absence of about thirty days. He served on duty with the company thirty one months and was mustered out at the close of the war. Now one of the survivors of the company.

We remain in this camp while negotiations are under way for

Footprints Through Dixie

the surrender of Johnston's army, Sherman's terms for receiving the surrender of this army is not satisfactory to the war department when we are ordered to move against the enemy, and be ready to march at a moment's warning and all are soon packed up ready for the march. Before this order is carried into effect the rebel army encamped at Greensboro, N. C. surrenders on terms dictated from Washington, April 26, 1865. General Grant is here to aid in receiving the surrender of the last heavy force of the Confederates and within a short time scattering remnants of the rebel forces surrender and the long wished for end to the struggle has arrived.

April 29, is set apart as a day of mourning for the loss of President Lincoln when guns are fired at intervals throughout the day, ending with a salute of thirty six guns at the setting of the sun.

We hear of the Sultana disaster on the Mississippi river where hundreds of Union soldiers on their way home after release from rebel prisons are killed and drowned near Memphis Tenn.

A number of Stark county soldiers, captured in Tennessee, were aboard this vessel. Among these were Lieut. Jacob Shaffer, F. A. Clapsaddle, Thomas Rue, William Smith, Chas. Detrick, Adam Hendricks, Alex. Laugheter, Robert Roath, Thomas Spencer and Benjamin Crew, all of whom perished except Lieut. Jacob Shaffer and F. A. Clapsaddle, who were rescued while floating on the river; all members of Company F 115th Ohio Volunteer Infantry from Lexington and Marlboro townships.

May 2 1865, General Schofield, commanding the department of North Carolina, and General Cox, now commanding the Twenty-Third Corps, with their staff officers, accompanied by our regiment board a train made up partly of flat cars and after a few hours run we arrive at Greensboro, N. C., where for a few days Jeff. Davis established migratory headquarters of the Confederacy.

Here we leave the cars and form in line in the midst of about thirty thousand defeated and disheartened Confederate soldiers, many of whom rejoice with us that the contest is ended. We are soon surrounded by thousands of our late enemy whose appearance and equipment plainly show the exhausted and impoverished condition of the Confederate forces and we know that braver boys cannot be found on this continent for they have been our adversaries during the past year, facing privations and dangers with but scant hope of success.

A patrol guard of Union soldiers is placed on duty in the village to keep order while other detachments are sent to surrounding fields where rebel guards are relieved from duty over supplies surrendered to our forces. Among these details I am sent with a squad of men to relieve rebel guards on duty in a field parked with artillery and ammunition wagons. Relieving this guard from duty over their own property is a new experience and somewhat embarrassing yet the change is made without friction or apparent regret on the part of the rebel guards we are relieving. "Johnnies" know what we are there for, so after receiving instructions from the sergeant of

this guard we march along the line when the rebel guard takes the proper position, instructs the "yank" who relieves him and drops in rear of the line until all are relieved. They are then formed in line by their sergeant and stack arms on which they hang a varied assortment of equipment, break ranks and their warfare is ended. A few of these boys seem to die hard, claiming they have been overpowered, overwhelmed and have worn themselves out "licking yanks" against great odds. They refer to General Lee who during the past eighteen months has "been whipping Yankees against great odds and worn themselves out on the job." Of course we let the boys have their say for it's not hurting us a bit and seems consoling to them, yet ask them to point out any important battle they have won west of Virginia.

One of our "strategists" who happened to be in this squad of guards and always loaded with contention and indiscretion has to be smothered in order to prevent a scrap. To intimate to these rebs that they had been fairly defeated might make trouble for all are imbued with that southern spirit of "honah" that admits no defeat. A few of these rebs. are sullen and snappy and have but little to say but we know by the way they are sizing us up they are doing considerable thinking and little effort is made to conceal their hatred of "yanks". Yet we have no ill feeling toward them and sincerely extend our sympathy for we know they will be paroled and sent away, many without homes, means or employment. All except the sergeant of the guard soon depart for the village. The sergeant is friendly and expresses sensible views of the situation. He thinks the war should have ended over a year ago thus saving the lives of thousands of men who have been sacrificed in order to gratify the ambition or perhaps save the necks of a few men at the head of the conspiracy to destroy the Union. The sergeant says much credit is due Confederate soldiers who during the past year have stood by their colors fighting and giving up their lives for a cause that seemed hopeless. Many of the rank and file in the Confederate army cannot read or write and by reason of this they have been made to believe their forces are gaining victories in other fields. Newspapers throughout the south are misleading in their accounts of the operation of their forces hoping to inspire soldiers and citizens to renewed effort to bolster up the "sacred cause" of disunion and human bondage. A newspaper issued a few days before the evacuation of Richmond informs its readers that Grant's army fronting Petersburg has been whipped and Sherman's army on its march from Savannah through the Carolinas is meeting disaster.

The sergeant relates much that is interesting concerning manners and customs and conditions in the south before and during the war. His father and mother live in Georgia and unfortunately are located on the trail left by Sherman's army. They belong to the class known as "poor whites" and own a little home of a few acres which he hopes has escaped destruction.

The sergeant goes on to say that he has learned to read and write but never attended school for public schools are unknown in the south and are not wanted by aristocracy who prefer to continue a degree of slavery among poor whites, a system that has existed in the south since the formation of the government. "We were told that we were fighting for southern rights," he says, but he cannot see where the condition of his class would be improved by gaining southern independence. "It's simply a case of heads you win, tails we lose." He uses strong language as he recalls the fact that "poor white trash" are even looked upon with contempt by slaves belonging to aristocratic families, yet are good enough and foolish enough to fight to more firmly establish this rule of aristocracy, always exercised with autocratic power in the south. "We are the owners of but little property," he says, "and many will find only patches of land, with buildings, fences and families gone on our return." The sergeant is well supplied with Confederate money and is very thankful when I exchange a one dollar "Lincoln green" for one of his worthless twenty dollar Confederate bills. "This dollar" he says "is now the sum total of my worldly possessions."

While on duty in Greensboro we treat these Confederates kindly and give but little heed to braggadocia, insults and insinuations occasionally heard. A few of our boys resent these windy attacks until both Union and Confederate officers take a hand in quieting the men. Rebel soldiers now feel under less restraint of military discipline and a few are found ready to make trouble if encouragement is given. Many of these men are believed to carry concealed weapons and enough might be found to dispose of about four hundred "Yanks" should these uncontrolled "Johnnies" decide on another "killin'." The first night on duty in the village the situation seemed alarming at times. Drunken rebel soldiers are looking for more trouble, but we are patient, making due allowance for the frame of mind and condition of these men, are warned against entering into arguments with them, and are aided in keeping order by manly efforts of Confederate officers who give timely aid in keeping us out of trouble.

When it becomes known in the rebel ranks that their army has surrendered many leave at once without waiting parole, taking their horses and equipment with them declaring they intend to join other forces not yet surrendered and continue the war. We hear that these men have formed into squads and are making raids and robbing former friends in Georgia and the Carolinas. Helpless citizens are at the mercy of these raiders until Union cavalry is brought into action who capture and turn them over to civil authorities for trial. An artillery sergeant, who deserted Lee's army on the night of its surrender and joined Johnston's army, with a section of his battery, now appears where we are on guard to take a last look at the cannon he has been serving during the war. It will take many years to reconstruct this fellow.

A few of these men continue to make trouble and raise frequent

disturbances, often among themselves. The situation for the Union patrols and guards is unusual and perplexing. To attempt to arrest these hostile "Johnnies" might bring on a conflict.

A few hot-headed fellows denounce their officers for what they say is a "cowardly surrender of the sacred cause." They know but little about the situation but, like our oracles, they have opinions which are now freely expressed loud enough for "Yanks" to hear, though a large majority take a more sensible view of the matter and are pleased to know the strife is ended. These are the survivors of the rebel army we have been fighting during the past year, and who assaulted our works at Franklin, Tenn., where many of their companies and regiments were almost destroyed. They all seem to have an abundance of Confederate scrip and poker playing is now their favorite pastime. Instead of counting this scrip they just reach in their hats or coat pockets and sometimes place a handful of these defunct shinplasters on a poor poker hand.

On the morning of May 4, the Ninth New Jersey regiment of infantry arrive and assist in this guard duty and within a few days the remainder of our division march in and camp near the village.

Army supplies turned over by the Confederates consist of about 150 pieces of artillery, 500 wagons, 40,000 stand of arms, 200 stands of colors, 200 locomotives and 1,000 cars, together with commissary supplies, ammunition, horses and mules.

While encamped at Greensboro, accompanied by a comrade we walk a few miles out in the country to visit the old Revolutionary battlefield of Guilford Courthouse where a battle was fought between Cornwallis and General Greene over eighty years prior. A trace of the old fortifications is found, and an aged oak tree with a portion of its top shot away at this battle is shown us by a friendly Quaker living near by. After looking over the grounds a short time, where we are shown other points of interest connected with this battle, we are invited to the home of our new friend and without urging accept an invitation to remain for dinner—the first time we have heard or waited for an invitation of this kind for a long time. The people living in this vicinity are nearly all of the Quaker faith and with rare exceptions are both Union and anti-slavery in sentiment. We enjoy this visit and are interested while the family relate their experience within the rebel lines during the war. By reason of this religious faith they have escaped persecution at the hands of Confederate soldiers and conscription officers but have been compelled to contribute liberally in support of the late C. S. A. We thank the family for their hospitality and return to camp late in the afternoon.

June 15, Thomas Bender of Lake township is detailed as ambulance driver where he serves until transferred to the One Hundred and Eighty Third Ohio regiment. Bender enlisted as a recruit in Jan. 1864 and was assigned to our company April 21, following at Bull's Gap, Tenn. He served on duty with the company every day until the close of the war.

The remaining forces of Sherman's army are marching to Wash-

ington and will pass in review before government officials and from there will be sent to the states from where the men enlisted, and be disbanded.

While encamped at Greensboro, N. C., a convention of Ohio soldiers is held in a grove adjoining the village. At this convention General Jacob D. Cox, our division commander during the past year, is unanimously endorsed as a candidate for governor of Ohio. Delegates are elected to present the General's name at a convention to be held in the state and instructed to use their influence to secure his nomination for that office.

By the middle of May the paroled rebel prisoners have all departed for their homes where many will find desolation and poverty and the outlook is certainly gloomy for these misguided boys. Peace is now established, the Union is saved and the bondman can now enjoy the fruits of his labor. No more slave pens or auction blocks where families are separated and lost to each other for all time. No more brutal lashing, or hunting down with vicious blood hounds tearing flesh from the bodies of men and women seeking the God given right of freedom.

We now have only the arms and munitions of war surrendered by our late enemy to guard and this is being loaded on cars and taken away. Our duties are light for all except the drill master and his awkward squad who are kept busy in order to punish the former and collect damages for the latter. June 16, we pass in review before Generals Schofield, Cox and Carter and on June 17, our regiment is mustered out of service and relieved from guard duty by Massachusetts troops. The awkward squad is turned over to another drill master without regrets from either the squad or drillmaster. Our recruits are transferred to the One Hundred and Eighty Third Ohio regiment and will probably remain on guard duty at some point in the south. The Chaplain delivers a farewell address and Ritchey discards the mask he has worn during nearly three years of trials and tribulations and rejoices with his comrades. We scramble aboard freight cars and are soon homeward bound on a railroad of the old type construction with its wood stringers and strap iron railing and much out of repair. Over this road we slowly wend our way northward. Soldiers frequently leaves the slow moving cars and find but little difficulty getting aboard again. We are impatient but in time reach City Point after passing through Danville, where the shifting Confederacy established headquarters for a brief period, and then on to Petersburg and James river. Here we board the Transport Columbia and continue our homeward journey down this river through Hampton Roads near Newport News, and Fortress Monroe, where the Stars and Stripes now wave over Jeff Davis' headquarters and enter Chesapeake Bay. Our boat is so heavily loaded we lay by a short time in the mouth of York river because of storm. We finally arrive at Baltimore, Md., where the regiment boards a train after a few hours delay, journeying westward passing through the Allegheny mountains and on to Pitts-

burgh where we stop off and the good citizens treat us to the squarest meal we have looked upon and devoured since entering service. Then on to Wellsville, Ohio, where the regiment is joined by our gallant old colonel, General Reilly, and from here over our native soil to Cleveland where we arrive near noon on June 20. Here the regiment is ordered from the train dressed up in our "dirty best" for parade to the Public Square where we "trim" up another square meal prepared by the citizens. After settling our dinners we march to the heights of Camp Taylor where many troops now returning from service are camping while waiting final discharge.

Friends from the northern part of the state are in the city to welcome us home. After breaking ranks we mingle with these friends, all rejoicing at our safe return and the result of our service. A number are here whose loved ones have not returned, to learn more particulars of the death of father, son or brother. Even to soldiers accustomed to distressing scenes of warfare the sorrows of these bereaved ones awaken heartfelt sympathy from surviving comrades.

At the request of citizens the regiment has its last dress parade in the presence of thousands who loudly applaud after we go through the manual of arms with the precision of well trained regular soldiers, then stack our arms for the last time.

On June 28, we are paid off, discharged and given transportation to our homes. We have served two years and ten months in active service and during that time have traveled over three thousand miles by rail and water, and marched about four thousand miles leaving on this trail the graves of over two hundred men of the regiment, and double this number discharged because of disabling wounds and other physical disability, and something less than one hundred who have spent a portion of this time in rebel prisons. The regiment has taken over two hundred prisoners, eleven stands of the enemy colors and four pieces of artillery.

The regiment has been under the enemy's fire one hundred and twelve days during its term of service and taking into consideration its march of about three hundred miles through the Cumberland mountains and on to Cumberland Gap, the siege of Knoxville, Tenn. (the only siege suffered by the Union forces during the war) and our experience at "Valley Forge," the Atlanta campaign and doubling back over the same territory between that city and Nashville, Tenn., ending with trailing through the swamps of North Carolina from the Atlantic coast to Wilmington, and on to Raleigh, and Greensboro, N. C., we feel that our duty has been fully and faithfully performed during a long period of cruel suffering, sorrow and desolation, where tens of thousands have given the "last full measure of devotion" to save the Union and establish "a new birth of freedom."

June 29, 1865 the surviving squad of Marlboro boys board a train at Cleveland and are soon in Alliance where conveyances are hired to

take us home. Of the thirty three who enlisted from Marlboro, eight were killed or died from disease, eight were discharged because of disabling wounds or other physical disability, two deserted and fifteen now return to their homes.

Among the hardy and dutiful soldiers, whose record has not been given on these pages, are Albert Stambaugh and Jonas Wearstler of Marlboro township, Franklin Acker of Lake township and David Bates of Paris township who passed through their entire term of two years and ten months service without missing a day on duty.

Before leaving Cleveland these Marlboro boys provide themselves with new suits of citizen's clothing including hats, shoes, white starched shirts and paper collars and cuffs. On arriving home tubs of water with ample supplies of soap and insect powder await us to which we are immediately introduced after the first greeting. The folks at home prefer to forego further greetings for the present. We soon appear dressed in citizens clothing but these new duds are uncomfortable, especially so the stiff bosomed shirts, and paper collars. A look in the glass impress us that an introduction would not be amiss. Little patches of whiskers growing here and there are now missing and hair parted at the old scar that has seldom been exposed. With a wide exposure of white shirt front and white paper rings about our necks and wrists we really feel timid about going out on the street fearing we may hear some one whistle the dog call we gave the white collared and gloved Potomac guards. (While encamped at Washington City we gave these guards the name of "Ring" because of their white collars and always whistled the dog call when we wished to attract their attention.

We have now fulfilled our contract with Uncle Sam. and can come and go as we please without pass or countersign. Again we pass through the experience of adapting ourselves to changed conditions and manner of living. We are restless and want to be moving and are trying hard to become reconciled to this new life of peace and quiet but not lamenting over the loss of a "steady" job. The exciting and strenuous scenes of the past three years are in strange contrast with the peaceful quiet of home. Recollections of the severe drill and discipline of exacting army officers with the dangers and hardships through which we have passed is a wonderful aid in bringing about a reconciliation to civil life. We find employment in the hay field where we work in spite of blistered hands. We haven't handled shovel or ax for several months so our hands are now soft but the heavy callous on the bottoms of our feet remain for some time. Nights are spent lying on floors and couches before we become reconciled to mother's soft beds but it's a comfort to know that we can now rest without fear of reveille call or the long roll to awaken us from peaceful slumber. Regular meals and full rations with pastries and dainties ruin our appetites for our stomachs seem to have become adjusted to the army rations at irregular hours and in irregular quantities.

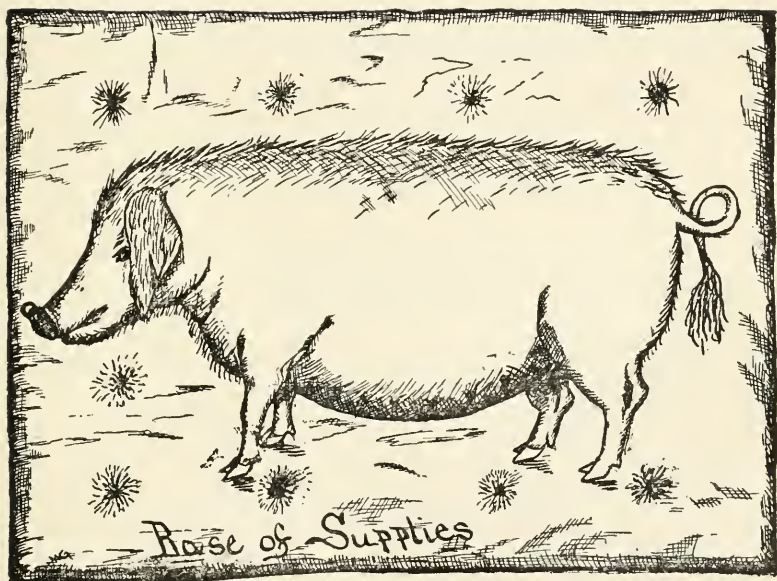
During the summer of 1863 while leaving many footprints (sometimes with the heels pointing toward the enemy) on the hot and dusty pikes in Kentucky, a mania for letter writing breaks out in the ranks of company "B". This was started by boys giving their chums the name of a neighbor girl at home, or sister perhaps, with whom to correspond. Other boys advertised in home papers for correspondents and the girls were not slow in responding. A brisk correspondence followed until our duties became so pressing that the good work somewhat lagged. In a number of cases this correspondence was carried on under assumed names on the part of the girls and the correct names given later on should the parties become interested in each other. One of the girls in whom I became interested positively refused to give her name until the discovery was made at the close of the war that my young sister at home had been working the northern end of my correspondence line, she enjoying the joke much more than her victim did. My romance was all shot to pieces and to add to this mortification Sis. persisted in repeating sentences from these letters that her victim had lost all interest in and didn't want to be reminded of, more especially in the presence of company. The last letter received from this unknown correspondent bore the following inscription on the envelope:—

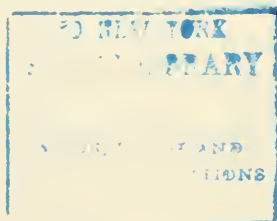
"This is for J. W. whose surname is Gaskill
Who, I trust will receive the enclosed epistle.
A soldier is he,
In Company "B",
And regiment One Hundred and Four
Brigade the First,
Division the Third,
And Twenty Third Army Corps."

"To follow the regiment."

Soon after the close of the war a roster of soldiers who entered the army from Marlboro township is compiled which shows that out of a population of about sixteen hundred inhabitants in the township, one hundred and eleven enlistments were made, twenty-three of whom were killed or died in service. The fate of three of the soldiers was never known and it is quite probable the bodies of the boys now occupy graves among the thousands marked "unknown."







**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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